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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME

SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS

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ROOSEVELT AND TREVELYAN

[SECOND PAPER]

NO part of Theodore Roosevelt's voluminous correspondence is more interesting than that which he conducted with the literary men and women of his time. In this the catholic intellectual side of the man, his eager and all-embracing joy in the things of the mind, is revealed. An insatiable reader of books, he rejoiced greatly in the society of the writers of them. Whenever a book appeared that pleased him, the author, if within hailing distance, was certain to receive a letter of cordial appreciation and an urgent invitation to the White House or Oyster Bay in order that personal acquaintance might be made. While he was President there was scarcely a writer of even moderate fame with whom he had not established friendly relations. Many a young American author was both enchanted and amazed at discovering the minute knowledge which Roosevelt had of his works, and the genuine personal interest he took in him and in them.

To his intimate friends it seemed, literally, that he read every book that was published the day after it appeared, so rare was it that one could be named to him which he had not read. His usual reply was that he had not only read that particular one but several others on the same subject or by the same author. "Were you ever able to mention a book to the President that he had not read?" asked a lady of her neighbor at a dinner in the White House during the Roosevelt administration. When the reply was in the negative, the lady continued: "I have dined here many times and talked much with him, and I have never discovered a book that was unknown to him. On one occasion I thought I had found one which he surely could not have seen. It was a rare book by an Icelandic author, and I came here confident that I should at last be able to tell the President something that he did not know. Luckily, I found myself seated next to him at table and when what seemed to be the opportune moment came, I said: 'Mr. President, are you interested in Icelandic literature?' With a bounce in his chair he turned an eager countenance upon me and said: 'Am I not!' and then proceeded to tell me not only all about my one lonely Icelandic book but dozens of others that I had never heard of."

He did not merely read books—he absorbed them and made their contents a part of his knowledge for all time, ready for instant use at a moment's notice. A book on a particular subject aroused

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thoughts of his own along the same lines, and when he wrote a letter of praise to the author the chances were that he gave him at the same time ideas and suggestions more or less novel to him, for the wide range of his reading had left few fields of knowledge untouched.

During the years of his presidency and those which followed he was in regular correspondence with the leaders in literary and intellectual life both in this country and in Europe. A bulky volume could be made of his correspondence with English writers alone. Among these the one with whom letters were most frequently exchanged, and during the longest period, was the Right Honorable Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Baronet, O. M., the English statesman and writer of many books, including "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," "The Early Life of Charles James Fox," and "The History of the American Revolution." It was while Trevelyan was engaged in the preparation of the last-named work that the correspondence became intimate.

In this series of letters, covering a period of nearly twenty years, Roosevelt's characteristics as a letter-writer are conspicuously displayed, because in Trevelyan he had a correspondent who was peculiarly responsive to his own intellectual tastes and knowledge. "Thurlow is a fine fellow," says Doctor Johnson. "He fairly puts his mind to yours." Roosevelt might have said the same of Trevelyan. Each put his mind to the other's, and the result was a correspondence of rare interest and value. Trevelyan himself said of it in a letter to me under date of April 23, 1919, gladly granting me permission to quote from his letters:

"My vocation was only to return the balls struck over the net by the hand of a master! I deliberately think that better letters of that class were never written. Take for instance that one shortly before his Presidential contest, when he says that he would rather be a real President for three years and a half than a figurehead for seven years and a half. What wisdom is in this letter, and what courage! If there is a finer and truer description of a statesman's creed extant in the world, I do not know it."

The passage referred to was in a letter which Roosevelt wrote to Trevelyan on May 28, 1904, from which I shall quote again presently: "I certainly would not be willing to hold the Presidency at the cost of failing to do the things which make the real reason why I care to hold it at all. I had much rather be a real President for three years and a half than a figurehead for seven years and a half. I think I can truthfully say that I now have to my credit a sum of substantial achievement —and the rest must take care of itself."

The correspondence began while Roosevelt was Governor of New York, and I am much indebted to Sir George for an account of its beginning and the original of the first letter which Roosevelt wrote to him. He had sent to the Governor a copy of the first part of "The American Revolution," and on January 16, 1899, Roosevelt wrote:

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE:

I have just received a copy of "The American Revolution," for which pray accept my sincere thanks. I am rather busy now, but as I have never failed hitherto to read everything you have written, I doubt if more than a day or two passes before I have gone through your whole book. You are one of the few blessed exceptions to the rule that the readable historian is not truthful. I think that in point of combining literary interest with historic accuracy you must come near satisfying even Mr. Frederick Harrison!

At the bottom of the letter there appears this memorandum:

"This is the hero! I suppose he will some day be President. I sent the book to him as he was so kind to Charles."

Writing to me in explanation of this, on June 6, 1919, Sir George says: "At the foot of the 1899 letter there is a curious contemporary pencil note in my handwriting with a prophecy that came off. By 'the hero' I suppose I referred to his conduct in the Spanish war."

Roosevelt's enjoyment and approval of Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" was warmly expressed in a letter that he wrote to him on December

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12, 1903, after he had finished reading the second part. "I feel," he said, "that it is far and away the best account of the Revolution written by anyone. For interest, for delightful humor, for absolute fairmindedness, for exactness of narrative, for profound insight (and for the English!)—why, my dear Sir, no other book on the Revolution so much as approaches it. There are two or three points you raise which I should like to discuss with you, but they are not important."

Writing again to Trevelyan, on January 23, 1904, he attributed to Sir George a published article entitled "Clio" which had been written by his youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, himself an author of distinction. In this letter Roosevelt gave expression with much feeling and spirit to his views on the proper writing of history, with lively comments upon pedantic writers of it:

ROOSEVELT ON PEDANTS AND HISTORY

"In a very small way I have been waging war with their kind (pedants) on this side of the water for a number of years. We have a preposterous little historical organization which, when I was just out of Harvard and very ignorant, I joined. Fortunately I had enough good sense, or obstinacy, or something, to retain a subconscious belief that inasmuch as books were meant to be read, good books ought to be interesting, and the best books capable in addition of giving one a lift upward in some direction. After a while it dawned on me that all of the conscientious, industrious, painstaking little pedants, who would have been useful people in a rather small way if they had understood their own limitations, had become because of their conceit distinctly noxious. They solemnly believed that if there were only enough of them, and that if they only collected enough facts of all kinds and sorts, there would cease to be any need hereafter for great writers, great thinkers. They looked for instance at a conglomerate narrative history of America—a book which is either literature or science in the sense in which a second-rate cyclopedia is literature and science—as showing an 'advance' upon Francis Parkman—Heaven save the mark! Each of them was a good enough day laborer, trundling his barrowful of bricks and worthy of his hire; as long as they saw themselves as they were they were worthy of all respect; but when they imagined that by their activity they rendered the work of an architect unnecessary, they became both absurd and mischievous.

"Unfortunately with us it is these small men who do most of the historic teaching in the colleges. They have done much real harm in preventing the development of students who might have a large grasp of what history should really be. They represent what is in itself the excellent revolt against superficiality and lack of research, but they have grown into the opposite and equally noxious belief that research is all in all, that accumulation of facts is everything, and that the ideal history of the future will consist not even of the work of one huge pedant but of a multitude of articles by a multitude of small pedants. They are honestly unconscious that all they are doing is to gather bricks and stones, and that whether their work will or will not amount to anything really worthy depends entirely upon whether or not some great master builder hereafter arrives who will be able to go over their material, to reject the immense majority of it, and out of what is left to fashion some edifice of majesty and beauty instinct with the truth that both charms and teaches. A thousand of them would not in the aggregate begin to add to the wisdom of mankind what another Macaulay, should one arise, would add. The great historian must of course have the scientific spirit which gives the power of research, which enables one to marshal and weigh the facts; but unless his finished work is literature of a very high type small will be his claim to greatness."

This letter deeply interested Trevelyan, who greatly admired Roosevelt's eloquent disquisition on history, which struck him as very unlike the letters written by the rulers of states on the European side of the Atlantic; at all events, since Frederic the Second of Prussia brought his literary correspondence to a close. In regard to

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the mistake about authorship, Sir George wrote, February 10, 1904:

"A letter has seldom given greater pleasure than yours to me. In the first place I entirely concurred in all you wrote, and was greatly stirred and fired by the style in which it was written. And, in the next place, the article was not by me, but by my youngest son. He is called George *Macaulay* Trevelyan; and he is the first who ever gained a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, for *history;* and that fellowship he obtained two years younger than others. His life and times of Wickliffe, which had a really great success, was written at one and twenty; and this year he is going to publish a book which he will, no doubt, do himself the honour to send you; and which I think will justify the praise you give to his article. Next month he will marry (young for an Englishman) the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward—She pleases herself by the recollection that her grandfather, Doctor Arnold, saw the Lays of Rome in Manuscript, and persuaded Macaulay to publish them. He had the same apprehension with regard to the Essays. I shall show George your letter; but I am very careful to keep what you write to me for our own private delectation.

"We have just parted from Henry James. He comes to us every year, and is never tired of this beautiful and classical neighbourhood. In one of his early books he gives a charming description of Warwickshire and Stratford on Avon;—in his 'Portraits of Places,' which, with the little companion volume, 'Foreign Parts,' forms what is, personally, my favourite book of travels. I thank you once more for the immense pleasure which your letter gave to me and my wife, and will give to my son."

Replying to this letter, on May 28, 1904, Roosevelt wrote: "My blunder in my last letter brought me a better reward than I deserved, because owing to it I have read your son's 'Age of Wickliffe' with great pleasure. Pray congratulate him from me upon all that he is doing."

It was a standing wonder with Roosevelt's intimates that such a thing as intellectual weariness was unknown to him. Reading never tired him as it does most persons, and the reason why it did not he gave in this letter to Trevelyan, on May 28, 1904:

"I find reading a great comfort. People often say to me that they do not see how I find time for it, to which I answer them (much more truthfully than they believe) that to me it is a dissipation, which I have sometimes to try to avoid, instead of an irksome duty. Of course I have been so busy for the last ten years, so absorbed in political work, that I have simply given up reading any book that I do not find interesting. But there are a great many books which ordinarily pass for 'dry' which to me possess much interest—notably history and anthropology; and these give me ease and relaxation that I can get in no other way, not even on horseback!"

In the same letter he made an allusion to a difference between the governmental systems of the United States and England which called out an interesting comment from Trevelyan. The President wrote:

"There is one point of inferiority in our system to yours which has been very little touched upon, and that is the way in which the Presidential office tends to put a premium upon a man's keeping out of trouble rather than upon his accomplishing results. If a man has a very decided character, has a strongly accentuated career, it is normally the case of course that he makes ardent friends and bitter enemies; and unfortunately human nature is such that more enemies will leave their party because of enmity to its head than friends will come in from the opposite party because they think well of that same head. In consequence, the dark horse, the neutral-tinted individual, is very apt to win against the man of pronounced views and active life. The electorate is very apt to vote with its back to the future! Now all this does not apply to the same extent with your Prime Minister. It is not possible for the politicians to throw over the real party leader and put up a dummy or some gray-tinted person under your system; or at least, though perhaps it is possible, the oppor-

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tunity and the temptation are much less."

To this Trevelyan replied under date of November 10, 1904:

"With regard to what you say of the difference between us and you in the selection of the man who is to govern, I should express it by saying that in America the country elects the *ruler*, and in England the country elects the *party*."

Referring to the visit of John Morley to the White House, a short time previous, Trevelyan wrote in the same letter:

"There is much for which you are to be envied; and among other things, for having John Morley as a guest. Thirty years ago I thought him and Henry Sidgwick the most delightful company of our generation; and Sidgwick is gone. For ten years I sat next Morley in the House of Commons, and it was a great antidote to the dreariness and bad rhetoric which was the prevailing atmosphere of that, as I suppose of all national assemblies. I have never heard from him a sentence, or read from him a letter, which was dull or common."

Roosevelt's reply to this letter, under date of November 24, 1904, gives an interesting glimpse of his reading during the campaign for his election to the presidency:

"I was saying the other day to John Morley how much I regretted that it did not seem likely that you could get over here. By the way, Morley spent three or four days with us, and I found him as delightful a companion as one could wish to have, and I quite understand the comfort he must have been to you when you sat beside him in the House. Incidentally, it is rather a relief to have you speak as you do about the tedious and trivial quality of most of the eloquence in the House. I am glad to find that it is characteristic of all parliamentary bodies, and not merely of those of my own country!

"In my hours of leisure (during the campaign) I did a good deal of reading. I re-read your history of our Revolution and liked it more than ever, but came to the conclusion that you had painted us a little too favorably. I also re-read both your Macaulay and your Fox, and then re-read Macaulay's 'History.' When I had finished it I felt a higher regard for him as a great writer, and as in the truest sense of the word a great philosophical historian, than I have ever felt before. It is a pretty good test of such a history to have a President who is also a candidate for the Presidency, read it in the midst of a campaign.

"I read a number of other books during the campaign; Rhodes's excellent history, for instance, and a good deal of Dickens. In the American characters in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' Dickens made a mistake in generalizing and insisting that all Americans were represented by his figures, which, of course, is as nonsensical as to say that Pecksniff, Bill Sykes, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, taken in the aggregate, typify all of English society. But all the same I would like to have 'Martin Chuzzlewit' studied as a tract in America."

AN HISTORIC HOUSE

Roosevelt's allusion to Macaulay called forth from Trevelyan this remarkably interesting reply:

WALLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND,
December 8, 1904.

I ventured to copy out and read to my sister, Lady Knutsford, the passage in your letter about your re-reading of Macaulay's history. It is a curious proof of Macaulay's goodness that, as she and I get old—older than he ever was—our affection for him seems rather to grow than to lessen. To those whom he loved, he was the most lovable of mankind. This would be a good house in which to read him; for the place was a seat of Sir John Fenwick, whose fate Macaulay described with such fulness. A few years before the Act of Attainder Wallington was bought by my great grandfather's great grandfather, Sir William Blackett, from Sir John Fenwick; a principal part of the purchase money being an annuity on Sir John Fenwick's life of 2,000 pounds a year. Blackett pulled down the castle, and built the house in which I live. He was a famous Whig, and (I suppose) voted in every division with his party on Fenwick's Bill of Attainder. But I hope not.

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There is a still older literary association with Wallington. In the "Reeves Tale" of Chaucer, about the two young rascals who went out to "Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge," the leading scapegrace of the pair of undergraduates is called "Alein de Strother," and Chaucer says that he came "Of a town" (township) "Far in the North, I cannot tellen where." This was Allan de Strother, a very great personage indeed, who lived at Wallington, and was a friend of Chaucer's at Edward the III's court. The story is taken from Boccaccio, and Chaucer evidently put in de Strother's name as chaff. There can be no other explanation. A Fenwick married the Strother heiress; and from the Fenwicks the place came into our family. I should dearly love to show it you, and still more to show you Macaulay's books with their marginal notes. Personally, I think those notes better than his writings, his speeches, his conversation, or his letters. Goodness, how they light the books up! Frederick Myers said to me of Macaulay: "He always seems to have read in the state of eagerness in which I am during the first five minutes of a great author."

I write about these things inasmuch as I am sure you have enough about politics from your other correspondents. But I must express the delight with which I read the sentence: "A great free people owes it to itself and to mankind not to sink into helplessness before the powers of evil." In the present state of the world that makes for peace, and not for war; and it is one of the phrases which will stick to the memory of mankind.

A few days after his inauguration as President, March 9, 1905, Roosevelt wrote a long letter to Trevelyan, giving a description of the inauguration exercises, mentioning his efforts to bring about peace between Russia and Japan, and saying:

"Of course I greatly enjoyed inauguration day, and indeed I have thoroughly enjoyed being President. But I believe I can also say that I am thoroughly alive to the tremendous responsibilities of my position. Life is a long campaign where every victory merely leaves the ground free for another battle, and sooner or later defeat comes to every man, unless death forestalls it. But the final defeat does not and should not cancel the triumphs, if the latter have been substantial and for a cause worth championing.

"I suppose that almost always and in almost every country there has been cause for anxiety. The most marvelous growth in population and material prosperity, and, I believe, in the average of human happiness, that the world has ever seen in any race, has taken place among the English-speaking peoples since the time when Goldsmith gave poetic expression to the general feeling of gloom which prevailed among educated men at what they were pleased to consider the morbid growth of the cities and the decadence of the men in England. Much good has gone hand in hand with the evil of the tremendous industrial development of the day. I do not think the average American multi-millionaire a very high type, and I do not much admire him. But in his place he is well enough; and I am inclined to think that on the whole our people are, spiritually as well as materially, on the average better and not worse off than they were a hundred years ago."

Trevelyan's reply to this letter contained, as usual, much interesting material:

LONDON, March 30, 1905.

Always and especially now that you have such an all important rôle as the newspapers indicate with reference to Russia, it is certainly a great advantage to be exempt from the wearing, distracting, and sometimes most ignoble details of parliamentary warfare. It was very painful to see Mr. Gladstone exposed to such an ordeal when he had affairs of vast moment upon his hands. I really think that you can have no conception what he went through when he was conducting such pieces of work as the Alabama Treaty; the Egyptian Occupation; the life and death crisis with Russia over the affairs of Pendjdeh; and (above all) in his old age, the frightful problem of Ireland.

Think only of one circumstance, that, while he was passing his last very great measure, the Irish Land Act of 1881, and at the same time was face to face with what was practically a fierce revolution in Ireland, he was daily involved in the sor-

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did detraction and humiliation (if a great man who is doing his duty according to his lights can be humiliated) of the Bradlaugh difficulty with all its clouds of calumny and virulence.

I know that you have your own share of the troubles and annoyances which beset every ruler who is working for the country, and not for himself; but I am glad to think that you can choose your own time for making a communication to the public, and are not bound to engage in controversy with every coxcomb in a white tie and evening clothes who comes down after dinner to worry a Minister who has been working continuously since he rose from a bad night's sleep.

I have ventured to send you a small book, "Cawnpore." I wrote it at five and twenty, having lived for a year in India, which was still scarred with the mutiny, among friends, many no older than myself, who had played a part all through that extraordinary period. One of them told me that the twelve months, during which the crisis lasted, flew like as many weeks. He was in Calcutta. If he had been in Lucknow, or outside Delhi, the time might have seemed longer. An Irish member of Parliament, who served with the French army in 1870 and 1871, told me that he was in Dijon during the battle. He and another officer were posted in a high church tower to observe the field of action, and send expresses to the generals engaged. All of a sudden the two officers were surprised by an ominous and sudden darkening of the atmosphere, which seemed to be an unnatural and unaccountable phenomenon. As a matter of fact, it was the approach of night; so absorbing was the interest of watching a battle without sharing the bodily danger. I do not know whether that effect is usual; but people whose business kept them in Calcutta appear to have felt it during the mutiny.

I do not know whether I am correct in addressing you as "Excellency" but I like doing it because of Charles Lee's objecting to that title being applied to Washington.

THE TITLE OF "EXCELLENCY"

Trevelyan's inquiry about the title of "Excellency" touched a sensitive point with the President, for almost from the moment of taking office he had protested against its use. Replying on May 13, 1905, he wrote:

"I would rather not be called Excellency, and this partly because the title does not belong to me and partly from vanity! The President of the United States ought to have no title; and if he did have a title it ought to be a bigger one. Whenever an important prince comes here he is apt to bring a shoal of 'Excellencies' in his train. Just as I should object to having the simple dignity of the White House changed for such attractions as might lie in a second-rate palace, so I feel that the President of a great democratic republic should have no title but President. He could not have a title that would not be either too much or too little. Let him be called the President, and nothing more.

"I suppose each of us is inclined to envy the advantages of a system different from that under which he himself lives. I was much struck by your congratulations upon my being free from 'the wearing, distracting, and sometimes most ignoble details of parliamentary warfare.' They must be wearing and distracting, and often ignoble, but upon my word I can hardly believe they are worse than what comes to any American President in the matter of patronage. I have done all I could, and I think I may say more than any other President has ever done, in the direction of getting rid of the system of appointing and removing men for political considerations. But enough remains to cause me many hours of sordid and disagreeable work, which yet must be done under penalty of losing the good will of men with whom it is necessary that I should work.

"I can quite understand how Mr. Gladstone suffered at some great crisis like that with Russia, or in the Egyptian matter, or the Irish matter, when he was forced to submit to the insolence of men his inferiors in every respect, men not deserving serious notice by him, who yet had the power to force him into controversy. But as I say, each man knows where his own shoe pinches. I have had a most vivid realization of what it must have meant to Abraham Lincoln, in the

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midst of the heartbreaking anxieties of the Civil War, to have to take up his time trying to satisfy the candidates for postmaster at Chicago, or worse still in meeting the demands of the Germans or the Irish, or one section or another of Republicans or War Democrats, that such and such an officer should be given promotion or some special position. It is of course easy for the mugwump or goo-goo who has no knowledge whatever of public affairs to say that the proper thing is to refuse to deal with such men or to pay any heed to such considerations. But in practical life one has to work with the instruments at hand, and it is impossible wholly to disregard what have by long usage come to be established customs. Lincoln had to face the fact that great bodies of his supporters would have been wholly unable to understand him if he had refused to treat them with consideration when they wished to discuss such questions of patronage. You have your difficulties from men who are thrust into positions to which they are not entitled because of their social standing, or the social standing of those on whom they are dependent or with whom they are connected. We have our difficulties with men of an entirely different class for whom the demands are made because of the political services which they have rendered. I suppose that those suffering from either system are tempted at times to think that they would prefer the other. But after all the great fact to remember is that really we are both living under free government, and while both of these governments, and the people behind the governments, differ somewhat from one another, they are closer kin than either is to any other folk. There are numerous and grave evils incident to free government, but after all is said and done I cannot imagine any real man being willing to live under any other system."

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN HAY

The news of John Hay's death called forth from Trevelyan one of the most notable letters of the correspondence:

WALLINGTON, July 15, 1905.

I have felt very much for you about John Hay; the more so as the last letter with which you honored me was hopeful with regard to him. Some of his recent letters were very interesting. In 1903, speaking of my having left politics, he says: "As for me, like the Thane of Cawdor, 'I am chained to the stake, and bear-like must fight my course.' I am tired—even to the marrow of my bones; but at present there seems no way out; and in truth I have been wonderfully favored by fortune. Almost everything I set out to do, five years ago, is done; and I ought to be thankful."

Last January he wrote to me with much feeling about the noble compliment which you paid him by announcing that he was to remain Secretary of State until 1909. "I have no idea, however," he says, "that my term of office will extend to that length. In fact, I have grave doubts whether this tenement of clay which I inhabit will hold together that long. I wish I could look forward to so cheery a prospect as that of visiting Stratford on Avon in your company; but that prospect also is dim. Walking with Henry Adams the other day, I expressed my fear that, by the time I got out of office, I should have lost the faculty of enjoyment. As you know Adams, you can understand the dry malice with which he replied: 'Make your mind easy on that score, sonny! You've lost it now.'"

It is a very serious matter in free countries, full of able men struggling to the front, the great age of successful statesmen. I am satisfied that a good man, with an early chance, is most valuable any time on from five or six and twenty, and seldom good for much after five and sixty. Politics is like war, inasmuch as when a man shrinks from anything great or small, which requires doing, from considerations of health and strength, he is no longer a true campaigner. Our generation in England was curiously affected by the question of age. Mr. Gladstone, in gifts and faculties, was exactly a whole generation better than his time of life; and, while the Liberal party in some respects gained by it, it in some respects was damaged. In his later years he sometimes retained in important offices old colleagues who, though they were actually his juniors, were entirely worn out; and it

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was noticeable how certain clever men and ambitious outsiders were thrown into very unfortunate political courses by the sense of being overshadowed by him, and not being favorites with him. When John Morley, and Bryce, and I were men of fifty he was old enough, and more, to be our father; and he regarded us with great indulgence—at times even to the verge of spoiling us—as so many promising sons. We certainly were very fond of him. But I cannot help wishing that he had retired from office long before he did, and had allowed the Liberal party to work out its own salvation, make its own mistakes, and learn from its own experience.

When the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan was signed in September, 1905, Roosevelt wrote a long letter to Trevelyan describing the negotiations. In the same letter he wrote: "Your letter about John Hay interested me very much. I think he will be missed more and more instead of less and less as time goes on by all who knew him." Two other passages on his recent reading are worth quoting:

"Last night I was reading the poems of William Morris. Of course they are rather absurd and one gets tired of them very soon; but there are some of them which have a kind of pre-Raphaelite attraction of their own. I also happened to pick up the fifth volume of Lecky. It seems to me that in the opening page he takes rather too sordid a view of the characteristics which we have a right to expect of a modern statesman. It does not seem to me that it is fair to say that passionate earnestness and self-devotion, delicateness of conscience, and lofty aim are likely to prove a hindrance instead of a help to a statesman or a politician. Of course if he has no balance of common-sense, then the man will go to pieces; but it will be because he is a fool, not because he has some of the qualities of a moral hero. Undoubtedly many great statesmen whose names are written in history in imperishable—though personally I think in rather unpleasant—character, have lacked these characteristics, yet there are other great men who certainly have possessed them. But I suppose Lecky was thinking of the creatures analogous to our mugwumps; the people who actually pride themselves on a fantastic and visionary morality, utterly unbalanced by common-sense; the people who attracted the scorn of Macaulay's eminently sane and healthy mind."

What Trevelyan thought of the peace victory, of Washington, Lincoln, and Morris, and incidentally of Lowell, appeared in his next letter:

WALLINGTON, September 25, 1905.

Your letter was extraordinarily interesting and acceptable. What a thing you have done! It is unique in history; but it is in the footsteps of the pair whom you like to follow. Washington, so far as I can see (for it is a period in your history which is dim enough to me), prevented a terrible war with England in 1795, at the cost of a great part of his popularity, and at a time of life when his enormous personal position, and the moral dignity by which he was universally and for so long before surrounded wherever his name was known, rendered the brutalities and vulgarities of political detraction, as directed against him, humiliating and almost grotesque. Lincoln, again, under immense temptations and difficulties, prevented another desolating war with us at the time of the *Trent*. The whole case is wonderfully well put by Lowell in his "Bridge and Monument"—the *cleverest* thing, I think, he ever did.

"We recollect how sailors' rights were won:
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissing gun."

That is the way to write!

I agree with you about Morris's poems. Himself, and his wall papers, were the real things of value which he gave to the world. He wrote most excellent letters, and lived a high and inspiring life. That life has been written in two volumes by Mackail, son-in-law to Burne-Jones. I read it with the greatest interest, and, on the chance of your not having it, I have directed a copy to be sent you, which I hope you will accept as my tribute to you as a peace-maker.

In acknowledging a volume of his essays, containing one on the "Greek War,"

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that Trevelyan had sent him, Roosevelt gave his own views on the Greeks, on October 7, 1905:

"I am not quite sure that I agree even with your carefully guarded statement as to your liking to have lived in Greece in the classic age. The proviso you put in includes a great deal! We should have to get rid not only of our present conventions of morality, but of what has come to be our ordinary instincts of humanity, in order to tolerate even the best and simplest of the society of that day; and we should have to lose entirely the beautiful love of husband and wife, with all that it has so incalculably meant for the home. What a strange thing it is that those wonderful Greeks, so brilliant that I suppose Galton is right in placing the average Athenian in point of intellect as far above the average civilized man of our countries as the latter is above the upper class barbarian, yet lacked the self-restraint and political common sense necessary to enable them to hold their own against any strong aggressive power."

Several letters which passed between the two men at this time contain references to books read and liked by both, with comments on the same:

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

November 8, 1905.

Sometimes I get discouraged by the enormous amount of utterly worthless written matter published in America, in all kinds of forms, from Sunday newspapers through magazines to books. It is such a veritable ocean of worthlessness that one tends to lose sight of some really good things that are published. I send you herewith three little volumes that have appeared during the last year, each of which seems to have some real stuff in it. The "From Epicurus to Christ" seems to me to go pretty well down toward the heart of things in getting at the worth, even in very brief fashion, of those ancient philosophies which stand at the base of our present moral structure. The other two volumes deal more lightly with lighter subjects, for they are only collections of essays; but I have enjoyed them so that I am sure I shall like to reread them now and then. I send them to you on the off chance of your liking them.

I have just finished a fortnight's trip in the Southern States, where I was received with the utmost enthusiasm. As far as I know I did not flinch from one of my principles; but I did do my best to show the Southern people not only that I was earnestly desirous of doing what was best for them, but that I felt a profound sympathy and admiration for them; and they met me half way. This does not mean any political change at all in the South, and it means but a slight permanent change in the attitude of the Southerners; but I think it does mean this slight permanent change, and it marks one more step toward what I believe will some day come about—the complete reunion of the two sections.

TREVELYAN TO ROOSEVELT

Palace Hotel, Rome,
December 1, 1905.

I am greatly pleased and honored by your sending me those books which you have *proved* yourself. I am afraid that the trash, of which you speak in America as flooding the press is produced not alone in America of English-speaking nations. The best signs in England are the innumerable reprints of good old books, which continue to be issued side by side with much balderdash. The very titles of the volumes which you have been kind enough to send me testify to our tastes in common. For the last five or six years—after caring nothing for philosophy all my life, except in the exquisite literary setting of Plato—I have acquired a deep and intense passion for Cicero's philosophical writings. Perhaps it is that he was an old public man, who had gone through all the most virile and stirring human experiences, and had retained his eagerness for truth and his lofty views of man's destiny. His ethical illustrations are all taken from high political and warlike events, and the diction is divine, and inspiring and suggestive as no other writing. I have brought here the "Tusculan Disputations," and the "De Naturâ Deorum"; and in truth I now regard this wonderful city, which I know as perhaps

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none but specialists know it, with a perceptibly increased interest and respect on Cicero's account.

We have a glorious view from a fifth floor window on the Pincian hill, straight across the heart of Rome. On the Janiculan summit opposite—where no Pope or Emperor ever was allowed to be placed—Garibaldi sits on his charger, nobly sculptured in bronze, overlooking all the city from the point where he fought the French in 1849. *I* saw him once carried by four gens d'armes, within three feet of me; one by each arm, and one with an arm under each knee. It was an arrest, by the Italian authorities, to which he submitted in order to save bloodshed after the battle of Mentana. And now he stands there, the master of all he sees; and he deserves it, too; for though his material did not allow him any certainty of military success, he had the sacred fire which kept everything alive till the work was done. Last night we ate our Thanksgiving Turkey and cranberry sauce with your Ambassador and Ambassadress—very old friends of ours. They lived for many years next door to us in London. How my wife and I would have wished you there! and what I would give to take you, as I took John Morley, to the Forum and the Palatine!! Nine out of ten people at the sights here are Americans; very humble folk, especially the women, but most intelligent and eager, and essentially refined. It is a pleasure to see them poring over their guide-books and reading them aloud to each other.

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
Jan. 8, 1906.

On our return from Italy I found the books you had been good enough to send me; and primarily the "American Hunter," copy No. 3, which in itself is an honour. That honour is greatly enhanced by the inscription which you have written. The portrait is a great acquisition. It could not be improved; and, if for no other reason, the book would be to me a valued possession. But I like it extremely, and have enjoyed every word of it. The hunting books I care for I have always cared for much; but they are very few, and this is among the very best. The whole about the cougars is as good as it possibly can be; and there is a melancholy romance about the Yellowstone Park which produced a great impression on me. I never miss spending five minutes, when I visit our Zoological Gardens, in front of the Bisons. What a sequence of ideas the sight of those animals presents! But I think your bears round the refuse in the hotels are almost a more significant testimony to the irresistible, unideal, triumph of civilization. However, romance has lasted my time; and the last six weeks have proved to me that Rome at any rate is romantic as ever. To have produced Rome is, and I suppose always will remain, the most remarkable feat accomplished by mankind. It is a place where no one can feel old, and no one unhappy.

Have you got "Sponge's Sporting Tour"? Many years ago I had a bad Typhoid fever; and, as then was the custom, it was concealed from me what was the matter with me. But I gradually lost all interest in books, and in most other human things; when suddenly there came on me a craving to read "Sponge," which I had read a dozen times, and have read several times since; and I even then read it with delight. I never understand how "Jorrocks" can be placed on a level with it. Macaulay—whose knowledge of a horse was confined to a pretty clear recognition of the difference between its head and its tail—was much interested in "Sponge." If you *have* read the book, I will send you something else which you may like.

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

WHITE HOUSE, January 22, 1906.

Yes, Mrs. Roosevelt and I are both as fond as you are of the immortal "Soapy Sponge"; but I shall be very grateful if you will send me that copy, because the only copy we have in the house is one Mrs. Roosevelt inherited from her father. It is a rather cheap American edition, though with the Cruikshank pictures, and we have read it until it has practically tumbled to pieces. So you see I am greedily closing with your offer.

I find it a great comfort to like all kinds of books, and to be able to get half an hour or an hour's complete rest and com-

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plete detachment from the fighting of the moment, by plunging into the genius and misdeeds of Marlborough, or the wicked perversity of James II, or the brilliant battle for human freedom fought by Fox —or in short, anything that Macaulay wrote or that you have written, or any one of the novels of Scott and of some of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens; or to turn to Hawthorne or Poe; or to Longfellow, who I think has been underestimated of late years, by the way.

TREVELYAN TO ROOSEVELT

LONDON, March 15, 1906.

I have been an unconscionable time in sending you "Soapy Sponge"; but it was not my fault. As long as I was in the country I could not get it in the right shape. The new re-prints had the engravings reduced in size, and the type—the dear old type—altered. Soon after my arrival in London I picked up the right edition at a book stall, and since then have been getting it bound.

In November, 1906, President Roosevelt made a visit to the Isthmus of Panama, to inspect the work of building the canal, making the journey on the battleship *Louisiana*. While on the return trip he wrote a letter, November 23, to Trevelyan, in which, after describing what he had seen on the Isthmus, he said:

"In a very amusing and very kindly, and on the whole not unjust book in which Captain Younghusband describes the Philippines, he spoke of our army out there as looking not like an army in the European sense but like the inhabitants of a Rocky Mountain mining town. I know just what he meant, and the comparison was not unjust, and in some ways was more exact than he realized. Our army in service now wears a flannel shirt, light or heavy khaki trousers, leggins and a soft slouch hat, and each man on the average believes in his work and has much power of initiative. Well, in dress and traits the five thousand men on the Isthmus keep making me think of our army as I have actually seen it busily at work at some half war-like, half administrative problem. Of course there are many exceptions, but in the average the white man on the Isthmus feels that he is doing a big job which will reflect credit on the country, and is working with hearty good will. He is well housed and well fed. He often has his wife and children with him, in which case he lives in a really delightful cottage, the home life being just such as one reads about in Octave Thanet's stories of the West and of American labor people.

"I do not like a sea voyage myself, tho of course I am interested very much in this great battleship and in her officers and crew. The other day we dined at the chief petty officers' mess, and the men are of the type which make the strength of our navy and of yours.

"I have had a good deal of time for reading, naturally, and among other things have gone over Milton's prose works. What a radical republican, and what a staunch partisan, and what an intense Protestant the fine old fellow was, subject to the inevitable limitations of his time and place, he was curiously modern too. He advocated liberty of conscience to a degree that few were then able to advocate, or at least few of those who were not only philosophers like Milton, but also like Milton in active public life, and his plea for liberty of the press is good reading now. His essay on divorce is curious rather than convincing, and while it is extremely modern in some ways it is not modern at all in the contemptuous arrogance of its attitude toward women. Personally I like his 'Eikonoklastes,' but then I am a radical about punishing people like Charles the Second or Jefferson Davis. It may be very unwise to kill either, but it is eminently righteous to do so—so far, that is, as anything is righteous which is not in its deepest and truest sense also expedient.

"I have also been reading Dill's account of Roman society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. You, my dear Sir, who are so blessed as to read all the best of the Greeks or Latins in the original must not look down too scornfully upon us who have to make believe that we are contented with Emerson's view of translations. I am now trying to get some really good English editions of Tacitus. I want to see if it is possible to pick up some old edition with good print and good binding.

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"After I read Milton and Tacitus until I feel that I can stand them no longer I devour short stories or novels. In the novels I am sorry to say I usually have to go back to those I have read already."

To this letter Trevelyan replied:

COMFORT IN GROWING OLD

WALLINGTON, Dec. 12, 1906.

I was unusually glad to get your letter, for I seemed to detect in it the note of out-doors zest and freshness which betokened that you had what to you, at any rate, was something of a holiday. It interested me extremely to read your impressions of the Isthmus; and one felt proud of what man can do to make this world more habitable when one compared your account of the health of the employees, and their families, with the story of Darien which Macaulay tells with such extraordinary picturesqueness in the XXIVth chapter of his history. Spain is not so formidable to you as she was to those poor souls of Scotch settlers in 1699: and *you* have had a hand in bringing that result about. Captain Younghusband's description of your army in the Philippines is curious. I fancy that must have been very much the appearance of the legionary in remote quarters under the Roman Empire. But it pleased me most to know that you had dined at the petty officers' mess on the *Louisiana*. I should like to have seen the faces round the Board of Admiralty if, as a junior Lord, in the year 1869, I had accepted the hospitality of the Warrant officers! They must be a fine set with you, as with us; and I am glad to think that they live exceedingly well.

I am leading a very tranquil life, finishing my next part of the American Revolution. It is most fascinating work describing the French element in the great affair. The statesmen at Versailles are in interesting contrast to Nathanael Greene and Jonathan Trumbull. Those ancient heroes do not lose by the comparison.

Almost our last visitors here were Charles Francis and Mrs. Adams. He went on to inspect Flodden, as he is very fond of battle-fields. He has seen some warm work in his time, or omitted to see it; for he slept all through Pickett's charge with his tired cavalry in the rear of the line. I am glad to say he is older than I am. Very few of my contemporaries are still going; except Bryce, and John Morley, and the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman (fine fellow that he is!) and one or two of the tougher Judges. All who held any humbler rank have been mustered out of employment on account of their advanced years. Even a friend of mine has been superannuated from being President of the Society of Antiquaries, which seems *the ne plus ultra* of superannuation. There is great comfort in being old. A man feels responsible for his own contemporaries, and critical of those among them who get more than their deserts; but he has no feeling beyond a mild amusement as connected with personal matters in a younger generation—except a genuine pleasure in seeing young merit rewarded. One troubles oneself little about the actors, but retains one's interest in the cause. I look up to you as a reader of Milton's prose. I never have taken to sixteenth or seventeenth century prose; but I may some day; for I never read Chaucer till three years ago, and I have since read him twice through aloud, and he has spoiled me for any other poetry. *As for classical history, have you ever tried beginning Grote's Greece at the 35th chapter, the Ionic Revolt; leaving out all that precedes it*, much of which is hopelessly unreadable? The interest of what then follows, through volume after volume, is unequalled in all the world.

Hints of the wide range of Roosevelt's reading are conveyed in these two letters:

WHITE HOUSE, April 10, 1907.

Do you know Negris' History of Julian the Apostate? Julian's career has always been interesting to me, and I was particularly interested in seeing it treated by an Italian of Negris' type. By the way, while I knew that one of your diplomatists, Rennell Rodd, was a poet, I did not realize that he was a historian until the other day Mrs. Roosevelt presented me with a couple of volumes of his on those curious Frankish principalities

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which existed in Greece for a couple of centuries as the sequence of the Fourth Crusade. It has always been to me an interesting episode in history, altho it led absolutely nowhere, and as far as I can see had almost no practical effect whatever—beyond fixing in the minds of Chaucer and his contemporaries the idea that feudal titles sat naturally on the heroes of old Greece.

OYSTER BAY, June 20, 1907.

Some little time ago I received your son's volume on Garibaldi which you so kindly sent me. I have been delighted with it, especially because I was able to read it in connection with De la Gorce's "History of the French Republic," which in a couple of chapters gives the French-clerical view of the transaction. By the way, I suppose you are familiar with De la Gorce's "History of the Second Republic and Second Empire." To me it is a most interesting and attractive work, and the man ranks high among historians in spite of his pronounced clerical sympathies and his distrust of democracy.

ROOSEVELT ON REVOLUTIONARY HEROES

In October, 1907, Roosevelt received an additional volume of Trevelyan's "American Revolution," which in acknowledging, he said: "I look forward to reading it as eagerly as any girl ever looked forward to reading the last volume of a favorite novel." A few weeks later, November 11, 1907, he wrote a letter to Trevelyan which contains interesting views of his own on some of the personages of the Revolution:

"I have now read through your last volume. It is a little difficult to say just what I feel about your history without subjecting you to the discomfort always felt by a fastidious man when he suspects he is overpraised. Yet I can not refrain from expressing my sincere opinion that you have not only written the final history of our Revolution, but that you have done what is given to so very, very few men to do—that you have written one of the few histories which can deservedly be called great. I do not want to be misled by national feeling; and yet I can not help believing that the American Revolution was one of the great historic events which will always stand forth in the story of mankind; and now we have been fortunate enough to see that rare combination of a great historic event treated by a great writer, a great student, a great historian. How fortunate we should be if Napier had written not merely the Peninsula War, but all of Napoleon's campaigns! How fortunate we should be if there had been a Thucydides to write of Alexander as he actually wrote of the Peloponnesian War! How I wish that some man could arise to do for the great English civil war of the 17th century, or for the American civil war of the 19th century, what Macaulay did for the English revolution and its hero! Well, it seems to me that you have done just this for the American Revolution.

"By the way, I am especially pleased at the justice you did to Lord Grey, he who cut up Wayne's troops with the bayonet, and thereby taught Wayne a lesson which Stony Point and the Fallen Timbers afterward showed he had learned in good fashion. Was this Grey the ancestor of either your present Foreign Secretary or present Governor General in Canada? I have always felt a keen sympathy with the men who receive no credit for their great and brilliant deeds simply because an inexorable fate has compelled them to fight on the losing side. The very greatest captains in history, the Hannibals and Napoleons, leave a fame undimmed by the fact of final failure, for their colossal might forces the unwilling attention of mankind, and the recognition of the fact that no human greatness can in the end prevail against the stars in their courses. But the lesser men are generally judged merely by success. In the Revolutionary War, for instance, I have never felt that Cornwallis received justice, or that minor men like Tarleton and Grey received justice. (I am putting them together from a military standpoint and without any intention at the moment of alluding to any possible difference of character among them.) It was not possible that Cornwallis should win, as events actually were; yet he defeated army after army, battling always against superior numbers, conquered the Southern States—tho no man with his resources

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could have held them down—and succumbed only when neither he nor anyone else could have altered the final outcome by further resistance. Tarleton was a most dashing leader of dragoons in partisan warfare; and if he was often ruthlessly unsparing, so were many among his opponents.

"I also thank you for the very interesting 'Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay.' It is the kind of book that I rejoice in, especially when I have many things to worry me, and do not feel like reading books that are too long or too serious unless they are also very interesting!"

TREVELYAN'S REPLY

PALACE HOTEL, ROME, Nov. 27, 1907.

Yesterday I had the immense double pleasure of a letter from you, which was as gratifying personally as I ever received; and of arriving for a six weeks holiday—from happy labours—in this wonderful and most attractive of cities. What a delight it would be to show you about it! for I know it as well as Horace knew it—as well as you know Washington. And yet, in my inmost heart, I wish that that opportunity might not come until I am a lustrum older—too old to be your cicerone. Now that you have expressed your approbation of my last volume I may say that, while writing it, I was conscious of having a firmer and larger grasp of the subject than in the previous volumes. I have noted what you say about Cornwallis for quotation in the next volume, which, if I can violate all literary precedent by writing a book of any value after seventy years of age, will be the last volume.

I am reminded, by this place, of the circumstances that there is, *at last*, a good history of the great days of Rome. It is by Professor Ferrero of Bologna, "La Grandeur et Decadence de Rome." It is well translated into French, in which I am reading it; and the first two volumes are translated into English. I read them aloud, every word; and a book of greater interest, more vigorously and credibly written, it is difficult to imagine. I should strongly recommend it for your periods of comparative leisure—of those you may from time to time have. I hope I may say with how much sympathy I watch the great difficulties that are upon you, tempered by the certainty that you are the same in all fortunes and circumstances. The financial tornado into which my book fluttered from the publishers will, I suppose, be to its disadvantage; but that matters less in the case of a long, continuous work.

LOVING-CUP FOR TREVELYAN

In December, 1907, the President united with Secretary Root and Senator Lodge in the present of a silver loving-cup to Trevelyan, with the inscription: "To the Historian of the American Revolution from his friends—Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Elihu Root." The first mention of it occurs in the letter which the President wrote to Trevelyan, on December 9, 1907, in which he informs him that he had read Ferrero's book on Rome "last year":

"I read Ferrero's work last year and I entirely agree with you that it would be impossible to imagine a book of greater interest, more vigorous, or conveying more clearly the conviction of its essential truth. I quoted it in one of my public speeches, in Keokuk, the other day. While I like it in translation, I think it is so big a book that I want it in the original, and accordingly I some little time ago ordered it in the Italian. It is the first history of that period of Rome which I have thought really satisfactory.

"Root and Lodge and I are sending you a trifling token of our affection and esteem which I hope you will receive about Christmas.

"Within the last fortnight I have again reread your last volume from beginning to end, and I am more pleased with it than ever."

The loving-cup was acknowledged in two letters by Trevelyan:

ROME, December 22, 1907.

I have received your letter, which was as great, and as agreeable, a surprise as ever befell me. I can think nothing a greater honour than being remembered in this kindly and courteous fashion, by three such men; and it is a real reward for the trouble and thought I have so long

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given to this work of mine that it should have pleased such judges. We are starting for England about the 5th of January, and your Christmas present will reach me at our beautiful home at Stratford on Avon, where we earnestly hope some day to receive each and all the donors.

LONDON, January 9, 1908.

On our return yesterday from the Continent we found the box. The pleasure and pride which its contents gave us surpasses, I think, anything of the sort that I remember. The cup is a noble piece; and the simplicity and singular beauty of proportion, struck us much while fresh from Italian Museums, and impressed us with the notion that there must be much artistic feeling among silver-workers in America. I look forward to your seeing it on our dinner table. We always have silver for our ornaments there; and none more valued than this. Such an expression from three such men, will make it a real heir-loom to a coming generation which is well able to appreciate it.

Roosevelt's reading of the third volume of the "American Revolution" was the inspiring cause of two letters which come very near to being the most interesting of the series:

ROOSEVELT TO TREVELYAN

January 1, 1908.

I look forward eagerly to your next volume. With one of the smaller fights with which you will have to deal, that of King's Mountain, I am fairly well acquainted. I made rather a study of it, as well as of the western campaigns of George Rogers Clark during the Revolution, in a book I wrote called "The Winning of the West." I look forward to seeing what you say of Tarleton. My admiration for that dashing, even tho somewhat ruthless, cavalryman has steadily grown. In my library his volume stands side by side with the memoirs of Lighthorse Harry Lee—where it belongs. As you so well say, men are very apt to consider as cruel any form of killing to which they are unaccustomed. The British thought the sharpshooters who picked off their officers were nothing short of murderers; and the Americans stigmatized as a massacre any fight that was won by unsparing use of saber or bayonet, whether under Tarleton or Grey. It seems to me you have been eminently just to Burgoyne, Howe and Clinton. It is nonsense to attack them as so many British historians, and with still less excuse so many American historians, have done. They were not military men of the first rank; but very few such are produced in any war; and many far less deserving men to whom the fates were kind, now hold respectable positions as victors in the histories of commonplace campaigns against mediocrities. I shall be interested in seeing what you say of Rawdon. His name always possesses for me an attraction which I suppose is due to a subconscious feeling that he *must* be connected in some way with his namesake, that fundamentally good fellow Captain Crawley.

I look forward especially to your account of Cornwallis. Green and Cornwallis were the two commanders who stood next to Washington. Wayne got his growth after the Revolutionary War had ended. It seems to me that there has never been a more satisfactory summing up of Washington as a soldier than is contained in your pages 284 to 286. How well you have done Benedict Arnold! How will you deal with his fall; with the money-paid treason of the rider of the war storm? What a base web was shot thru the woof of his wild daring! He was at heart a Lucifer, that child of thunder and lover of the battle's hottest heat; and dreadful it is to think that when he fell his fall should have been, not that of the lightning-blasted Son of the Morning, but that of a mere Mammon or Belial. Your etching of Morgan's riflemen is fine. The Victors of King's Mountain were just such men, but without a Morgan to train them.

Now, for a bit of brag. My Rough Riders, hunters of the mountains and horsemen of the plains, could not, taken as a whole, have walked quite as well as Morgan's men, nor yet have starved as well, tho they were good enough at both. But they rode without thought horses that Morgan's men would not have ventured so much as to try to get on, and I

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firmly believe that they were fully as formidable in battle. Mine was a volunteer regiment, and at least half of the officers at the outset were very bad, so that in a long campaign I should have had to make a complete change among them—a change that was already well begun when the regiment was disbanded. But as compared with any volunteer regiment of the Revolution, of the Civil War during a like short period of service—four months—I think its record stood well. It was raised, drilled—so far as it was drilled—armed and equipped, kept two weeks on transports, and put thru two victorious aggressive (not defensive) fights, in which it lost over a third of its officers and nearly a fourth of its men, and this within sixty days. The men already knew how to ride, shoot, and live in the open; and they had the fighting edge.

You speak of the Indians just as they should be spoken of; altho I am not sure that from your account men will realize what formidable and terrible foes they usually were on their own ground.

I was especially delighted with your account of Franklin abroad, and of the unfortunate diplomats whom Congress first sent to Europe. You have, it seems to me, done justice as regards the civilian agents of the Revolution.

Now, poor André! His tragedy was like that of Nathan Hale; and the tragedy was the same in the case of the brilliant young patrician, brilliant, fearless, devoted, and the plain, straightforward yeoman who just as bravely gave up his life in performing the same kind of duty. It was not a pleasant kind of duty; and the penalty was rightly the same in each case; and the countrymen of each man are also right to hold him in honor and to commemorate his memory by a monument. Among our monstrosities in the statue line in New York we have one really by a master; it is Nathan Hale's. By the way, it is one of the sad ironies of history that a difference in the outcome of a war should necessarily in so many cases utterly change the way the descendants of the two sides look at one another's heroes. In Canada, for instance, Wolfe and Montcalm are equally national heroes now, because the English conquered the French and yet live in the country on terms of absolute equality with them, so that of necessity, if they are to have a common national tie, they must have as common heroes for both peoples the heroes of each people.

So in a very striking fashion it is with us and the memories of the Civil War. My father's people were all Union men. My mother's brothers fought in the Confederate navy, one being an admiral therein, and the other firing the last gun fired by the *Alabama* before she sank. When I recently visited Vicksburg in Mississippi, the State of Jefferson Davis, I was greeted with just as much enthusiasm as if it had been Massachusetts or Ohio. I went out to the national park which commemorates the battle and siege and was shown around it by Stephen Lee, the present head of the Confederate veterans' organization, and had as guard of honor both ex-Confederate and ex-Union soldiers. After for many years talking about the fact that the deeds of valor shown by the men in gray and the men in blue are now the common heritage of all our people, those who talked and those who listened have now gradually grown first to believe with their minds, and then to feel with their hearts, the truth of what they have spoken. But where such results flow from battles as flowed from Bannockburn and Yorktown, centuries must pass before the wound not only scars over but becomes completely forgotten, and the memory becomes a bond of union and not a cause of division. It is our business to shorten the time as much as possible; and no one has done better work toward this end than you yourself.

This Christmas I was given an original proclamation issued in 1776 by my great-great-grandfather, the first governor (or, as he was called, President) of the Revolutionary State of Georgia. Two among my forbears were soldiers who fought under Marion and Sumter, one was in the Continental army of the North, and one a member of the Continental Congress. They were plain people, farmers or merchants, for the most part, tho I suppose one or two would have been ranked among the gentry. In 1698 one of these was "Landgrave" of South Carolina under Louis's absurd constitution.

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TREVELYAN'S REPLY

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
Jan. 18, 1908.

I am extraordinarily complimented by the minute and detailed interest which you express as to the manner in which I shall treat of the heroes of that part of the War of Independence which still remains to be told. I shall like to go over ground, some of which you have trodden—if that expression can be applied to your rate of movement when writing about military affairs; and I shall like very much to read what you said about the Southern battles. But you must not expect too much. Remember that I shall be *seventy* on the 20th of next July; and no good history—and, so far as I know, only one good book of any sort—was ever produced in our language by an author who had passed that age. But I shall work in a leisurely, unanxious, and enjoyable manner—encouraged to it by the kindness and favor which has been shown me by Americans, and most of all by you. Of one thing I am quite resolved, that the next volume shall, and ought to, end the work; and I have prepared the ground carefully to obtain that result, if time is given me to bring it about.

Your account of the Rough Riders is very enlightening to one who has never seen fighting. What a rough business the whole thing must be, and how unlike most of the books! But the more I read, the more I am impressed with the belief that the actual conduct of a fight with fire-arms is, and has always been, essentially the same in all ages and countries. It is now beginning to be understood that the colossal successes of the early French Republic, and of Napoleon, were mainly won by the straighter shooting, in line of skirmish, of soldiers who individually were more intelligent than Austrians and Russians, and than Prussians of the old régime. As to André, I have a central idea about Washington's action in the matter which I am anxious to put on paper. I was much struck by your comparison between the mutual feelings left by struggles which ended in *union*, like those in Canada and the War of the Secession, and those which end in a *separation*, like yours and ours. I am glad that you think I have done something towards that work of conciliation in which you have borne so signal a part.

A MARVELLOUS AFRICAN LETTER

While on a hunting tour in Africa in 1910 Roosevelt wrote to Trevelyan a letter which may quite accurately, I am sure, be called the supreme gem of this correspondence. In sending it to me for publication, Sir George says of it: "It is faultlessly written and perfectly legible. I received it at Rome where my wife and I enjoyed the privilege of seeing not a little of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt. When I opened the pencilled envelope I expected a story of great game shooting, written by the light of a camp fire; instead of a story about an hippopotamus or lion, it was a wonderfully wise and eloquent comparison of Carlyle's and Macaulay's views of Frederic the Great; and marvellous in sagacity as being written years before the German war. Though surprised by the contents of the letter, I was very far from being disappointed. It must be remembered that this scathing judgment upon the Silesian and Polish policy of Frederic the Great, and the approval of that policy by Carlyle, and the condemnation of it by Macaulay, was put on record by Mr. Roosevelt nearly five years before the cult and tradition of the Hohenzollern family, and the deification and worship of Frederic the Great, culminated in the invasion, the spoliation and the torture of Belgium."

NORTH OF KENIA, B. E. A., Sept. 10, 1909.

MY DEAR TREVELYAN:

No ex-President, and no ex-Prime Minister, for that matter, ever enjoyed six months as I have enjoyed the six months now ending. We have had great sport with the noblest game in all the world; the country is fascinating; and it is most interesting to see, and admire, your government officials at work—while your settlers, especially those from South Africa or Australia, are in all essentials just like my own beloved westerners.

I always take in my saddle pocket some volume (I am too old now to be satisfied merely with a hunter's life), and among

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the most worn are the volumes of Macaulay. Upon my word, the more often I read him, whether the History or the Essays, the greater my admiration becomes. I read him primarily for pleasure, as I do all books; but I get any amount of profit from him, incidentally. Of all the authors I know I believe I should first choose him as the man whose writings will most help a man of action who desires to be both efficient and decent, to keep straight and yet be of some account in the world. I have also been reading Carlyle; and the more I read him the more hearty grows my contempt for his profound untruthfulness and for his shrieking deification of shams. What a contrast he offers to that real and great historian, your uncle! If only Carlyle were alive how I would like to review his Frederick the Great with the same freedom of epithet which he practised! and with all the sincerity and truthfulness to which he paid such lip worship, and in the practice of which he so wholly failed. Some of his writing is really fine; his battles for instance; but a far more truthful idea of the real Frederick can be gained from Macaulay's concise and brilliant essay, than from Carlyle's five long, brilliant and utterly disingenuous volumes. What I can't stand is his hypocrisy; his everlasting praise of veracity, accompanying the constant practice of every species of mendacity in order to give a false color to history and a false twist to ethics. He actually reprobates, with sanctimonious piety, the French for doing wrong much less than that which he imputes to Frederick for righteousness. When he speaks of his hero—indeed of any of his heroes—he always uses morality as a synonym for ruthless efficiency, and sincerity as a synonym for shameless lack of scruple; but in dealing with people whom he does not like, the words at once revert to their ordinary uses, and he himself appears as the sternest rebuker of evil and treachery; whereas your uncle was a great teacher of uprightness and sound principle joined with that common sense the lack of which makes morality a mere balloon on the winds of chance.

The porters are just bringing in to camp the skin and tusks of a bull elephant I killed three days ago, and Kermit got another yesterday. We have killed 17 lions between us.

Sir George, to whom I am indebted beyond measure in the preparation of this correspondence for publication, not only for contributions of inestimable value, but for suggestions scarcely less valuable, prompted by his affection and admiration for Roosevelt, sends to me also this memorable tribute to Roosevelt by King George of England, uttered at an extemporized luncheon at Lord Rosebery's:

"On the 26th of April 1910 I was in a small company with a gentleman who ten days afterwards became the first Personage in the country, and who himself was a famous master of the gun. Some question arose about Mr. Roosevelt as a rifle-shot; and the principal guest at table said, very quietly, 'I know on good authority that he always shoots straight when there is danger.' I well remember the pleasure with which I heard these generous and manly words."

On October 14, 1912, Roosevelt, while on a speaking tour in the West as the Progressive candidate for the presidency, was shot and slightly wounded by a half-crazed fanatic in Milwaukee. Four days later, when it was known that the injury was not dangerous, Trevelyan wrote:

WALLINGTON, Oct. 18, 1912.

I have been unable to forbear sending you a few lines; although perhaps I ought to have waited. This matter has given me the full measure of the personal affection which I bear towards you. It had been already proved to me, in part, by the deep, constant, and overpowering interest, and earnest hopes, with which for the last six months I have followed all that I could learn of your public action. But this dreadful event, and your bearing after it, have made me as proud of your friendship as I am sadly interested in your health and comfort. I say no more; because quiet words, if they are true, are best under the greatest, as under the daily and slightest, conditions of life. My privilege in knowing Mrs. Roosevelt, and your daughter and son, intensify, if pos-

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sible, my feeling; and in this, as in all else, my wife is one with me.

On the Saturday before the news came I was passing through London, and lunched at Brooks's with Edward Grey. I was greatly pleased, but not surprised, to find that his personal feeling about you is the same as mine.

In replying to this letter Roosevelt gave expression to views about the assassination of public men which his intimate friends had often heard him utter. It was a frequent saying of his: "There are worse deaths than for a man to be killed in the service of his country":

OYSTER BAY, October 29, 1912.

Your letter touched and pleased me very much. I shall always keep it. I have not yet reached the point where it is wise for me to write with my own hand, so I shall only send you these few typewritten lines of greeting.

It is just as you say; prominence in public life inevitably means that creatures of morbid and semi-criminal type are incited thereby to murderous assault. But, my dear Sir George, I must say I have never understood public men who get nervous about assassination. For the last eleven years I have of course thoroughly understood that I might at any time be shot, and probably would be shot some time. I think I have come off uncommonly well. But what I cannot understand is any serious-minded public man not being so absorbed in the great and vital questions with which he has to deal as to exclude thoughts of assassination. I do not think this is a question of courage at all. I think it is a question of the major interest driving out the minor interest. It is exactly as it is in the army. I can readily understand any enlisted man having qualms about his own safety, but the minute that a man gets command of others and has responsibilities for more than his own personal safety, especially when he becomes a Colonel or a General, I don't see how, in the middle of his wearing anxieties, he has a chance to wonder whether he personally will be shot. As I say, it is not a question of courage: it is a question of perspective, of proper proportion. If tomorrow I were to go fox-hunting I would probably feel a little more need of hardening my heart when I approached an uncommonly stiff jump than I would have felt thirty years ago; just because there would be no responsibility in the matter, no duties to be first considered, nothing whatever to appeal to me except the chance of a smash-up as balanced against the fun of the hunting and the galloping. But if I had a division of cavalry and were in battle with it, so far as I thought selfishly at all, it would be as to whether I were handling the cavalry creditably. It would not be as to whether I was in danger of being shot. So that I never have felt that public men who were shot whether they were killed or not, were entitled to any especial sympathy; and I do most emphatically feel that when in danger it is their business to act in the manner which we accept as commonplace when the actor is an enlisted man of the Army or Navy, or a policeman, or a fireman, or a railroad man, or a miner, or a deep-sea fisherman.

I am really pleased at what you tell me about Edward Grey. I have felt toward him almost as I feel toward you—and that is as strongly as I feel toward any man not in my immediate family.

In acknowledging the receipt of a portrait of Macaulay, Roosevelt wrote on March 19, 1913:

"Your letter and the really delightful picture of Macaulay have both come. I shall put your letter in an envelope pasted to the back of it. You say well that it brings out his homely, shrewd, and above all his kindly look; but it brings out something more; it brings out the great power of the man. As you know, I am rather a fanatic about Macaulay. Of course in a man with such an active life, and a man who wrote so much, there will be occasional expressions or convictions with which I do not agree; but in most cases I think these were matters as to which it was impossible that he and I should have the same understanding. In all the essentials he seems to me more and more as I grow older a *very* great political philosopher and statesman, no less than one of the two or three very greatest historians. Of course I am undoubtedly

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From a snap-shot photograph by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.

Roosevelt and Trevelyan at Welcombe.

Sir George in a letter says: "The young man, standing behind, and looking over my left shoulder, is my youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, for whose writings Mr. Roosevelt had the same indulgence that he extended to the writings of all our family."

partly influenced by the fact that he typifies common sense mixed with high idealism, but also the sane and tempered radicalism which seem to me to make for true progress. I am always having to fight the silly reactionaries and the inert, fatuous creatures who will not think seriously; and on the other hand to try to exercise some control over the lunatic fringe among the reformers."

In a published interview in May, 1915, Roosevelt said of the proposal to forbid the shipment of munitions of war to the

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Allies: "The manufacture and shipment of arms and ammunition to any belligerents is moral or immoral according to the use to which the arms are to be put. If they are to be used to prevent the redress of hideous wrongs inflicted on Belgium, then it is immoral to ship them. If they are to be used for the redress of those wrongs and the restoration of Belgium to her deeply-wronged and unoffending people, then it is eminently moral to send them." Commenting on this utterance, Trevelyan wrote, on May 13, 1915:

WELCOMBE, STRATFORD ON AVON,
May 13, 1915.

This morning I read the sentence in which you set forth the *moral* side of the Munitions of War question—whether they were to be employed for the rescue of Belgium, or for her continued enslavement. The reading of it kindled into a flame the smouldering consciousness which always underlies my feelings—the consciousness that there is a man in the world who is never wanting in chivalry, humanity, and the dictates of high national duty. You know that you are my hero, and always will be; and there is no need to enlarge on that topic. When Senator Lodge was with me at Wallington in the summer we had some comfortable talk about the sentiments towards you which we possess in common. I would pray "God bless you" in your great objects; but that word is of ill omen to me. We had a noble battalion of regular infantry quartered at Stratford on Avon, to be "acclimatised" from India. In the course of six or seven weeks I became entirely at home with them, officers and men alike; and then they all marched off to the war past our front gate, along the Warwick road, with their baggage and Maxim guns, bidding me goodbye with jolly cries and assurances all down the long column. I bade the Colonel—a grand soldier—"God bless you" at the head of his regiment. Then the news came. At the landing in the Dardanelles the Colonel, the senior Major, and the Brigadier General were killed at once; and almost every marked young fellow in that mess has gone to join them. I now know what the feelings of a stay at home citizen of seventy-six years of age must have been when your young men went to battle in 1861–5.

The correspondence had now entered the period of the European war and the letters took on a new interest. Replying to Trevelyan's letter of May 13, Roosevelt wrote on May 29, 1915:

"Your letter was very welcome. I do not in the least deserve what you say of me; but I am glad that you should think as you do, all the more so because I am out of sympathy with the great majority of my countrymen, and especially with those who claim the foremost place in light and leading. I am not in the least a hero, my dear fellow. I am a perfectly commonplace man and I know it; I am just a decent American citizen who tries to stand for what is decent in his own country and in other countries and who owes very much to you and to certain men like you who are not fellow-countrymen of his.

"That's a dreadful tragedy of which you speak in connection with that noble battalion of regular infantry and the fate they encountered at the Dardanelles.

"Booth was at my house just at the time of the outbreak of the war last year. To think of the horror that has befallen his partner!

"Your son lunched here the Sunday before he sailed. As you know, he is one of the young men whom I especially admire."

In 1918 Roosevelt had four sons and a son-in-law in the war, and Trevelyan's youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, had been in it since 1915. This common interest and anxiety naturally drew them more closely than ever together and the letters reveal an added tone of tender affection. When in the spring of 1918 the news came of the wounding of two of the Roosevelt boys, Trevelyan sent to Roosevelt a letter of sympathy to which the latter replied on April 9:

"Yes; you know exactly how I feel about Archie's wounds. In this great and terrible war we are indeed proud that events here so shaped themselves that our four sons are at the front, and Ethel's husband also; we would not for anything

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From a snap-shot photograph by Mrs. Charles Trevelyan.

Trevelyan and Roosevelt at Welcombe walking on the Terrace in a high wind.

have them anywhere else; but I fear we would welcome their return home, each with an arm or leg off, so that they could feel that they had played their parts manfully, and yet we could have them back! Archie's arm was badly fractured, and a shell splinter went into his knee; he continued in command for some time, until the loss of blood overcame him; it was fourteen hours before he reached a hospital; a French general gave him the croix de guerre while he was on the operating table. The rest in the hospital will do him good. Ted was knocked down by a shell, but was merely bruised. He and Quentin are now in the battle to beat back this huge German drive.

"I have heard again and again of

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George's high and gallant valor; indeed you must feel equal pride and anxiety over him."

Writing to me on June 6, 1919, and referring to the above letter, Sir George gives this graphic picture of a most interesting incident of the war:

"This letter was in my mind on last Friday, the 30th of May. We were travelling to this place from Stratford on Avon, and we spent an hour or two in Birmingham, and went to the Cathedral, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation had come to do honour to Commemoration day. Some hundred and fifty young Americans, without side-arms, marched past us in single file up the centre of the nave, the last twenty or thirty of them carrying immense armfuls and handfuls of most beautiful flowers. They took their seats in long rows beneath the mural tablet bearing the fine inscription to the famous Loyalist exile, 'Peter Oliver formerly His Majesty's Chief Justice of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England.' There they sat, unconscious of the historical contrast; and, as I watched their calm grave young faces, lighted by the glorious and inimitable windows of Burne-Jones, I thought how Theodore Roosevelt would have loved to see them, and they him."

The record of this memorable correspondence closes with the beautiful and touching tribute to his friend which Trevelyan paid in a letter to Senator Lodge, on January 10, 1919, a few days after Roosevelt's death, and which I am privileged, through the courtesy of the senator, to reproduce here. The uncle alluded to is, of course, Lord Macaulay, of whom he was very fond, and who figures so largely in the correspondence. The lines from Wordsworth are the same that Senator Lodge quoted in his fine memorial address on Roosevelt before the two houses of Congress on February 2, 1919. Writing to me about this coincidence, the senator says: "It is a curious thing, but I had already looked up the 'Lines on Fox,' and made up my mind to quote from it when I got his letter; so it seemed our thoughts ran the same way":

"I cannot let another morning go past without writing to express my deep thoughts of your feeling about the death of your friend and countryman. I have just received a very fine and specific letter from Bryce, who is greatly affected by the news. Personally I never felt anything so deeply since the death of my uncle; for I never had known a very great elementary personal character so intimately, and with so strong a mutual affection. Happily there is a poem in the world which exactly expresses my feeling on such an occasion—an occasion which may come only once in half a century. Do read it, for it would come home to you; I mean the 'Lines Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.' Wordsworth, to my mind, never reached so high a point; and few, or no poets, a higher:

> A power is passing from the Earth
> To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

"He seems gone, just when he might have been of such vast service as the mouthpiece of your famous and high-principled party."

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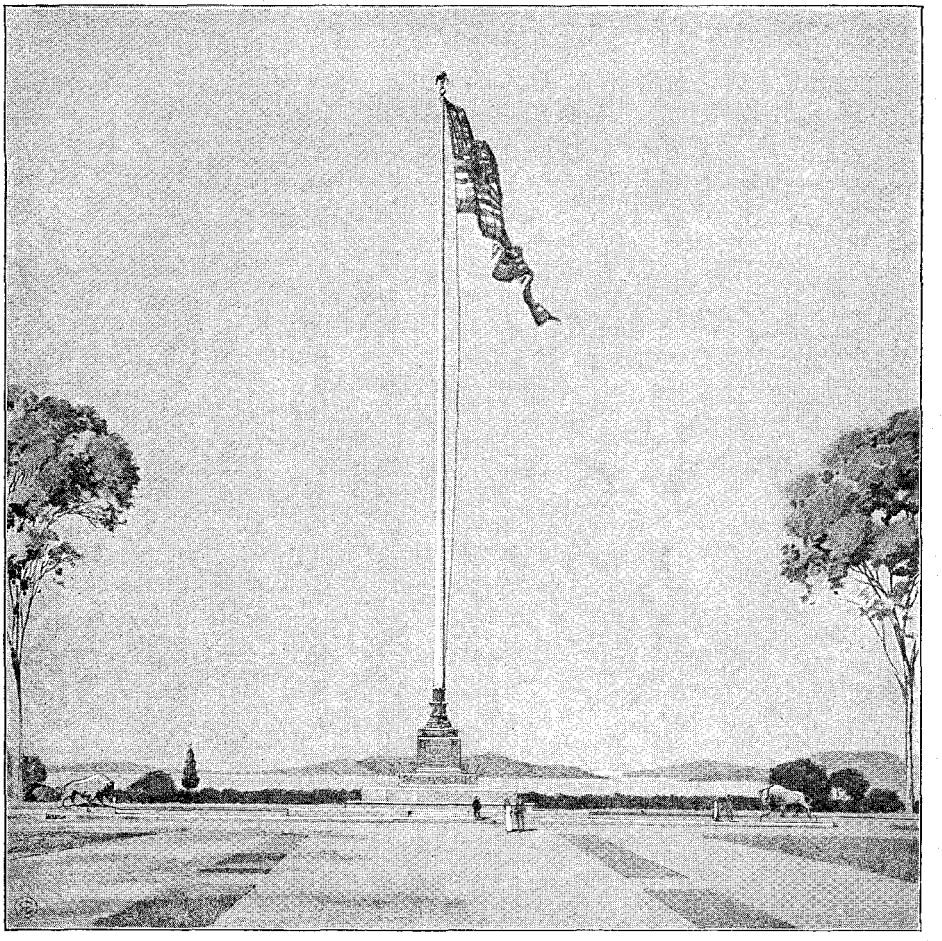

On the axis of the main approach, standing out in firm silhouette against the background of the bay and the distant hills of Centre Island, should be a great flagpole with a monumental base, which will be forever reminiscent of the Colonel's intense love for the American flag.

THE PLANS FOR THE GREAT ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL PARK

AT HIS HOME TOWN, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

Electus D. Litchfield and Rogers, Architects
James L. Greenleaf, Consulting Landscape Architect

IN his lifetime Colonel Roosevelt loved it all, its woods and fields, the shores of Long Island Sound, the flowers and the birds. He loved the outdoor life and he wanted others to love and share and benefit by it. During his lifetime, in fact, he endeavored to obtain an outdoor park for his friends and neighbors at Oyster Bay, and with his passing, a wider significance will be given to this cherished aim of his. The creation of this park, as one phase of a general memorial project, will give

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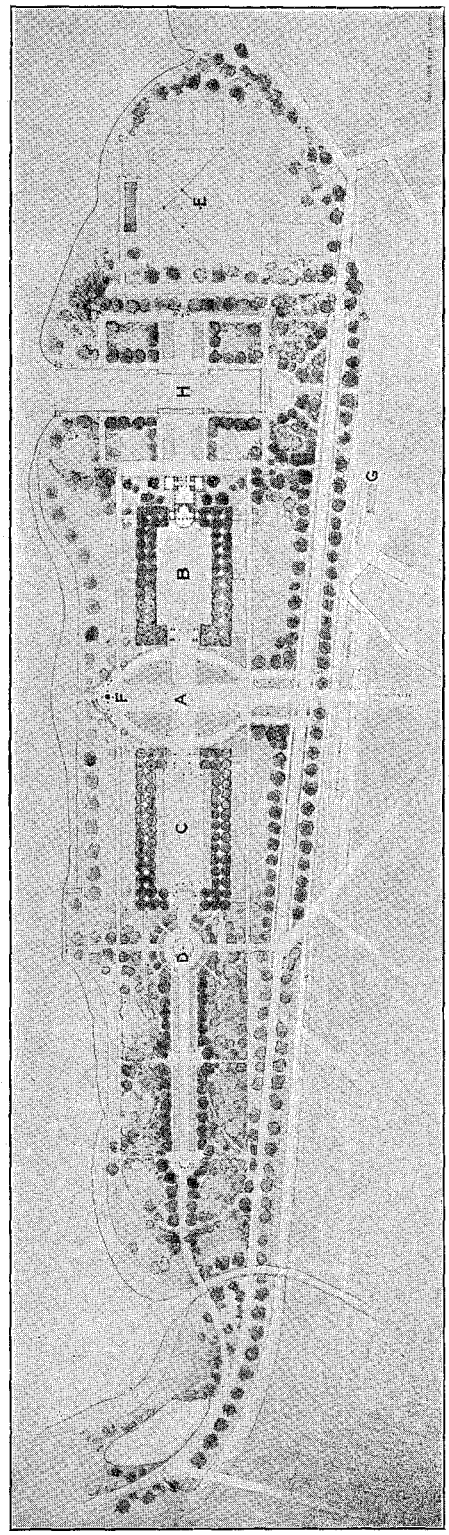

A. Central plaza. B. Outdoor auditorium. C. Pool. D. Fountain. E. Baseball ground and tennis-courts. F. Flagpole. G. Railroad station. H. Boat slip and landings.

The site for this memorial has an outlook of great beauty. It may be developed in either a naturalistic or formal manner or there may be a combination of the two. It is important to stress considerably the formal theory of its composition if we are to obtain not only the greatest beauty but a distinctly memorial feeling in the design. *Other things being equal, the best things in art are invariably the simplest*, and the plans here shown embody but few main elements.

his fellow citizens opportunity for rest and recreation and upbuilding of mind and body; and ultimately, perhaps the inclusion of his estate of Sagamore Hill, which will be preserved like Mount Vernon and Mr. Lincoln's home at Springfield.

Among the features which Mr. Loeb and other members of the Roosevelt Memorial Committee have definitely suggested as desirable are a playground equipped with swings and other apparatus for the use of children, a baseball diamond and grandstand, tennis-courts, bathing-beach, and possibly a public boat-house. In addition to these recreational and more or less utilitarian features, it has been suggested that the park should contain an open-air forum, fountain, lagoons, and other features of a dignified memorial character.

A park which would provide in the best and most beautiful way amusement facilities for the people of Oyster Bay would be something which would have had the approval of Colonel Roosevelt, and this should certainly be part of the plan, but we should go further and make the memorial much more than this. It should have as a whole a dignity and beauty, and in some way, if possible, a living interest, which will make it in all respects a distinct and enduring memorial.

Colonel Roosevelt was a very practical man, but he was also a very spiritually-minded one. He was responsible for the adoption of the great McKim-Burnham plan for the development of Washington and the charming restoration of the White House, and for the adoption by the government of a new standard of artistic accomplishment in the design of our American currency.

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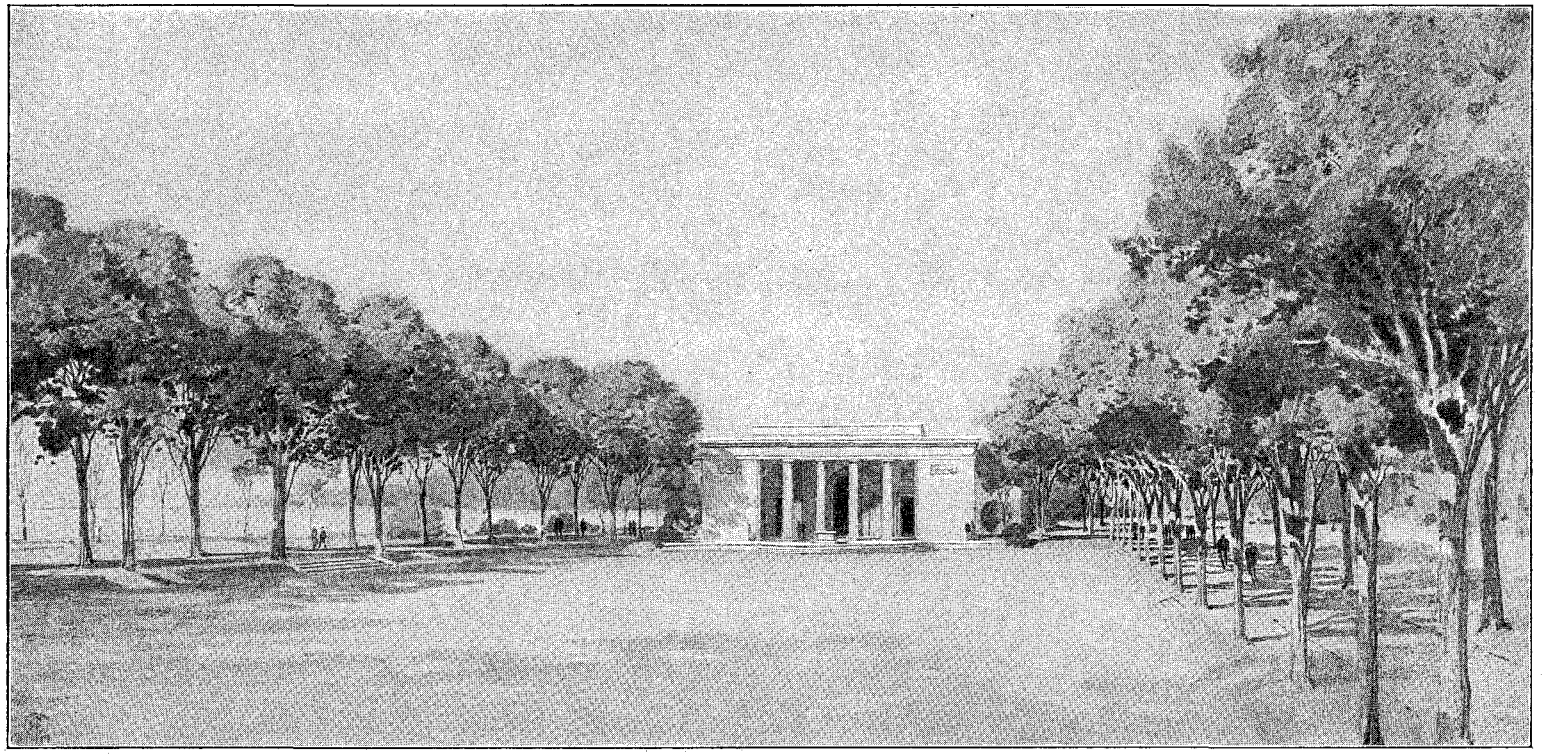

Aside from the playground and amusement space, which is separated from the rest of the composition by the existing canal, which should be improved and beautified, the scheme consists of an outdoor auditorium, the walls being formed by a double colonnade of high-foliaged elms, between whose trunks one may look out upon the bay and toward Sagamore Hill, and whose foliage will cast beautiful shadows upon the green lawn carpet.

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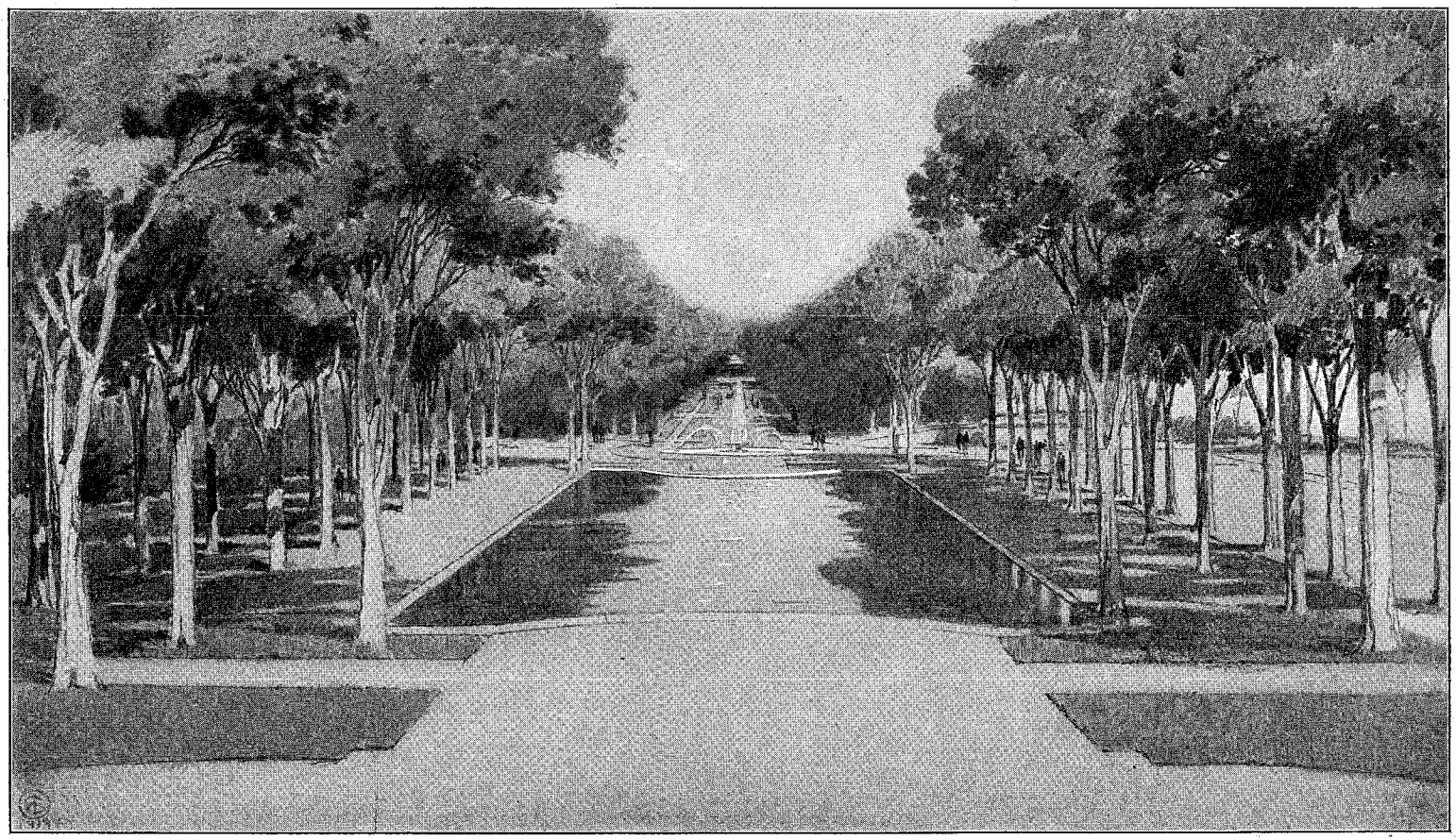

The architects have calculated on the use of tall trunked elms for much of the formal part of the composition. At the end of the lagoon there may well be an interesting fountain and beyond it a long approach from the west between thickly planted native American shrubs and low-growing trees, laurel, wild honeysuckle, dogwood, beech, and ash [illegible] nd the bright deep blue of the bay itself

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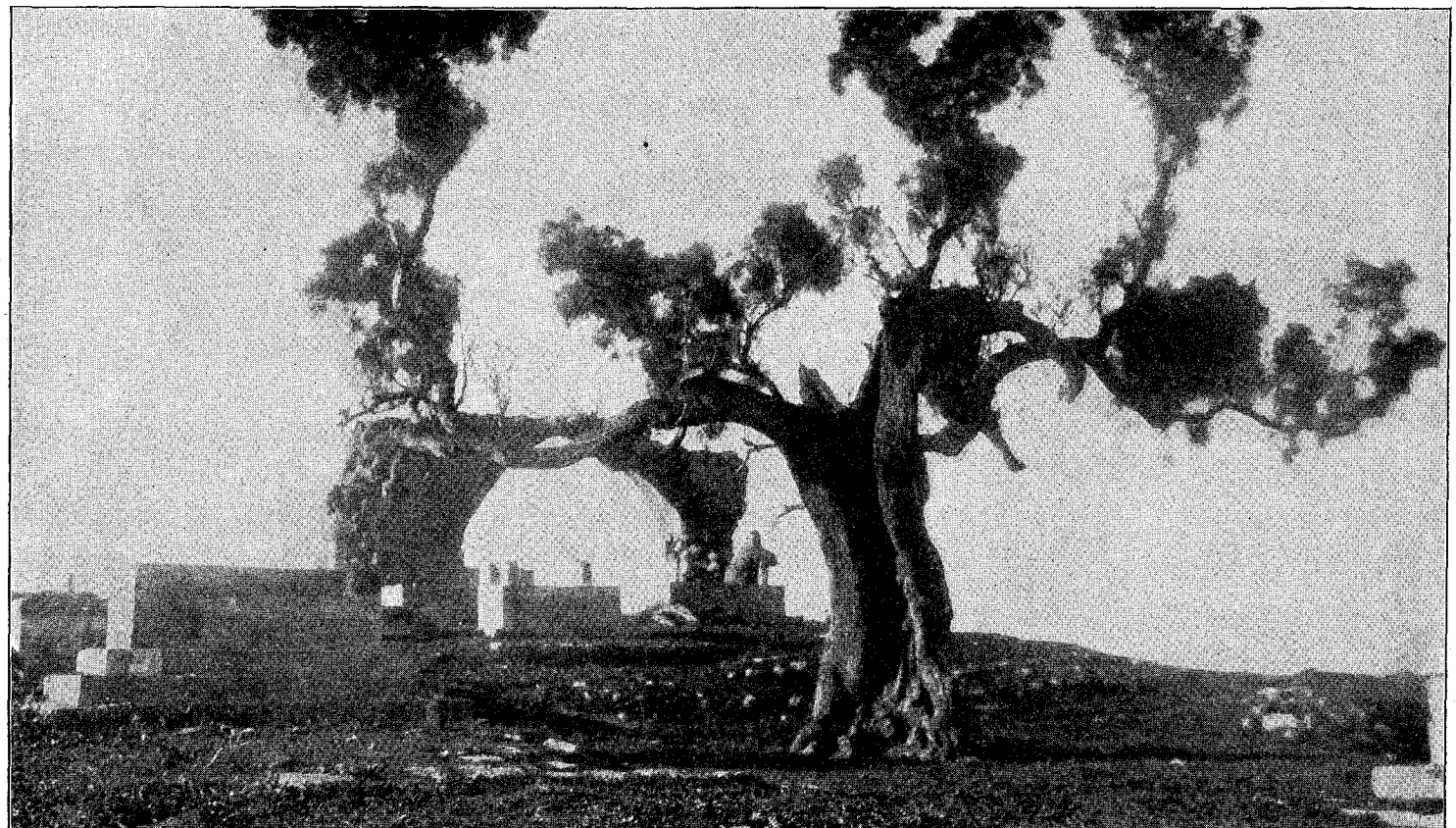

A PICTURE OF OLD AGE

By John Finley

The photograph taken and the poem written by him at Ramleh, Palestine

Gray tombs of those one loved in life;
Ruins of castles of earth's strife;
A gnarled and stricken barren tree;
Dim eyes that scan eternity.

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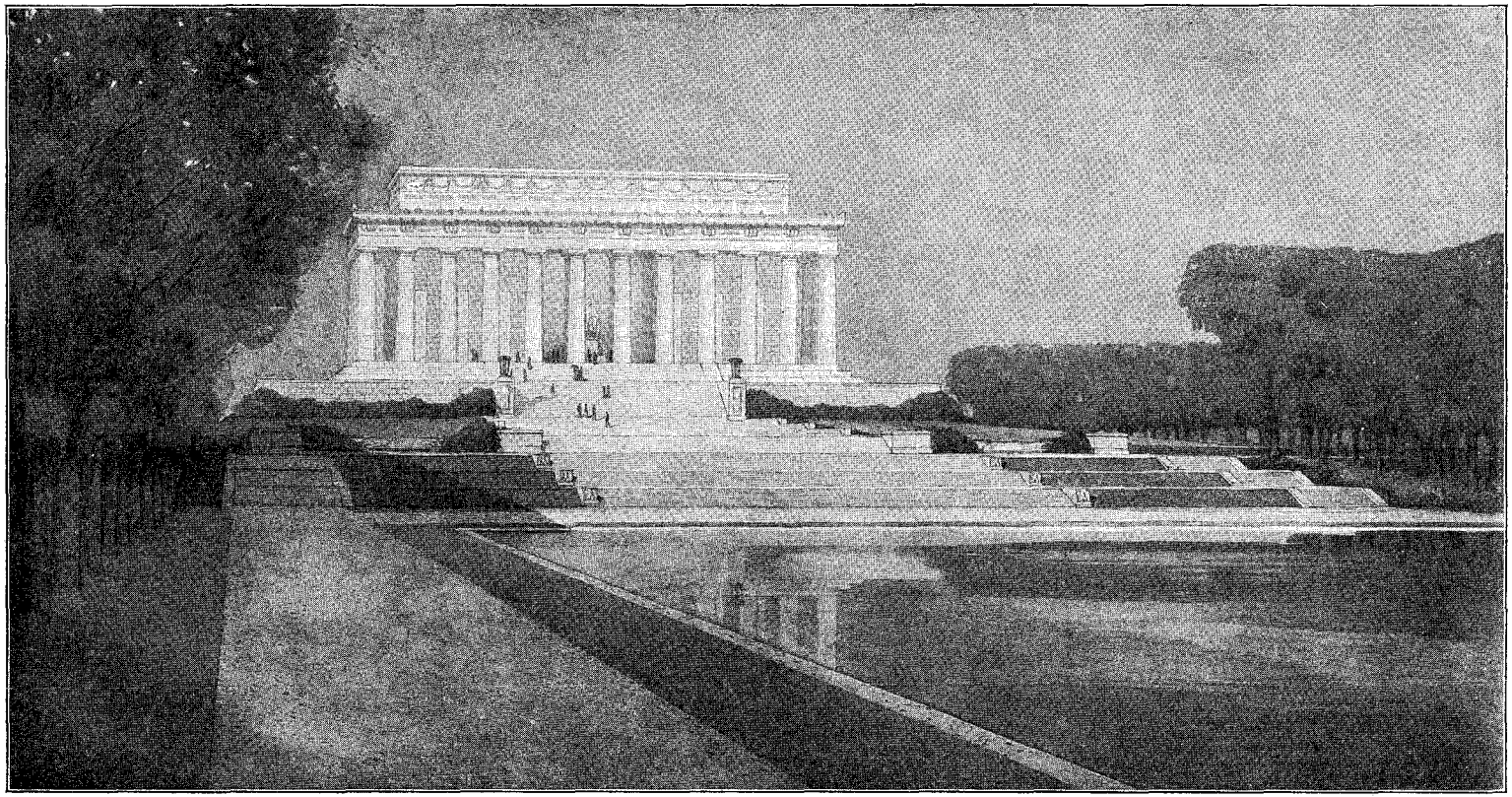

The east front of the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.
Henry Bacon, Architect.

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Henry Bacon.
Architect of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

HENRY BACON, who was chosen to prepare the design by the Lincoln Memorial Commission, is a New York architect who was born in Illinois and acquired his education as an architect in this country and as a Rotch Travelling Scholar. He is a member of the National Academy of Design.

The Lincoln Memorial Commission, created by Act of Congress, approved February 9, 1911, called for suggestions from the Commission of Fine Arts as to the most suitable site in Washington, D. C., for a memorial and the best methods of selecting the architects, artists, and sculptors to make and execute the designs.

Potomac Park site, by the shore of the Potomac River, was selected, which makes the Lincoln Memorial a part of a general scheme which embraces the Capitol and the Washington Monument. The east front is shown on the opposite page, and on the following pages is told how the great decorations by Jules Guérin and the gigantic statue of Lincoln by Daniel Chester French were carried out. The building is now completed, the decorations in place and the statue is being put in place, and the memorial will soon be ready for dedication.

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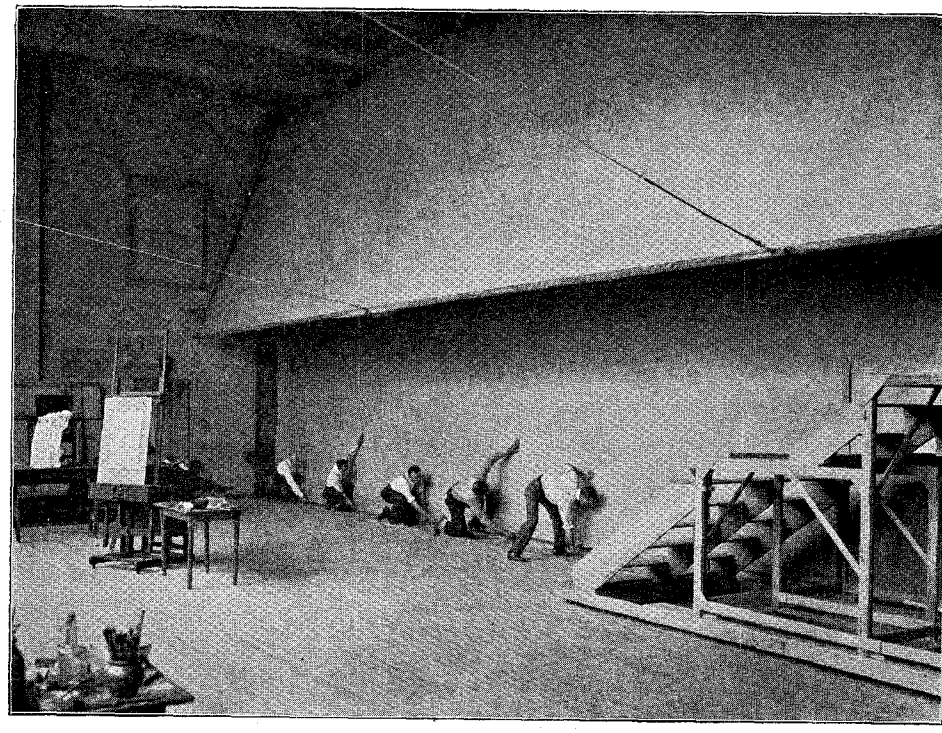

Looking toward the east end of Mr. Guérin's great studio.
Men stretching one of the two big canvases; above the men the other one is seen guyed out from the wall.

THE GUÉRIN DECORATIONS FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

HOW THEY WERE DONE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE DECORATION BY JULES GÚERIN REPRODUCED IN COLOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE will be plenty of expert appreciation of the Lincoln Memorial, not only this year, but throughout the years, the centuries to come, unless it is destroyed by revolution. So when the perennial procession of sight-seers at the national capital enter Mr. Bacon's building, approach Mr. French's statue, look up at Mr. Guérin's decorations, our fellow countrymen will know, even though perhaps not all can feel, how noble and reverent and beautiful these celebrated works of art are. They will be told by authority what to think.

But many a visitor will also think about the complex practical problems involved, and will want to know how they were solved. For a thing of beauty is not only a joy forever, but a curiosity for every one, whether he can feel joy from beauty or not.

I had an old friend's privilege of dropping in and looking on during the past three or four years at the various stages of Jules Guérin's share in this notable achievement; and I should think that

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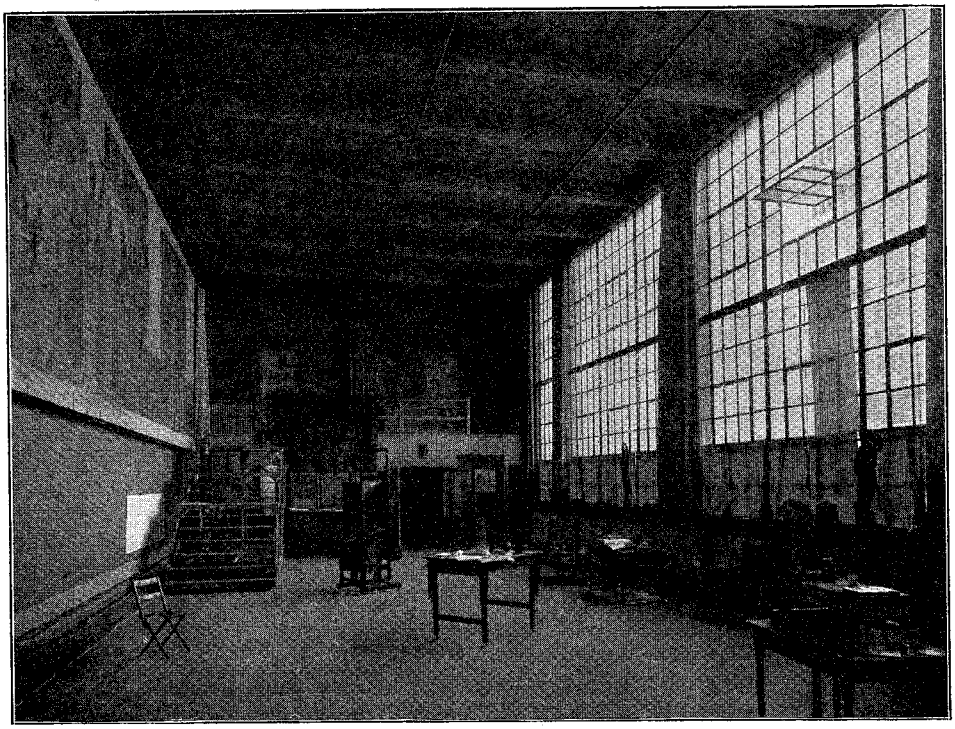

Looking west showing the wonderful north light of this huge workshop, also showing one of the two decorations well under way.

the things which interested me in the mere mechanical intricacy of his job would also interest other laymen. Like me they may have gazed at celestial ceilings abroad, not only with a crick in the neck and a certain awed anxiety to get all that was coming to them æsthetically, but also with a vulgar curiosity to know how those historic masterpieces got up there.

The old master's murals were painted directly upon the walls. Our modern masters usually do them on canvas in their studios. They are not put up until finished. Even the most devout worshippers of mediæval art must admit that in this respect at least, art has advanced; that is, if the lovers of old art love it enough to desire its preservation. Witness, for example, the cruel crumbling of Leonardo's "Last Supper," patched and restored a score of times.

Now when a canvas is nearly as long as a tennis court—each of the two decorations in the Lincoln Memorial is twelve feet by sixty feet—it is difficult to find in all New York or elsewhere a studio big enough to hold them. And indeed none was found that suited this fastidious painter. So he had a new atelier built according to plans and specifications of his own. It is eighty-five feet long, and thirty-two wide, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high, and is interesting and unusual in other ways:

A substantial building of modern steel and concrete construction, located where one would never think of looking for studios, at the corner of two of New York's busiest up-town streets, with two car lines intersecting and two traffic policemen, as busy as semaphores in a switch-yard. No passer-by would see it, however, even if told where to look, because it is hidden far overhead upon the roof of a tall office-building. It is near the painter's city home, and can be conveniently reached from his country home in summer. He can get into one subway station at the Grand Central and get out at another in this office-building. Thus, he explains, in rainy

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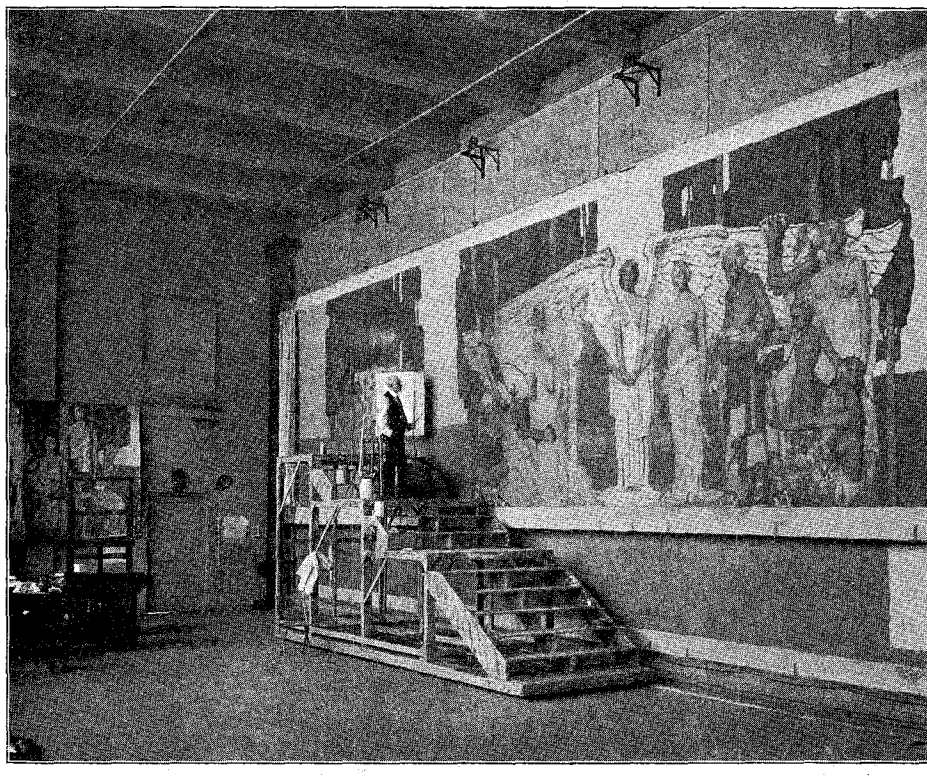
weather he can keep dry all the way. But the real reason, on the contrary, is that it is near the Players' Club.

The studio is approached, like an office, by one of a row of elevators commanded by a starter saying "Up" as numerous hurrying footsteps scrape the floor of the lobby. Ascending past the usual tiers of similar corridors, with glimpses of ground-glass doors and names thereon, the visitor gets out at the top, turns a corner, climbs a flight of stairs, and there, tucked away above the self-absorbed commerce of the busy town, is the spacious quiet of the clear-lighted studio, with the painter equally busy and absorbed in compelling color and line to express Freedom, Fraternity, and Immortality.

To one who has played with color on canvas in leisure moments it was appalling to contemplate stretching a canvas that weighed three hundred pounds. Well, it required the combined aid of eight able-bodied men. Both canvases were stretched before work was begun on either, because the painter wanted to work on them together, that is alternately, in order to insure color unity. One of the canvases was attached to a swinging frame, so that it could be suspended on high horizontally while work was done on the other. Each could be lowered or raised, when in position, by an arrangement of cogs and pulleys worked by a crank in the corner, like a back-drop at the theatre, except that it was held rigidly in place for painting. Some of this ingenious machinery is of his own invention. In passing, it has often interested me to observe how practical these so-called "impractical artists" are—about things that interest them. Another painter friend of mine has a well-equipped machine-shop adjoining his studio at Cornish, and he turns out work like that of a professional mechanic, ex-



The artist at work on the movable painting scaffold.

On the opposite page the central portion of this composition is reproduced in color.

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Central group of the decoration for the south wall of the Lincoln Memorial.

This reproduction was made for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Charles W. Beck, Jr., direct from the painting before it was removed from Mr. Guérin's studio.

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position also effective. For the same reason the figures are outlined with a "cutting line." This line, which was noticeable in the studio, entirely disappears when one looks at the decoration in the Lincoln Memorial; but without it the figures themselves would disappear, or, at any rate dissolve more or less into the background.

Before any of the actual work on canvas is begun, however, before a commission is awarded, in fact, sketches of a proposed decoration are always submitted to the jury or committee in charge. In this case they were done in one-twelfth scale. That is, instead of sixty feet long they were sixty inches long, and twelve inches instead of twelve feet wide. These miniatures, complete in design and color, with all the figures drawn to scale, were accepted not only by the committee, but by the artist himself. That is, he changed scarcely anything of importance as he worked the idea out in full-sized detail. Happy is the man who can plan a piece of work and not let the work seduce him into alluring changes.

But before deciding definitely to go ahead, in order to satisfy himself and Mr. Bacon as to the all-important question of scale, photographic enlargements were made of various figures and groups of figures, in various sizes. These solar prints, as they are called, were taken down to Washington and tried out at the Memorial building itself. Figures seven feet high were put up on the wall, then others of seven and a half, eight feet, and so on by gradations of six inches up to figures of ten feet. In this way only, by the actual visual effect, can even the most trained of projective imaginations feel sure how a thing will scale. That is, which size "feels right" in a given space and composition. For such things are fundamentally a matter of emotion, not of mathematics. That is why this peculiar sense, the art-sense, cannot be made; it must be born—and then cultivated.

The architect and the painter agreed that figures averaging eight and a half feet would scale right. These two usually agree. So far as I know, and I know them both well, they have never yet fought. They agreed, slept over it, and came back to take a fresh and final look next morning to make sure. That decided it. They were sure.

So now all the painter had to do about the decoration was to go home and put in two or three years painting it, which he did.

As in the case of Michael Angelo's frescos, and, I suppose, all other mural decorations since and before, the approved sketch was first "squared up," that is, checkerboarded with thin lines. Then the canvas was covered with squares of the same proportions, namely, twelve times as large, to guide the artist in reproducing his design. Unlike many of the old masters, however, and most of the new, Mr. Guérin employed no young assistant painters, even for filling in broad spaces of simple background, or for carrying out repeated motives. He painted every stroke of it himself, and he takes great pride in this.

There are forty-eight figures in the two panels. This required securing almost as many different models, a considerable task. Because even when you find the type you want, you cannot always hire it. It may be a man in a box at the opera. It may be a sales-girl in a department store.

An unusual problem in this decoration lay in the fact that the Lincoln Memorial, though roofed, is not enclosed. Its colonnaded façade is open summer and winter. The paint had to be put on in such a way that it would stay on, despite the vicissitudes of a notorious national climate. So every ounce of paint was mixed with wax. This was a simple concoction of white wax and kerosene, stirred to the consistency of vaseline, this was mixed with all colors, and has rendered the decorations absolutely weather-proof. The wax will harden, but it will never allow the paint to crack or crumble. Chemically similar wax found in the tombs of the kings in Egypt is still pliable.

Wax has been employed in another interesting way in the Lincoln Memorial. Although light comes in through the open entrance, a top light was desired, but a glass sky-light effect was objectionable. The roof is composed of white marble slabs, three feet by five feet, and only five-eighths of an inch thick. A certain amount of light filtered through, but not

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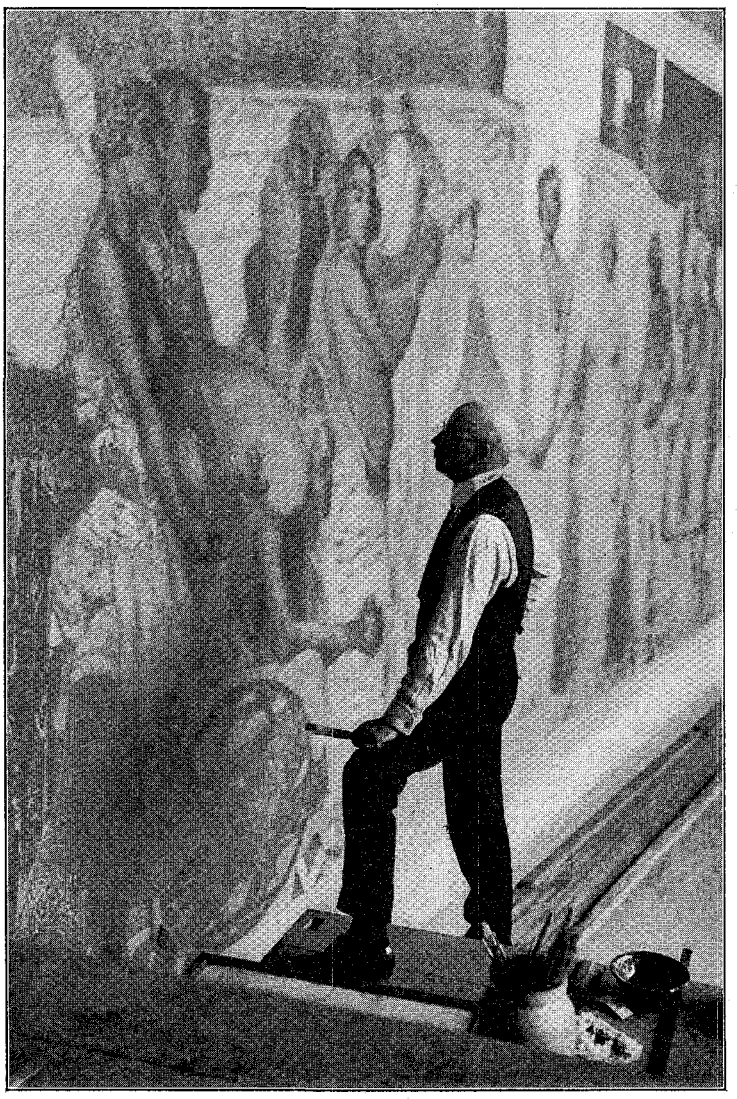

Jules Guérin.

cept that it is better lasting and better looking.

It also impressed me to discover that these two strips of bare canvas cost four hundred dollars apiece. This recital of materialistic details will, I fear, offend certain art-lovers, but it will interest artists. I have tried it on them. And I would rather interest those who can make beauty than those who can buy it.

Now that the work is over the combined weight of these strips of canvas is a hundred and fifty pounds greater than before they were painted. Their gain in value I shall not attempt to estimate. That is a good deal of paint even for such large surfaces, but there is a sound art reason for such prodigality. Wall decorations, of course, are viewed from a distance, and these panels are placed about twenty-eight feet above the average beholder's eye. In the opinion of this painter it is necessary to put the paint on thick to secure the proper carrying quality. If painted as thin as the average framed picture in a home, the color would be ineffective at such a distance as is necessary to make a large-scale com-

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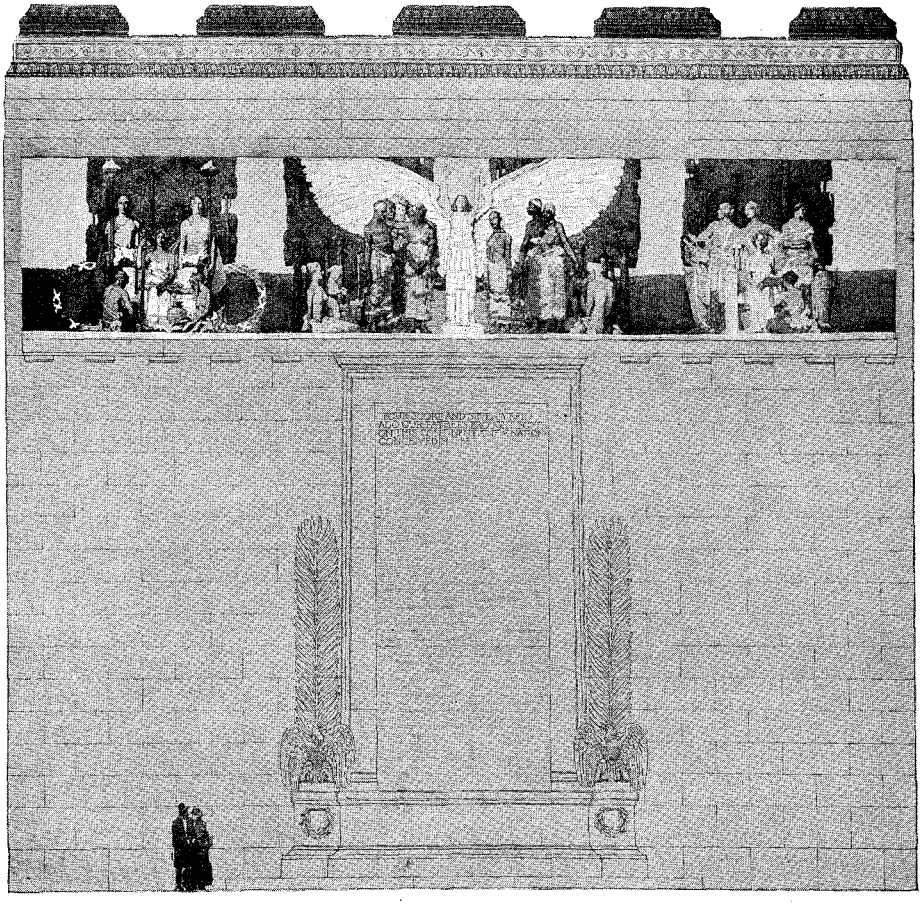

The decoration for the north wall.

Photographed and set in a drawing of the wall to show relative scale and relation to the wall; the two people, drawn to scale, on the base of the drawing, help to give an idea of the size of the painting.

enough. Consequently these thin slabs were boiled in white wax—in huge iron vats, a dozen or more slabs at a time, boiled for forty-eight hours. The result was somewhat like the difference between the opacity of plain paper and the transparency of oiled paper, but in this case the soft translucence of the marble is like light through alabaster.

When the decorations were at last finished in the studio I was curious and, in fact, quite concerned about getting them down to Washington and up safely on the walls. Two large wooden drums were built, twenty inches in diameter. They were more like reels because they had protecting sides. Upon these the now thoroughly dried canvases were rolled and stoutly covered. Then they were sent off by express.

For the final task of fastening the decorations in their appointed places, first the space was heavily coated with a mixture made of white lead and Venetian varnish, then the drums, lifted upon scaffolding, were gradually unrolled from the centre out, and the canvases pressed home and tamped with bricks covered with felt. Every day for three days they were retamped. Occasional wrinkles could not be avoided, but they could always be carried along from important spots in the canvas to places where a slight cutting out would not matter, because the painter was on hand with his paints to retouch and obliterate all scars.

All of which may now be proved, to the enduring fame of our master mural painter and the "joy forever" of the rest of us, when we make the pilgrimage to this superb shrine of the greatest American.

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One of the plaster-cast models for the Lincoln statue by Daniel Chester French.

MAKING A GREAT STATUE

HOW FRENCH'S LINCOLN WAS PUT INTO MARBLE

By W. M. Berger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. BERGER

IF the person who in his daily walks passes many times the statues and monuments which adorn the public places of our great cities, giving but little thought to them, were to push open, by chance, the great door leading into one of the studios where these works of art are in process of development, his first feeling would be, perhaps, one of amazement at beholding an interior quite opposite to that which his imagination had pictured.

Here he will not find a trace of the artistic settings and luxurious surroundings associated in his mind with the studios of some of our successful painters. On the contrary, his impression is rather apt to be that of a vast workshop, where, amid the apparent confusion of great masses of rough and uncut marble, fantastic shapes of plaster and clay (surrounded by scaffolding and ladders, forges and benches, and the indescribable litter of chips and broken stone), he may discern dimly through fine clouds of marble dust and

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smoke crowds of workmen in blouses, unconventional overalls and paper caps, busily engaged with their humming pneumatic chisels, hammers, and measuring instruments in liberating from these rude blocks of stone the form of some graceful nymph, or, perhaps, the robust figure of one of our distinguished statesmen.

It is in such a studio that the great statue of Abraham Lincoln by Daniel Chester French (the most monumental work in marble ever attempted in America) has been in process of development during the past year. The statue is in the centre of the great Lincoln Memorial Building in Washington, recently completed from the design by Henry Bacon, the distinguished architect of New York.

Interior of one of the principal studios.

The left hand and leg, partially developed, can be seen. The working model from which the measurements are taken is at the left, partially cut off from view by a huge block of marble.

So great a work as this enormous statue, which with its marble base rises to the imposing height of over thirty feet, could only be intrusted to the hands of marble-cutters of the greatest experience, and for this reason the co-operation of the most skilful sculptors was sought. And so it was decided by Mr. French and his associates to obtain the services of the Piccirilli brothers; and in their spacious studios this great work, occupying a year of incessant labor, has been successfully completed.

This remarkable family of sculptors consists of six brothers, sons of Giuseppe Piccirilli, who came to New York in 1888, after a long apprenticeship as a marble-cutter in Italy, and became at once well known among our best sculptors. The family has been for nearly a generation famous in artistic circles, not alone for the great ability shown in executing the important work of other sculptors, but for the original work accomplished by the different members of the family; for each is an artist of exceptional ability, and their work is in many of our museums and upon some of our greatest public buildings.

Consequently, with their great experience and skill the difficulties which might

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Daniel Chester French, who modelled the Lincoln statue, modelling one of the figures for the Victory Arch.

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At work on the head from the full-size plaster model.

have embarrassed the ordinary sculptor were easily overcome.

The enormous amount of work entailed in the carving of this, the latest masterpiece by Mr. French, can hardly be realized by a view only of the completed statue which in its simple dignity gives one the impression of ease and simplicity in the execution.

To form an adequate idea of what the construction of a statue of such heroic dimensions means (the height of which, without the pedestal, is twenty-two feet, and its weight two hundred and seventy

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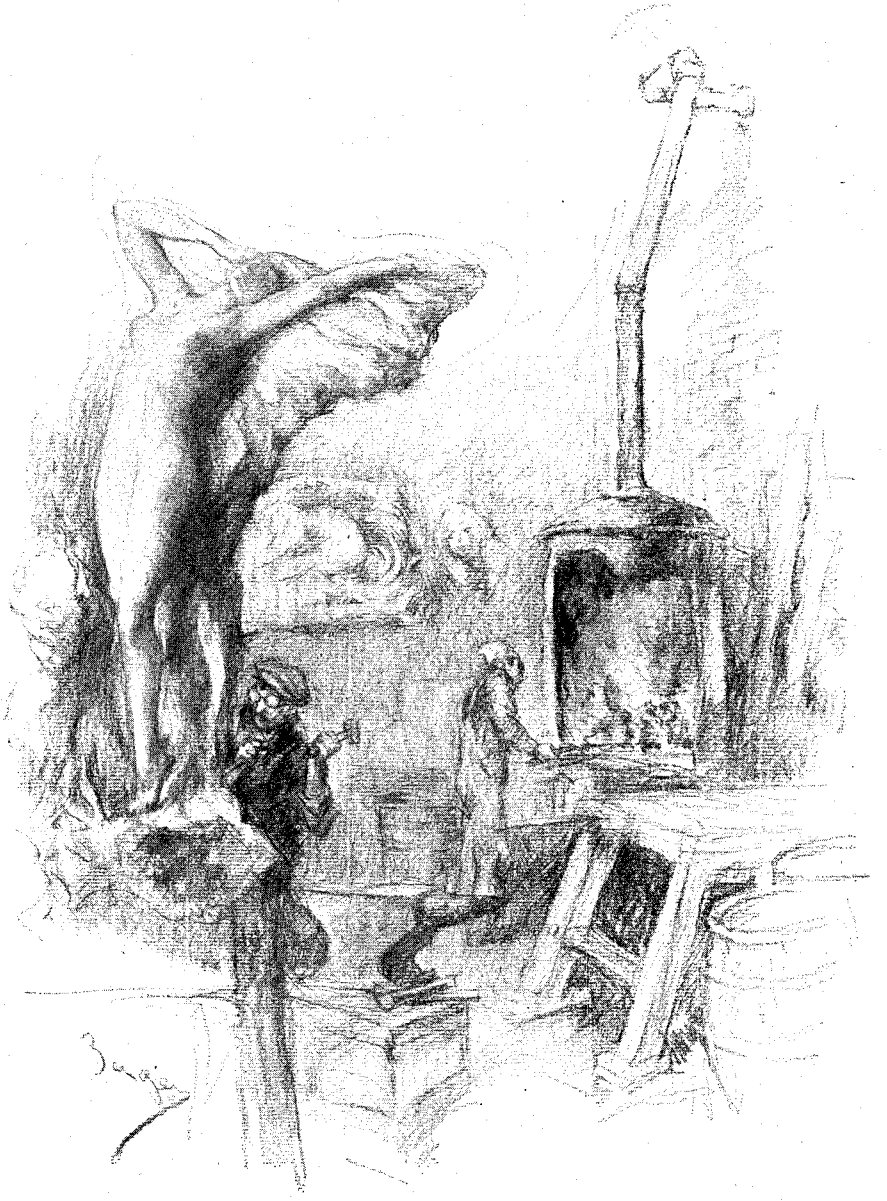

A corner of the studio showing the forge and anvil.

In the foreground the marble figure, "The Spirit of the Alps," by Attilio Piccirilli, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York.

tons), it must be considered that such a result would be impossible from a single block of marble, if indeed such an enormous block could be found and transported. It was necessary to employ twenty-eight blocks of the finest Georgia marble weighing from five to forty-two tons and measuring, in all, four thousand three hundred and sixty cubic feet!

The original model by Mr. French was but two feet six inches high; later he made a working model, enlarged to five feet, and this was used as a basis of measurement, and was carefully divided and

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The Piccirilli brothers at work on the original models for the new Parliament building at Winnipeg.
At the right the Victory and Quadriga by Piccirilli and Paul Wayland Bartlett, now on the Victory Arch, New York.

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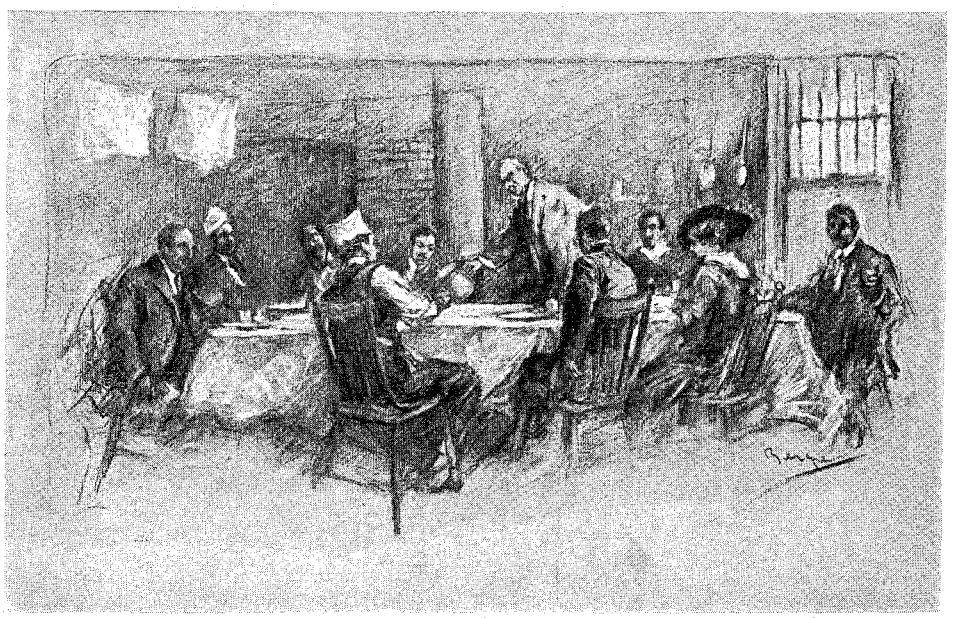
marked by tiny points (over two hundred thousand of these points being necessary in this instance). By specially constructed instruments these measurements were applied, with the utmost care and minuteness, to the great blocks until by patient cutting an exact reproduction on an immense scale was obtained.

In passing from one studio to another, and seeing the work progressing in separate stages, it might seem that the ultimate joining of so many different parts would present insurmountable difficulties; but so exact had the intricate measurements been made that, when the anxious moment, so long awaited, arrived, each part so perfectly adjusted itself that the completed statue presented to the observer the solid and harmonious work of one hand.

No doubt the most interesting part of the statue, in its disjoined state, is the massive head, which is over four feet in height, and which even in its elementary stages, and presenting almost a Rodin-like effect in its partial relief from the marble, gives the feeling, not of a mass of chiselled stone, but rather, from its life-like dignity, of actually standing before the great statesman. And when the final strokes by the artisan have been given, and Mr. French himself has removed all traces of points and carefully modelled the surfaces to an exact semblance of nature, it is not a difficult thing to bring to mind and feel the force of Emerson's criticism made many years ago when looking at his own bust by French:

"This is indeed the face that I shave."

Not the least interesting thing connected with the work of cutting the Lincoln statue is the great studio, situated in a quiet up-town street of the Bronx, not far from one of the principal avenues.



The lunch hour.

Built around a substantial brownstone house formerly the dwelling of the Piccirilli family, and flanking on either side a picturesque courtyard, rise the great studios.

Once within this busy hive, where the sculptors and their many assistants work early and late, you leave behind for a while the life of the city and feel transported into an entirely foreign atmosphere; and it is not a great stretch of the imagination to feel that this place resembles, with its mountains of marble

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and granite, its antique busts and plaster reproductions of Greek and Roman art, more the ancient "botega" where the old Italian masters of the Renaissance carved their masterpieces, than anything which our modern city can offer; for the methods of work employed by the sculptors of to-day have changed but little from that time, with the exception of some few mechanical appliances, which enable them to accomplish their work with greater facility.

Aside from handling the works of other sculptors with which the studios are continually crowded, the six Piccirilli brothers are invariably engaged in their own private studios on the original creations for which they have become famous; and during the past year, while dividing their time between the work on the Lincoln statue and numerous other works of lesser dimensions, they have found time to finish the great statues intended for the new Parliament Building erected in Winnipeg.

The harmonious manner in which they perform their work, one frequently replacing another, has always been a great source of wonderment to their most intimate friends. But with all the close application to the thousand and one details necessary to the management of so great an undertaking as theirs, there is one moment in the strenuous day when all work relaxes and every one is invited to partake of the midday luncheon.

In the basement kitchen of the old house, looking out upon the courtyard, with its urns and pots of ivy, with its satyrs and nymphs peeping through the windows, is the great table spread with its snowy cloth; and seated about (with one of the brothers doing the duty of host, and at the same time frequently acting as *chef de cuisine*, and the indispensable Tom, the majordomo of the establishment, ready to attend to the wants of the guests) are almost always to be found, in company with the sculptors in blouses, paper caps, and all, some of New York's sculptors, architects, and patrons of art.

And as the steaming spaghetti or appetizing raviolli is being passed around you yield yourself quickly to the infectious cheerfulness which surrounds you and listen with delight to the anecdotes and gossip of the studios.

When at last the coffee has been served and the hearty hand-shakes from the brothers and their guests have been given, and you pass again through the studios, casting a last fleeting glance at the imposing statues, you feel how the many difficulties which attend the erection of such a stupendous work as the Lincoln statue are overcome by dint of skilful labor and diligent application.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

By Stephen Berrien Stanton

LINCOLN, before thy shrine once more arise
The stir and circumstance of ugly war;
Rudely upon thy peace-directed eyes
Thy country's thunder-cloud obtrudes once more.

White is thy cenotaph, as was thy soul;
And pure the marble as befits thy name—
Thy country's cause inscribed on history's scroll
Shall never bring to thee the blush of shame.

The patient purpose of the homely face
Which broods upon that dimming page of time
Be as a beacon to these latter days,
Fill hearts that falter with thy faith sublime.

August, 1918.

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EUROPEAN UNREST AND THE RETURNED SOLDIER

By Henry de Man

Author of "The Remaking of a Mind," Lieutenant Belgian Army, Member Belgian Commission on Reconstruction

ON the ship which took me from Europe to America last spring I made friends with a distinguished member of one of the sub-committees of the American Peace Delegation. He had been investigating social conditions in the main countries of western Europe for several months. His conclusions were optimistic. To him the social unrest in Europe was a purely psychological problem. He compared the state of mind of the European people with that of a cow that had been chased around a pasture by a mad dog. Something similar had been happening to western Europe for more than four years. Little wonder, he said, that the cow should be panting still and feeling restless, depressed, and hypersensitive. Why, the poor animal has neither had time to recover her breath nor her wits! Let her rest a little, treat her to a few handfuls of nice fresh grass, and she will soon take to grazing and producing good milk again. So far my American friend!

An English companion-traveller, with a Socialistic turn of mind, took a quite different view. He was a downright pessimist. Psychology, he said, has nothing to do with the case. It is a question of economics pure and simple. Europe is ruined through the loss of four years' industrial output, a loss for which she cannot make good with her present backward methods of production. But there is more. The immense majority of the European people want to get rid of the capitalist system, which, with its natural consequences, imperialism and competitive armament, has been responsible for this war. Perhaps they do not know yet what other system they are going to put in its place. Maybe it will be better, maybe worse—though it hardly could lead to anything as bad as what we have gone through. But the war, which originated in capitalism, has killed capitalism. The moral credit of the system has gone. Only a minority of profiteers still uphold it. The mass of the people will turn to the support of any revolutionary element that aims at a radical change of the social organization as soon as circumstances will promise such an undertaking success—and that may be any day. Thus spoke the English pessimist.

To me it seemed that both views had a good deal of truth in them. They were only wrong in as far as they were too exclusive of each other. A six months' investigation of social conditions in Europe—mainly in Belgium and in England—since the armistice, had convinced me that the main cause of Europe's unrest is economic, and will not disappear until some profound changes have been brought about in her social organization. Yet the psychologist's view of the case seemed to me equally justified, and his parable of the cow and the mad dog well to the point. Economic circumstances merely create the conditions that make certain social and political movements possible. The movements themselves are the work of men. And to understand the thinking and the acting of these men, one has to study their psychology. This will lead to the discovery of numerous causes of human impulses which have nothing to do with the economic conditions as such.

One of them is the influence of warfare on the psychology of the soldiers who have taken a part in it.

The "returned soldier" is a much more decisive element of the problems of social reconstruction in Europe than he is in the United States. The great European countries have been in the war much longer, and they have drawn much more exhaustively upon their reserves of population to keep their armies up. In belligerent Europe practically every able-bodied man between the age of eighteen and fifty—fifty-five even, in some cases—has

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been a soldier, usually for more than four years. Naturally the effect of army life on the psychology of these men is a very important factor in the attitude of mind of the European masses.

True, what the returned soldier is doing or is going to do as a unit of the political and social system, primarily depends on the material conditions he has to face on his return to civilian life. In Europe as well as in America, the problem of preventing the returned soldier from becoming an element of restlessness and a prey to theories destructive of social order is mainly an economic one. With this aspect of the case I will not deal here. It has been studied on this side of the Atlantic at least as well as on the other side. But I am afraid that many Americans who are puzzled by the chaotic condition of European society do not fully understand the importance of the psychological changes that the war has worked in the minds of most Europeans. The attitude of, say, the returned soldier does not merely depend upon the conditions he will be confronted with when he looks for a new job, or has to get a new dwelling, or has to adapt his budget to the increased cost of living; it also depends on the way his mind will react to these conditions. And this mind has been changed by five years of war as much as the conditions themselves.

Americans who think about this will do well to bear in mind that the psychological problem Europe is faced with is very different from their own. The United States had a much shorter war experience, and enlisted a much smaller proportion of their population than most of the European countries. Their lines of communication being so very much longer, and their equipment and organization more scientific and complete, the Americans accordingly had a much smaller proportion of men engaged in actual fighting. The comparison of the American casualty figures with those of Germany, France, or England, shows how much more considerable the fighting experience of the average European soldier has been—about ten to one. Moreover, most of the American soldiers had the privilege of taking part only, or mainly, in the latter stages of the campaign, when—thanks largely to the presence of the American contingent itself—movement warfare had taken the place of the trench life routine which had been the predominant experience of European armies for more than three years. Anybody with a little experience of both forms of warfare knows that they influence the combatants' psychology in a radically different way. With the Europeans it is trench warfare that has been the predominant experience, and that has made their minds what they are.

But there is more. The human material of which the A. E. F. was made was of a kind very different from that of the European armies. The difference was such in every way as to make the average American soldier less liable to undergo the brutalizing effect of the war than his European comrade. I will try to explain why this was so, for it is a crucial point for the understanding of the European situation.

It was neither the plainness of the American officers' uniform nor the American custom of universal clean-shaving that made it most difficult for the European observer to detect the Yank's military rank. It was the fact that the faces, the attitude, and the talk of American soldiers and officers did not betray such deep differences of social standing and education as they did in European armies. In the latter, differences in rank corresponded, as a rule—and to this rule there were very few exceptions—to social class differences. If you had seen a British, a German, a French, or a Belgian company bathing in Adam's costume, in nine cases out of ten you could have picked out the officers by the natural characteristics—physique, attitude, expression of the face—that betray membership of a social class with a considerably higher standard of living and of education. A similar difference, no doubt, existed in the American army, but on a very much smaller scale. This was undoubtedly the result of the generally higher standard of living, the relative lack of pauperism and illiteracy, and the higher level—at least, in the ethical sense—of popular education in America.

This effect of American superiority was considerably increased by the fact that the American army, being comparatively smaller, and selected, formed, and organized according to a more scientific plan

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than that of the European mass armies, was much more of a picked body of men than the European formations, where the average age of the soldier was very much higher, and where grizzly fathers of families, over fifty years of age, might be seen taking turns in the trenches with their adolescent boys.

The result of the European system of universal enlistment, with age limit stretched both ways to the utmost physical possibility, combined with the different social stratification of European society, was that the bulk of European armies was composed of peasants and laborers on an average level of education much below that of the American Expeditionary Force. The importance of this point will become clear in the light of the statement, to which most psychologists agree, that the brutalizing effect of combatant life is likely to be in inverse ratio to the previous mental development of the individual considered.

My own conclusion, based on a three years' experience of trench life, is that a minimum of education, sufficient to ennoble men's actions with the consciousness of a voluntarily accepted and reasoned altruistic aim in fighting, is the only thing that can—and even then not always does—prevent habitual combatant activity from resulting in a considerable lowering of the combatant's moral level. I further have come to the conclusion that the mentality of the majority of European soldiers was distinctly below this minimum level.

To make Americans realize how careful they should be not to generalize from their knowledge of conditions in their own army, it should further be pointed out that the American army, and the American people at large, had undergone a much more careful psychological preparation for war as a necessity from a conscious altruistic view-point, than had been the case with any European nation.

America, indeed, did not—and could not—take part in the war until the majority of the nation had been convinced that they had a duty to do so, for other reasons than the immediate interest of the state. Her democratic constitution made it impossible that it should be otherwise. In Europe—at least, in Continental Europe—it was quite different. There we had, unfortunately enough, a tradition of military patriotism that made it the easiest thing in the world for any government to create a "war fever," without any need for the rulers to stretch their imagination beyond the statement of the shallowest pretext of "national honor," "necessity of self-defense," "provocation by the enemy," and the like. The mere setting in motion of the machinery of mobilization was sufficient to create a pitch of bellicose emotion insuring popular support of any war measure proposed by those in power. Indeed, the more particles of the truth are revealed about the actual diplomatic incidents that led to the war in August, 1914, the more one wonders how easy it has been for the governments on all sides to convince their "subjects" that they had a sacred patriotic duty to take part in a war forced upon them for the defense of their country. It is but later—especially after the downfall of Czardom in Russia and the entrance of the United States into the war—that the conflict appeared to the European masses as a test of power between two systems of government and of thought. In August, 1914, nobody talked about "making the world safe for democracy." There was but one slogan all over the European continent: national defense—as though the war had begun in spite of the fact that nobody in particular had wished to start it, and that all the participating Powers had but the desire to defend themselves against others—who advanced the same claim. I have no doubt that the majority of the German people were as convinced of their country being in self-defense in August, 1914, as any other nation. And I am equally positive in asserting that in the earlier stages of the conflict the majority of the people of the Entente countries, although honestly—and rightly—believing that their country had been the victim of aggression, had no knowledge of the actual facts that had led to the war and of the real issues involved. From which I draw the inference that under the system of national competition, universal armament, and militaristic education that prevailed in pre-war Europe—and which is far from having been routed out by the war—any government might find popular support for any war, provided

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that some quite elementary psychological precautions be taken to "camouflage" unavowed ambitions.

Where, like in Belgium and Serbia, the case, as looked upon from a purely national view-point, was plainly one of self-defense against unjustified aggression, there was no need at all for the governments to "prepare" public opinion. Everybody was "in it" from the beginning, as a matter of course.

It was quite different with America. Her participation in the war was the outcome of a long internal controversy. No appreciable part of her population had a direct economic interest in it. The racial sympathy of millions of Teutonic-born Americans, and the traditional aversion to "mixing up" with European troubles were two additional obstacles. They could be overcome only by formulating and popularizing a programme of war aims based on such altruistic desires as the liberation of oppressed nationalities, the vindication of international justice, the universal establishment of democracy, and the conquest of a lasting peace. I do not know of any officially conducted propaganda effort in history that can compare with the achievement of President Wilson's administration and of the enormous machinery for "public information" it set up for the purpose. The result was that, quite apart from the intrinsic value of the Wilsonian war aims as distinguished from those of the European Entente, or of the Central Powers, the American army went to the battlefield with a much more wide-spread consciousness of what it was fighting for than any of the European armies.

This is all the more a reason not to assume that the average European soldier's participation in fighting was the outcome of conscious and reasoned volition. Whether the governments and the leading minorities that "make" public opinion through official and unofficial agencies—public education, the press, the church, etc.—had any ethical motives at all, or whether these motives were good or bad, does not alter the fact that in any case they disposed of means of physical and moral coercion sufficiently strong to make their people fight. The more democratic the constitution of the state, the greater was the part played by moral as compared with physical coercion. But let us have the courage to admit that even in the most democratic country the government of the whole people by the whole people has been shown to be still a far-away ideal. The conscious and enlightened participation in the direction of public affairs, which such self-government implies, is a myth. In democracy, as it exists at present, the ruling minorities are larger than in any previous form of government; their selection is independent of any privileges of fortune or heredity; they have a tendency to increase in numbers as education spreads; and the competition for popular support upon which the party system is based compels them to plead with the masses where the autocratic rulers had but to order and be obeyed. It is because of all this that democracy is so vastly superior to all other forms of government. Yet it is like them in so far as it also means, and will be bound to mean as long as human culture remains the apanage of a few, the rule of a minority, whose directions are followed by a majority, actuated by mostly unconscious interests and instinctive impulses, and practically without any critical understanding of the intellectual or ethical motives that underlie the minority's course.

This, of course, is especially true of Europe. It certainly applies to the average European soldier throughout the war. The British recruit who was anxious to get "over there" in August, 1914, because he wanted to "kill them b—— Belgiums" undoubtedly was an exception. But I think I may take the case of the Belgian unit I was in command of as typical. They were a couple of hundred men; with the exception of half a dozen, all peasants and working men; and good fighters they were, to whom the duty of killing as many of the enemy as they could remained paramount for four years, without ever being questioned. Yet if they had been asked what the war was about, not a dozen of them would have been able to give an answer as sensible or as concordant with facts as could have been given by any ten-year-old schoolboy in the United States. Surely, they would tell you about how the hated Boche had invaded and devastated their country, and was preventing them from going

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back to their homes; but then what was the difference between their case and that of the enemy, but that the Boche was victorious and the Belgian not? Were not the German soldiers of 1914 equally convinced that the Allies would devastate their country—as the Russians actually did in East Prussia—if they entered it, and that they were fighting a despicable foe intent on their destruction as a nation? Yet even at the time when every American schoolboy was trying to understand what it meant to make the world safe for democracy, I am sure that not one out of five of my men had ever heard or read that word (most of them never read anyway), and that not one out of ten could have given anything like a definition of its meaning.

As to stating the main differences between, say, the constitution of Belgium and that of the German Empire, not five out of the two hundred could have done it. And not a single one could have given a more or less accurate description of the facts that led up to the war before Belgium got involved in it.

They fought none the worse for it. But the Germans also fought well. In truth, although they fought on both sides, mostly without knowing it, for a different cause, according to the opposed aims of the warring governments, they all primarily fought because of the same reasons, or, to put it in a more accurate and less rationalistic fashion, as a consequence of the same mass impulses.

Physical coercion had, as a rule, very little to do with it. The huge coercive power which the state suddenly assumed under the régime of mobilization served but to emphasize the unanimous acceptance of the duty to fight as a moral imperative. Every nation on the European continent looks back upon a tradition, several centuries old, of a military organization that can be mobilized for attack or defense by the ruling powers. In this era of semi-democracy every European government had at its disposal the means of making their people believe that they were mobilizing for defense. They started fighting because they were used to accept any moral imperative that was preached by the powers—elected or not—they had been in the habit of obeying from their childhood, and which their parents had obeyed before them. Shirking from that duty was doubly ignominious, since it meant a refusal to subordinate personal convenience to what was practically unanimously considered as the common good, and naturally called forth suspicion that he who refused to accept that imperative was lacking the fighting courage that has for ages immemorial been considered the chief virtue of manhood.

But the process of fighting itself, as it went along, generated new impulses that made it possible for all the European nations, irrespective of the motives of their governments, to obtain from their armies a display of physical and nervous strength that seems to have put back the limits of human endurance, and that would make one proud of belonging to the white race if the aim had been the promotion of civilization instead of its destruction.

Military discipline is not only a negative power, relying on a man's natural desire to avoid punishment, and smothering fear of the enemy with fear of the court-martial. It has a constructive meaning as well, in as far as it appeals to a man's sense of duty—his natural desire to do a job well, so as not to deceive people who expect him to do it and look after his needs the while. By promising to reward devotion to duty, through promotion or distinctions of honor, it corroborates the command of comradeship and military solidarity, which makes one man's life constantly dependent on the other man's conduct. But there is one fighting impulse, generated through fighting itself, which my experience has taught me to be more powerful than all this: it is the natural desire of any man to retaliate for blows which he and his comrades have suffered. The semi-hysterical state, rooted in fear, that makes any rumor of enemy cruelty credible without further inquiries, makes this instinct of retaliation the more powerful as it combines with the desire to take revenge for alleged cruelties.

Although I have always tried, myself, to "keep my soul alive" and to discriminate between hatred of a system and hatred of individual men who frequently were but its ignorant tools, I confess that I have felt myself, and, as an officer, fostered among my men individual hatred of the enemy and desire to retaliate for cas-

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ualties inflicted by him on my unit. For let there be no sentimental cant about it: if the war had to be won—and we could not afford to lose it—it had to be done by fighting, which means by killing as many as possible of the enemy. This could no more be achieved without fostering hatred, and "seeing red," than any tactical engagement could be won without the spirit of offensive that results from the desire of getting at the enemy's throat.

Let there be no misunderstanding about it: fighting in the Great War (like in any other war, I am prone to believe) was a tedious, dirty job, that could not be done without appealing to, encouraging, and developing the worst of the lower animal instincts of mankind—the hatred and contempt of other human beings, and the brutish delight of killing them.

I have no shame in admitting that I have myself experienced that delight, although the circumstances of my education and my views on the issues of the war ought to have made me more immune to it than most others. I do say *confiteor*, because I think that every soldier who has been "through it" has a duty to fight the misconception of war by homestayers or non-combatant soldiers, as an occupation that promotes the development of the higher virtues of manhood; and also, because I know for a fact that the psychological experience of most of my fellow combatants has been similar to mine. The plain truth is that if I were but to obey my native animal instincts—and there was little scope for anything else whilst in the trenches—I should enlist again in any army in any future war, or take part in any sort of fighting, merely to experience again that voluptuous thrill of the human brute who realizes his power to take away life from other human beings who try to do the same thing to him. What was at first accepted as a moral duty became a habit, and the habit, according to the physiological law, has become a need.

I know I would not actually *do* it, because I, as a so-called civilized man, do obey other impulses than those of such animal instincts. But then—what about those millions of European soldiers, ignorant workers and peasants, who are used to act not according to individual reasoning about general facts which they ignore, anyway, but in obedience to the dictation of the common moral imperative that corresponds to the interests of their class? Is it not plain that, should their common interest become strong and evident enough to induce their class to set up a new system of social rights and customs, they will put their fighting instincts, acquired in the trenches, in the service of that other cause?

America, I hope and trust, will be spared this experience, not only because her military situation was, as explained at the outset, fundamentally different from that of Europe, but also because the economic prospect she offers to the returned soldier is so very much better than that which awaits the average European. I have no doubt that the psychological experience of a large percentage of the American doughboys has been similar to that of the small minority of the well-to-do and educated classes in Europe. With the latter, the bestializing influence of warfare has been—in many cases, effectually—counteracted by their intellectual ability to use their experience as a means of spiritual self-improvement, and by the wholesome effect of outdoor life, exercise, and responsibility on body and character. But the children of the wealthy who needed this experience to become men are a very small minority in Europe. And even with this minority their experience has been less of a gain spiritually than physically. Those who have improved their religious or idealistic outlook on the world and on society are very few.

Now I am quite prepared to admit that, even with the mass of the European soldiers, there are some items—but less important than the others, unfortunately—to be placed on the credit columns of the psychological balance-sheet of combatant life. Even the primitive fighting instincts encouraged by warfare are not all of a low animal, or anti-social, nature. The cultivation of solidarity, comradeship, *esprit de corps*, and heroism (even in its crude form of victory of the sense of obedience over fear), undoubtedly have led to some spiritual gains. Even the mere habituation to some sort of mechanical discipline may have been a gain in many cases, although mostly more than counterbalanced by a loss of the spirit of initiative, a reduction of the desire of per-

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sonal activity, and a tendency to shift responsibility away, which are bound to prove a handicap to many ex-soldiers when returned to civilian life. But then, do we not find similar manifestations of a strong but crude and narrow spirit of class solidarity and group discipline in, say, the Bolshevik revolution in eastern Europe? Yet very few students of Russian conditions seem prepared to let these virtues atone for the crimes and mistakes of a system which is to a large extent the social crystallization of the psychological experience of the "gray brutes"—the former soldiers of the Czar.

It is possible that the Russian ordeal may be spared the rest of Europe, or at any rate its more civilized western part, thanks to its higher level of education, its democratic traditions, its lesser economic disorganization, and, last but not least, to the existence of a labor movement inspired by an ideal of constructive democracy, lofty enough to put a check on the purely destructive instincts of dissatisfied masses. But even so, conditions may arise which would put these masses beyond the control of the democratic labor movement. If this should be so, the ruling powers of Europe will find it difficult to banish the spirit of destruction which they have conjured up with millions who for four years have learned how easy it is to take away life, and may have learned the lesson too well.

To prevent this from happening—and the whole world has an interest that it should not happen—the rulers of Europe will have to follow another and more difficult course than repression and applying the quack cures that aim at eradicating Bolshevism by creating or maintaining the very conditions that have bred it in Russia and other countries where a despotic régime formerly prevailed. They will have to facilitate the gradual evolution of both the political and economic institutions of Europe toward the ideal of democracy, freedom, and equality of opportunities, which was first formulated by the American Declaration of Independence and by the French Droits de l'Homme, and in the struggle for which the Great War appears as a mere phase. Will they succeed or not? I do not profess to know. The answer lies largely with that grim, resolute-looking, silent, and enigmatic individual: the returned soldier. He has held the fate of civilization in his hands during four years of fighting. He still holds it now, as he is setting out to accomplish a task of which nobody can tell yet whether it will be the destruction of European civilization or its establishment on a broader and firmer foundation.

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. ENRIGHT

TIMOTHY HARLOW, political boss of the city of Trentham, suddenly swung his rakish runabout from the county highway, turning into a rough dirt road which led toward the river. The comely, placid woman at his side glanced at him in surprise.

"Why, where are we going, Tim?" she asked. "This isn't the way. I'm sure I don't want to go in here."

Harlow brought his car to a stop a few feet from the river bank and swept his hand across country to the blue mountains beyond.

"What do you think of this for a site for the new hospital, mother?"

His wife smiled.

"There is a beautiful view of the mountains. But isn't it rather—remote?"

"No," frowned the man; "certainly not. What the doctors want always is area, isn't it? They're all the time talking about grounds, shade-trees, open

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places—catch it? It's marshy. It would mean a lot of fill." Harlow grinned. "But that's my business—contracting."

"Business!" She glanced at him with humorous scorn. "I thought there was one day, Timothy, when——"

Harlow interrupted, laughing.

"Oh, of course! Of course! Sure, mother—that's right. I merely wanted your opinion as a woman, you understand. Well, off we go, eh?"

Harlow had been married twenty years—but he had never outgrown his love story, a pretty one. His wife was the only weakness Harlow was known to possess, unless an outgrowing vein of sentiment—chiefly manifested in extreme generosity in the matter of wedding presents and an addition to literature dealing with the softer emotions—be regarded as another.

He guided his car back to the main highway, and thereafter his wife found him so preoccupied that when they arrived home she restricted his supper to milk toast and tea and sent him to bed early with a strong dose of quinine for company.

He was well enough next morning to hurry through his breakfast and motor to his office, whither he summoned McGrath, president of the board of aldermen, Reilly, a lawyer, and Blenner, a real-estate operator and politician.

"Boys," he said, when all had arrived, "the growing public demand for a new hospital on a new site has been in evidence for a long time." He paused, swinging to and fro in his big rocking-chair while his listeners nodded. "Well, I've got the site in mind—so let's give them what they want without delay. The property is out on the river, about a quarter of a mile from the county road, and it's the exact place we want. There's plenty of good air— What?" He stared at McGrath, who seemed to be struggling between a laugh and a sneeze.

"I didn't say anything," replied the alderman.

"All right." Harlow turned to Reilly. "I want you to go to old Bloomer—he owns all this—and get an option on, say, twelve acres here; a month's option at, well, three thousand dollars an acre—thirty-six thousand dollars. Take it in Blenner's name. You're in on it, ain't you, Jake? And you, Mac?" he asked, as the real-estate man nodded smilingly.

The president of the aldermanic board shook his head.

"No—thanks; not on this. It's a little too close to my elbow. But go to it; don't mind me."

"I won't," Harlow said decidedly. "All right, Jake, you and me—eighteen thousand each. I'll see the mayor. Mac, you look after the rest of the board of apportionment—except young Jennings. I'll fix him—he looks like a hard nut."

"We could outvote him," suggested McGrath.

"I know." The boss shrugged. "But something more'n that's needed. Don't forget he's the good-government card of the administration—efficiency, incorruptibility, and all that sort of stuff. It was the mayor's idea to make a play to the public by appointing him. I was a little leary of him—and I am now."

"What's that got to do with outvoting him?" asked Blenner.

"Nothing," smiled Harlow, "except that if he opposes the scheme and kicks up a row he may get the public on its hind legs. Now, I'm not looking for an uprising of outraged citizens—especially when they're all so quiet and peaceful." Harlow smiled again. "I looked him up a little to-day." Harlow paused a moment, playing with a paper-weight. "He's engaged to be married to one of our well-known young society women who swings soup-kitchens and working-girls' homes on the side," he went on at length. "She likes the lime-light of public affairs—" He ceased speaking

McGrath, after waiting a moment for further speech, chuckled and leaned forward.

"I don't know the idea, chief," he said, "but I certainly feel I ought to hand it to you."

The boss nodded and swung around to his desk.

"You might drop in on him, Jake, and get his ideas. Let me know." He drew a long breath. "Well, boys, this is my busy day."

Two mornings later each of the city's morning newspapers contained enthusiastic descriptions, with half-tone cuts, of the proposed site for the new city hospital. The area, the opportunities for ex-

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pansion of the hospital plant in years to come, the free air, and the beauty of the immediate and remote environment were extolled.

It was then that Blenner found occasion to stroll around to the office of the superintendent of public works, one of the newspapers in his hand.

Richard Jennings was busy, but he laid aside his affairs and sent word for the real-estate man to come in as soon as Blenner's card was laid upon his desk. Jennings was well-set, sinewy, with lean, smoothly shaven face and snapping hazel eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Blenner," he said crisply, leaning back and motioning to a chair beside the desk.

"I see, Mr. Superintendent," laughed Blenner, settling himself into the chair and placing his hat upon the desk, "that you fellows have made up your minds to rob me."

"Rob you—how?"

"Why"—Blenner laughed again and held out the newspaper—"here. I see the city has its eyes—is considering some property of mine out on the river as a site for the hospital."

"So you're the owner," returned Jennings. "The papers didn't say."

"No," smiled the other, "I don't suppose they knew; nor any one. As a matter of fact"—he lowered his voice—"what I intended doing was to start a rival to Ryan's development, Breeze Manor, out toward Haledon. My property has the advantage of being within the city limits, near the trolley-line—it looks pretty good to me."

"Why not keep it, then?" Jennings, balancing a paper-knife, scrutinized the broad face of the man in front of him, who, at the words, started and looked up in apparent surprise.

"Why, I will," he laughed, "if the city doesn't want it. Only I thought it did; the mayor called me up and said so, and the controller wrote me; it's all in the paper."

"I know," nodded Jennings.

"It's a blame good property," Blenner went on. "The river is there; there's fine air and the best view anywhere——"

"It would cost the city—how much?" interpolated Jennings.

"I wouldn't sell it for a cent less than seventy-five thousand dollars," Blenner replied promptly.

"I see. The assessed valuation for that property is quite low."

"Assessed valuation, Mr. Superintendent, is only a technical means of arriving at selling value."

"That's true. You will observe, I am not asking you what you paid for it."

"No, you wouldn't do that," grinned the man, "because, after all, the value of a property lies in its actual value for the use to which the buyer intends to put it. Anyway, I don't mind saying I would make some profit out of its sale at the figure I named. Why not? I've got to figure on at least a little of what I calculated to make out of the development."

"True enough," replied Jennings, leaning forward so that he was slumped down upon the desk, his fingers running through his hair, his eyes turned to Blenner. "Nevertheless, I think you will be permitted to carry out your original intentions concerning this property—at least, so far as I am concerned. I looked over the site before I came to the office to-day. I regard it as totally unfit for the purposes contemplated. It is remote, unhealthy, and would cost a lot for reclamation."

Blenner, who had got what he came to learn, nodded clamly, and arose.

"I think I understand you, Mr. Superintendent," he said, reaching out his hand, smiling genially. He was a man whose smile as well as his words were compelling. "Every man to his own opinion. I don't care; the city can take it or leave it. Only," he added, turning away, "if the municipal deal doesn't go through I hope you will not have knocked the place so badly that nobody will come out there to buy lots." He laughed infectiously. Jennings laughed, too.

"I hope not, I am sure, Mr. Blenner. Good morning."

"Good morning." Blenner's bulky figure blocked the door and was gone.

For a few moments Jennings eyed that doorway with wrinkled brows. After examining the river site he had, as the boss had feared, "smelled something," and Blenner's visit had aroused every instinct of suspicion. But the geniality of the man, his apparent indifference as to Jennings's attitude, indicated either one of

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two things: that he really didn't care whether the city took the property or not, or that he underestimated the young engineer's ability to block the purchase. As to this last, Jennings himself had some doubts, but he intended either to destroy or confirm them if the matter of sale came up before the board.

As he sat thinking, the telephone on his desk rang. He took up the receiver.

"Helen! Oh, say, Helen, I tried to get you twice this morning. I couldn't drop in on my way down; had to run out to the city line—important. I——"

"It must have been extremely important," came the laughing reply. "And our wedding only a month away—a month, sir! You are a keen lover, aren't you? But, never mind that—Dick, I have the grandest, the most exciting news to tell you. What do you think?" You'll keel over when you hear: I've just been appointed secretary of the advisory board of the new city hospital by Mayor Allerton. Isn't that stunning! You've no idea how crazy I am about it. We are to have our organization meeting this afternoon at the—but, Dick, what's the matter, you don't seem to care a bit."

"Yes, I do, Helen, a whole lot," replied Jennings. "It's only—I'm up to my ears. Of course I'm interested. I'll see you to-night at dinner."

"Good-by, Dick." There was a rueful, disappointed note in her voice which made Jennings wince, but he did not try to call her back. Instead, he sat with his hands clasped upon the table, looking vacantly out of a window.

Helen Latimer was a strikingly attractive girl whose ideals concerning the duty of her sex to the welfare of the city in which she lived were strong and rational. Her capacity for executive detail had led her out of the somewhat circumscribed and wholly innocuous life of young women of her set, so that, while not wholly abandoning her social affiliations, she had at the same time become identified, as Harlow had said, with many projects for the improvement of social conditions. She was equipped equally for shaking together a sodden, dispirited slum family and of presiding over a tea-table in a more favored environment. Ardent by nature, tremendously impulsive in her enthusiasms, she was a formidable partisan for any cause or movement that enlisted her interest.

When Jennings called that evening he found, as he had expected, that the girl's mind was filled almost exclusively with the hospital advisory board.

"It's the first time, dear," she exulted, "that the city has ever done anything of the sort—calling upon women, as well as men, for advice and assistance. Don't you consider it wonderful? And you haven't kissed me yet."

He caught her in his arms.

"Wonderful is the only word, Helen," he laughed. "Congratulations. It's fine—bully. I was busy as a pup when you called."

"Oh, I realized that a moment after I had spoken," she hastened to say. "I was awfully sorry. Of course you were busy." She led the way into the living-room, where her father and mother were, both mildly concerned lest the additional responsibilities devolving upon the girl should overtax her strength.

"Oh, I shouldn't worry, if I were you," laughed Jennings reassuringly. "By the way, Helen," he continued, turning to the girl, "I don't suppose anything special relating to the hospital was said to-day."

"No, nothing." She shook her head. "Except—oh, yes; Mrs. Allerton, the mayor's wife—a charming woman, Dick, a member of the committee—said that there were several sites to be considered, but that the place finally selected must have room for the institution to expand—of course, the city's growing—and with plenty of good light and air. Naturally, we all agreed with her." She glanced at the man. "I thought it eminently sensible. Don't you, Dick?"

"Oh, of course." He paused. "All other things being equal, that is," he added.

She smiled pityingly.

"That is always an absolutely meaningless sentence. Now, please translate."

Jennings nodded. He had been wondering all evening how he could say to her what he had in mind. To inform her, in the flush of her enthusiasm and pride, with all the ardent force of her temperament enlisted, that her appointment to this women's committee—that the very existence of the committee, in fact—was a political plot to influence him through his fiancée would, he perfectly understood,

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be the height of folly. Anyway, it was little more than a keen suspicion. He might be wrong. But he could forewarn her as to the site, at all events.

"I have," he at length admitted, "been a little concerned over one of the sites which the board may be called upon to accept. It is out by the river, an adequate area, but altogether too remote; besides, it's marshy and there are quicksands there which would have to be treated at large cost before foundations could be laid."

"Well, of course," she agreed, "such a place, as you say, would be impossible."

"I'm glad you agree with me," he said eagerly, seizing her hand with pressure. "You haven't any idea how you please me."

"Why, Dick, of course I agree with you," she exclaimed. "How absurd! Now, please—let's be nice and forget about everything—but ourselves."

Two days later the board of apportionment met, and, after many items of the budget had been passed, amended, or set aside, the matter of an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars to purchase the South River Hospital site was deferred for two weeks at the suggestion of the mayor, who stated that investigation of the property had not yet been completed. This was done, and thus, automatically, were silenced Jennings as well as advocates of various other sites who, accompanied by hired spokesmen, had come to vent their indignation and make protest against the railroading through the board of a site of which nobody had heard until a day or two previously.

Final action was also deferred upon the appropriation to improve and bring up to modern efficiency the city water plant, a project which Jennings had originated and fathered—apparently with the good wishes and the backing of the administration. He had fully counted upon the passing of this item, and he voiced his indignation and disappointment over the delay.

"I cannot see," replied the mayor soothingly, "but what there is plenty of time on that proposition. I think, gentlemen, we will all be ready to pass that and the hospital appropriation together two weeks from to-day."

Jennings's jaws bulged at the corners as he observed the nodding heads of the board, recognizing perfectly the whip that was being held over him.

"I wish to say—" he began. But the mayor's gavel crashed on the desk and announcement was made adjourning the meeting.

Jennings's face was wrinkled in a deep frown as he left the board room and walked down-stairs to his offices. He had confidently counted upon the passage of his water-supply scheme, which he had reason to believe would solve the problem of cheap water and perfect filtration in such a way as to cause the proposed plant to stand as a model throughout the country. Now he knew the money would never be appropriated so long as he maintained his present attitude toward the hospital site.

A politician who stood close to Harlow had intimated only this morning that the easiest way was never to buck a granite wall but to find the gate and go through. But Jennings's way was never the easiest way—unless that way was honest and efficient and thorough as well as easy. He was a fighting man—fundamentally opposed to hewing other than straight to the line. Being so, he would have reckoned the failure of his water plan as a small price to pay for adherence to his convictions, much as it meant to his ambitions for the future. Now the set-back served merely to irritate him.

But, concerning Helen, Jennings was genuinely alarmed. She was enlisted heart and soul in the hospital plan and had come, as it seemed, as the days passed, to accept the homage and dependence of her colleagues of the advisory board as her very breath of life. He could easily see where their opposed views had already resulted in a subtle change of relation; her ardent temperament was a phase of character to which he had not as yet entirely adjusted himself. He tried, not altogether successfully, to combat the conviction that she had lost her head. Yet so cleanly cut was the issue that he had no alternative to his course—Miss Latimer, apparently, was in no mood to seek alternatives.

He was thoroughly depressed as he left his office early in the afternoon and motored to the station to meet the dean of the scientific school which had graduated

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him. The result of the conference and visit to the site appeared next afternoon under heavy head-lines in the *Star*. A copy of the paper was brought into the meeting of the advisory committee at the mayor's residence, and Allerton read the salient points of the article aloud.

When he had finished he glanced at Helen Latimer, who raised her hands resignedly, her eyes suffused with disappointment and indignation. Jennings had been out of town, but she expected him this evening and would speak to him.

"I hope so," returned the mayor softly. "I am afraid he is getting the public needlessly excited—yet Doctor Hopkins and other members of the administration agree with me that it shall be this site or none. Better no site than the wrong one." Allerton was a smooth, gentlemanly fellow whose brains fitted him for great things while his character and instincts qualified him for what he was, a tool. He had been quite convincing to the girl throughout.

When Jennings called for dinner shortly before seven o'clock she greeted him with heightened color.

"I am so glad you have come, Richard." Her voice was strained; she was obviously overwrought. "I have so wanted to speak to you."

Detecting her mood and desiring that she approach the question at issue in a more equable frame of mind, he suggested that they wait until after dinner, and concluded with a smiling commonplace which she ignored.

"I can't wait, Richard," she cried. "Richard, this hospital matter is the dearest thing in my life—next to you——"

"Next to me!" His laugh was tinged with bitterness as he followed her into the library.

"Dick!" She came toward him impulsively. "After all, is this so serious as we are making it? Isn't it the simplest thing in the world? Here the city is willing to buy a site, a site so peculiarly favorable that they declare it's the only one they'll consider—don't you understand? It means that perhaps we'll have *no* hospital if you persist. A decent hospital has been our crying need for years. Don't I put it fairly?"

"Helen," he asked, "doesn't it strike you as fishy when the city says it will take a certain site, or none? Even——"

"It doesn't, under the circumstances," she interrupted. "That property is commonly regarded as far the best place available—except by you and a few non-resident engineers."

"The distance from the city——"

"We're to have motor-ambulances."

"The whole district, I'm assured, Helen, is malarial."

"Doctor Hopkins," she replied, "says it is not, that the condition is due to the way in which the people have lived out there."

"Hopkins is the health officer, Helen, and says what Harlow and the rest pay him to say."

"What about Doctor Lockwood?"

Jennings laughed shortly, saying that he was Harlow's physician.

"Well," she flashed, "he is the physician of a great many fine families, too—the most prominent medical man in this city." A flush had mounted to her cheeks and her eyes were sparkling. "Do you know, Richard, that all you have said confirms my belief that your attitude is academic. You see in the site some absurd technical flaws and you allow them to color everything."

"As to that," returned Jennings, "why not let the public judge when the facts are all before them? I have——"

"The public!" Her eyes were scornful. "Of course the public will side with you. And why? Because it always must have a sensation; or is always ready to have it, I mean. Is there anything, Richard, the crowd will take up sooner than a cry of graft or public scandal?" She paused a moment. "Why, even Uncle Edward said to me only this morning that your stand was absurd."

"Your uncle may have his opinion," retorted Jennings, his voice for the first time losing its tolerant, half-playful cast. "Do I understand," he added, "that I have to see you take the word of a crowd of political grafters and their wives and tools against mine?"

Her hand raised swiftly.

"That is not the way to put it, Dick—not the manly and chivalrous way. It is merely that you have taken one stand,—the city officials another—and that I happen to agree with them. It isn't pos-

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sible, Dick, that you wish to prevent my having a mind and opinions of my own!"

"I don't think that remark is in point——"

"Isn't it? Why, pray?" she demanded.

"Because," he explained, "it isn't a case of your opinion or my opinion or anyone else's opinion—it is simply a plainly marked issue between right and wrong."

"And you, as usual, right."

"Helen!"

She studied him a moment.

"Dick, I am sure I don't know where we are drifting; we are beginning to say some nasty things——"

"I fancied I had heard something of that nature several times." He turned away as though signifying that the discussion was at an end. "The land is practically irreclaimable; it would cost an immense amount of money to prepare it for buildings of any size—and that is only one point against it."

"We've had reports from four engineers who examined the site for our committee. They say you are wrong. Yes, wrong!"

Jennings grimaced disagreeably.

"Owen, Billings, and Newman!" he jibed, his professional instincts now outraged. "A precious trio of venal experts!" He snapped his fingers. "Haven't you read and studied what my engineers are saying—big men in their profession, not municipal hacks?" In the heat of debate all the combativeness of his strong nature had slowly but surely become aroused, so that it was probable he totally forgot with whom he was arguing, regarding Helen impersonally, as merely the physical spokesman of an underground plot. He brought his fist into his palm. "Or," added, "are you wilfully misled?"

"Dick, have you any idea what you are saying?" Her voice was thrilling in its intensity.

Brought instantly to himself, Jennings started forward, but she recoiled, facing him with an air of tragedy.

"Richard, haven't we gone rather beyond that? I'm afraid—yes, I'm afraid I have gained an illuminating idea what our married life might be."

"Helen! I'm sorry. I—I was angry and said more——"

"I am not to have any opinion of my own—and any I might happen to have would be wrong if it didn't agree——"

"Have I ever given you any warrant for what you are saying?" His voice was stern.

"You have to-night," she answered swiftly, "the very first time our views were opposed. And yet"—there were tears in her eyes—"I've only held the highest ideals for the city—the highest! Yet you accuse me and Mrs. Allerton and Mrs. Lockwood, and other kindly people, of being in league with politicians who wish to defraud the city! Good Heavens, Dick, isn't it possible to conceive that even a politician might have a lofty, humane, patriotic instinct——"

"It is possible, but not probable—in Trentham."

She hesitated a moment before speaking, and when she opened her lips her voice was calm.

"Richard, I have heard that the greatest danger which those bent on reforms of various sorts have to face is an overzealous enthusiasm which destroys perspectives and makes them a greater menace than the conditions they assail. I think that is so. I have tried to guard against it in my work."

"Your inference," he rejoined bitterly, "is that I am a crank with a mental twist."

"No, not my inference, Richard Jennings. I merely warn you of the danger. I, for my part, realize the truth of some of the things you say. I am sufficiently broad to see that it would be better if the distance were less great; that it would be better if the site were in more alluring condition; that it would be—Richard, it would be better, of course, if we had a new hospital already built and in the centre of the city. But we haven't. Let us take, then, the best we can get. You say political interests will make money out of this purchase. I can't agree; I simply cannot. It is true, I suppose a city seldom gets anything without putting money in some one's pocket, illegitimate money, I mean, but——"

"And you approve of that?"

"Approve! Richard Jennings, how perfectly horrid you are! No, I don't. I am mindful of the larger good, though."

"Casuistry." Jennings shrugged his

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despair. "Helen, if I thought you realized all you were saying——"

She interrupted; she had never been so thoroughly mastered by indignant emotions.

"I see! I am a child, irresponsible—or, no: I am one of a pack of knaves bent upon robbing the city. That is your opinion—is it?"

"Helen," he rejoined, "I decline to carry on this discussion a moment longer. You are agitated—not yourself. Now, think a moment, and tell me, Helen, whether or not you would respect me for doing something against my honest convictions merely because you wanted me to?—bribed by my love for you?"

"I don't respect you when you are not broad-minded, when you are narrow and priggish and self-satisfied." She heard his sharp indrawing of breath and paused abruptly. "I beg your pardon, Richard, I didn't intend to express my thoughts so baldly. You intend to continue to fight this matter?"

"I most certainly do."

She had placed her fingers about the engagement-ring as she asked the question. Now, upon his answer, she whipped it off and held it out to him. He stepped close to her, placing his hand upon her shoulder.

"Helen! You don't mean this!"

She released herself from his hand, stepping backward with white face. Her fingers opened, permitting the ring to drop to the floor. Then deep lines suddenly formed upon Jennings's face. Without a word he turned and went out of the house.

Two days later Harlow's acumen was made manifest when the two morning newspapers presented a symposium of expert opinion favoring the proposed site, thereby anticipating by a few hours the *Star's* heaviest salvo. Already Harlow's manipulation had resulted in a state of uncertainty regarding the merits of the hospital matter, even among the solid body of good citizenship; the present conflict left the thinking public more bewildered than ever; for the testimony which had been collected from venial or contentious, if scientific, sources made an imposing show in the newspaper columns.

It was at this juncture, with victory apparently in his grasp, that one of Harlow's detectives—who had been engaged in an unavailing effort to find Jennings's weaknesses—brought the boss word of the quarrel. The chieftain, throughout, had viewed the relations of the young couple only in the abstract, only as an element to be played as a pawn in his game, just as he would have assailed other points in Jennings's character or human relations that appealed to him as vulnerable. Now he jerked his head sharply upward.

"No!"

"Yes," the detective nodded smilingly. "McIntosh Brothers, who had orders for the invitations, have received word to can them."

Harlow arose slowly and began to pace up and down the floor. He had not counted upon a dénouement of this sort, entertaining no idea that Jennings, in the end, would not yield to the girl he loved. A spat or two, perhaps—then, tears and a general breaking up of the whole situation. While he was mentally and morally incapable of understanding the fibre of a man like Jennings, he had, at the same time, a sufficient fineness of instinct to be impressed. He had, in fact, seen something of the sort in his wife more than once; but, then, she was a sainted being, like unto nothing that breathed. But a young man just starting out in life, and ambitious politically! Harlow scowled. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was to smash forever a romance between two fine young people who ought to be in each other's arms right now. A happy home broken—children! He mopped his head.

"McCoy, here I've got this deal rigged so that it can't miss out. Jennings is licked to a pulp—everything greased. All right," as the detective nodded. "Then that fool and his girl go and pull this thing! Haven't they got any sense?" This man, who cursed a play that ended badly for the hero and heroine, who habitually read the last chapter of a novel first in order to make sure of a romantically satisfactory ending, swung his arms wrathfully at the detective, ordering him out of the office.

Then, locking his door, he continued to pace up and down until after sundown. Eventually he went home to his wife, and after dinner he spread his perplexity before her as he did all his perplexities.

"So you see, mother," he said, playing

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with his coffee-cup, completing his recital of the case, "I didn't have any dope that this chap, as soon as he got the high sign from his girl, wouldn't switch around to our side. Good Lord! Haven't I always done what you said—always?"

Mrs. Harlow smiled softly.

"I don't want to bust those two up," he continued as she remained silent. "That Jennings is a smart young fellow, and the girl—what's the sense of their acting so? I know how I'd 'a' felt if some one had busted us up years ago—and that's no joke, either." He arose and laid his hand gently upon her hair.

"It isn't dishonest—what you were trying to have Mr. Jennings do?" she asked, looking up at him. "No, of course, it wouldn't be that," she hastened to add.

"Sure not," he replied. "It's politics. We're the party in power, and I'm the head of the party. The city wants to buy land——"

"I understand; so you buy it first and sell it for more than you paid——"

"It's the way all business is run—" he began, but she interrupted again.

"Timothy," she asked gently, "is it necessary for you to put this deal, as you call it, through?" As he stared at her she arose, facing him smilingly. "You always have 'deals,' Timothy," she went on. "Sometimes, as you know, I haven't approved of them. But I'm afraid I was weak; I liked money—just as well as you, I suppose, because we used to have so little of it. But—but I've been wondering if we haven't too much, or at least quite enough, now? I've been wondering a long time, Timothy Harlow. We're not a bit happier to-day than when we opened our first home——"

"Our first home!" Harlow's eyes grew vacant. His arm slipped about her waist. "Our first home!" He glanced at her, his face softened. "Happy days, mother. There never were such days—me working, you working—no, no days like those."

"Then think of others that are just about to begin. You've worked on them both, got them so aroused and angry and distracted that they have fought with each other. A home gone—no love—no children. Timothy Harlow, is it worth seventy-five thousand dollars to us?" He was looking at the floor and did not reply. "Not to me it isn't," she continued decidedly. "No, nor seventy-five million."

"Listen to her rave!" He laughed uneasily. "I can't call it off, mother; it's against the grain. Think it over: seventy-five thousand is a nice little piece of money for me and Blenner to let slip."

"Timothy Harlow, look at me." His eyes were blinking as they obediently sought her face. "Tim, you've been going through life, doing things, making money, gaining power. I—I have always loved you, you know that—and I've admired you. But, do you know, boy, I've been praying, as I've grown older, that before—before we separated a time would come when you would do something big, so that I could look at you and—and, yes, worship you, Timothy. You may say you've been charitable; so you have been. But you got the return you wanted—votes. Now the real test has come, and I'm glad."

"Mother——!"

"I haven't said all this before because—well, because I haven't known just how; because I couldn't see anything for you to do. Now I see it—your chance to be fine and big and strong. It's all so clear that something said to me what I said to you."

"My chance?" He was studying her solemnly, reverently.

"Your chance, yes," she rejoined. "Your God-given chance. You go and see this young woman, Timothy. Fix this thing for them. You can; you can fix anything." She pushed him into the hall and handed him his hat. "Don't think about it—just go and *do* it—and you'll return home a new man in my sight. Go, Timothy Harlow!"

She saw him down the steps and then, shutting the door, turned into the dining-room, a little smile playing upon her lips.

Not a great while later Harlow's card was brought to Helen Latimer. She was in no mood for callers, but curiosity concerning this unexpected visit took her at once to the drawing-room, where she faced the boss, breathing quickly, her face flushed. She had suffered in the past forty-eight hours—the man could see that—and in his bluff, hearty way he came straight to the point.

"I hear from the mayor's wife that you

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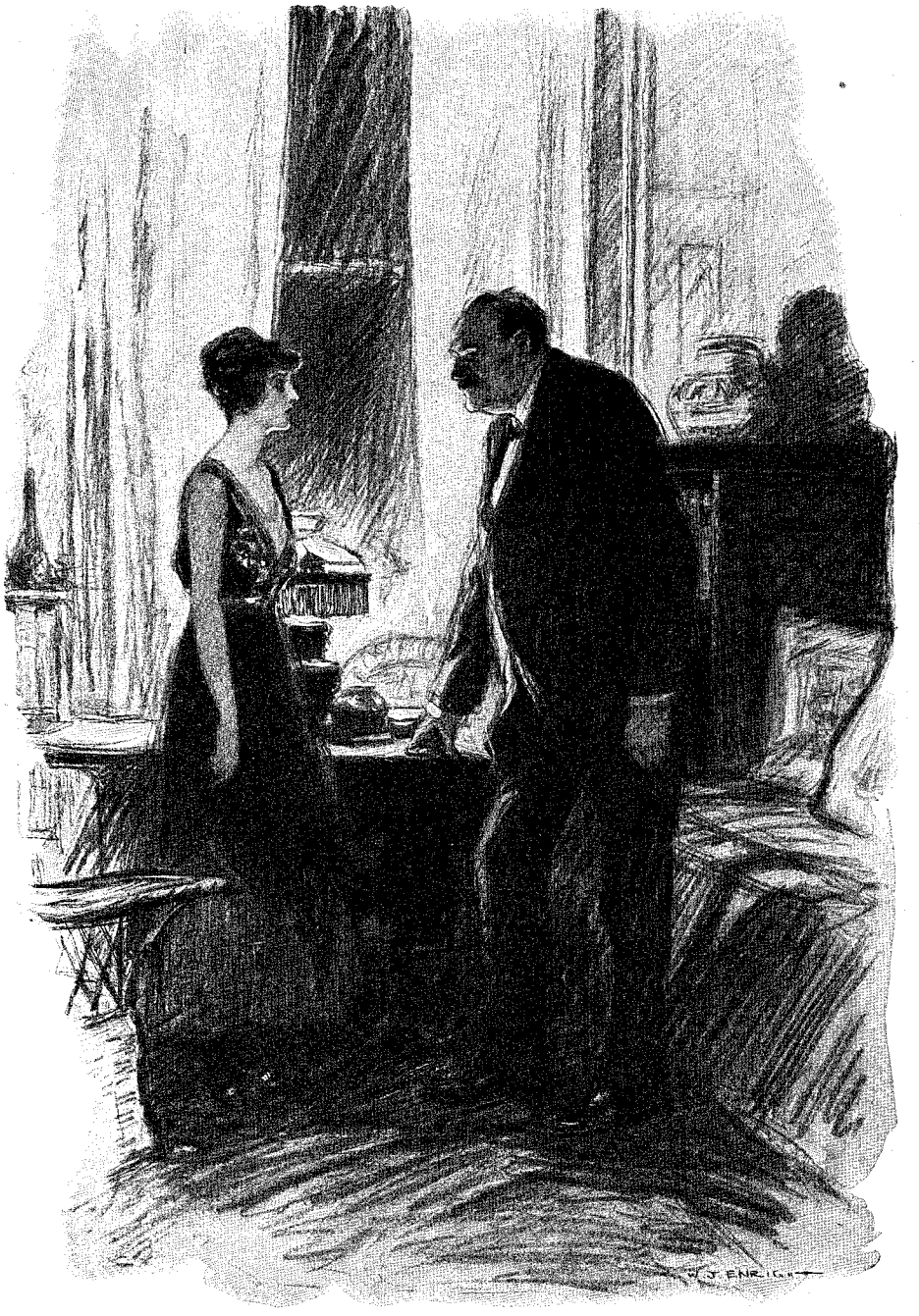

Harlow's head was thrust forward, his jaw out. "Miss Latimer, you look as if you had the right stuff in you—good stuff."—Page 448.

two—you and Jennings—are on the outs. What I mean," he started to explain as she drew back, "is——"

Her voice silenced him.

"I understand perfectly what you mean, Mr. Harlow. I—I was merely wondering how to tell you that the matter you speak of is—is purely a personal one."

"You're right," returned Harlow doggedly, "that's what it is. I've been won-

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dering all the way here how I could duck that side of it; but I couldn't—no way around it. So I had to come out straight."

"I see." She smiled, but Harlow detected a quivering of her lip. "So," she added, after a slight pause, "if that is all you came to see me about——"

The boss's head was shaking negatively. That was not all, he declared; that, in fact, was the least part of it. She had turned suggestively toward the door, but at his words she faced him curiously.

"The least part?"

"Yes," he chuckled. "To come to the point, the city's been in wrong on that hospital site." Her face paled and her eyes were searching him anxiously. "Here's the idea," he explained. "This young Jennings of yours is a clever fellow; they don't make them any more so, nor any straighter——"

"Mr. Harlow——!"

But he held her with his hard blue eyes.

"Now, let me get this out of me, miss, if you please—because I've never in my life admitted I was a sucker, and, as I see it now, I'm only going to do it once—I mean, right now. I was a sucker on this hospital-site proposition, and so was the mayor and Doc Lockwood—and you, and everybody, except Jennings."

"You mean——"

"I mean that ground is not fit to build a section shanty on. That's right," as she started. "I can prove it. It looked good to me up till now—all of us had it all wrong. We thought it was Jennings had his wires crossed. But he knew. We tried to force him—for the good of the city—used all the pressure we could apply; but there was nothing doing. You also——"

She confronted him, her eyes burning.

"Please, Mr. Harlow! You have said all that is necessary, I think."

"Well, I don't think," Harlow retorted. "Not by a long shot."

"Please, Mr. Harlow!" There were tears in her eyes. "Oh, I have been such a fool! Such an utter fool!" Her face was now in her handkerchief, her shoulders heaving. Harlow waited a moment, then spoke impressively.

"You were only sticking to what you thought was right—just as he was."

"But," she said tragically, "I might have known Richard was right. He's always right." She looked at him defiantly. "Richard Jennings couldn't be wrong!"

"Sure," smiled Harlow. "That's what I've always said about Mrs. Harlow, my wife. And it's a good line of dope, too, to have some one in the family that's right more often than the rest of us."

Helen Latimer's face had hardened.

"Mr. Harlow, I'm sure I thank you for what you have said. The—the knowledge comes too—too late, of course, but—" Her voice broke. "Now you will leave me, won't you please?"

"In just a minute." Harlow's head was thrust forward, his jaw out. "Miss Latimer, you look as if you had the right stuff in you—good stuff; you look it. I wonder if you've got enough of it to go right around to Dick Jennings's house now and say to him what you've just said to me: 'Dick Jennings, you were right—and I was wrong.' Just say that to him." He paused a second. "I wonder if you've got the stuff?"

Her face was shining now, her dark eyes wide and eager.

"Oh, I—I wouldn't dare. It——"

"I was only wondering," interposed Harlow musingly, "whether you had the stuff. I guess I bet wrong; I bet you had."

"Mr. Harlow"—her voice thrilled him—"I have the—the 'stuff,' as you say, but oh, cannot you see, he—he wouldn't give me the opportunity; he wouldn't listen. And I do not blame him one bit."

Harlow's bluff laughter filled the room

"Wouldn't he! Well, for a reserved young man he seemed mighty tickled when I telephoned him about fifteen minutes ago and explained about the city being in wrong and him right——"

"Oh, the city!" Her voice shook with disappointment.

"Oh, *you* were mentioned," laughed the boss. "But I said no—I said he had better wait until you——"

There was a quick step upon the threshold. Harlow looked up quickly, and then, blushing like a boy, he nodded at Jennings

"I guess he couldn't wait," Harlow said. "Good night!" Fairly running down the hallway, he opened the door and slammed it behind him. He stood for a moment gazing down the moonlit street. He nodded his head solemnly.

"And," he said slowly, "they lived happy ever afterward."

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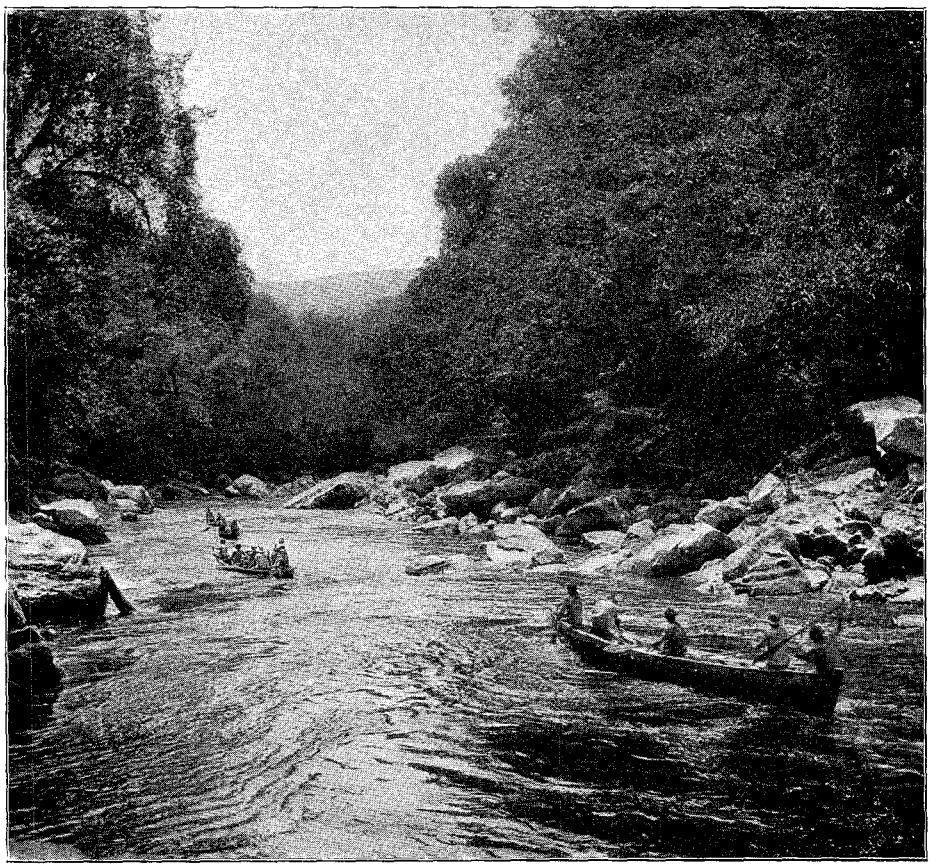

Water furnishes the only means of transportation.
Part of the author's expedition. Travelling in native boats on the rivers of Borneo.

A GREAT NATIVE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL BORNEO

BY CARL LUMHOLTZ
Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," "Through Central Borneo," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

DURING my two years' travel in Borneo, between the years 1913 and 1917, I found the most interesting tribes in the central part of the island. Some very attractive Dayaks, as most natives of Borneo are called, are living along the upper course of the Mahakam River, as, for instance, the Oma-Sulings and the Long-Glats. Others like the Penihings, though less engaging, appeal much to the student of human races on account of their somewhat more primitive and crude condition. All the tribes of the upper Mahakam River, numbering about ten thousand natives, are comprised under the name Bahau and are, comparatively speaking, newcomers in this region, having immigrated there from Apo Kayan nearly two hundred years ago.

There is a good deal of divergence in

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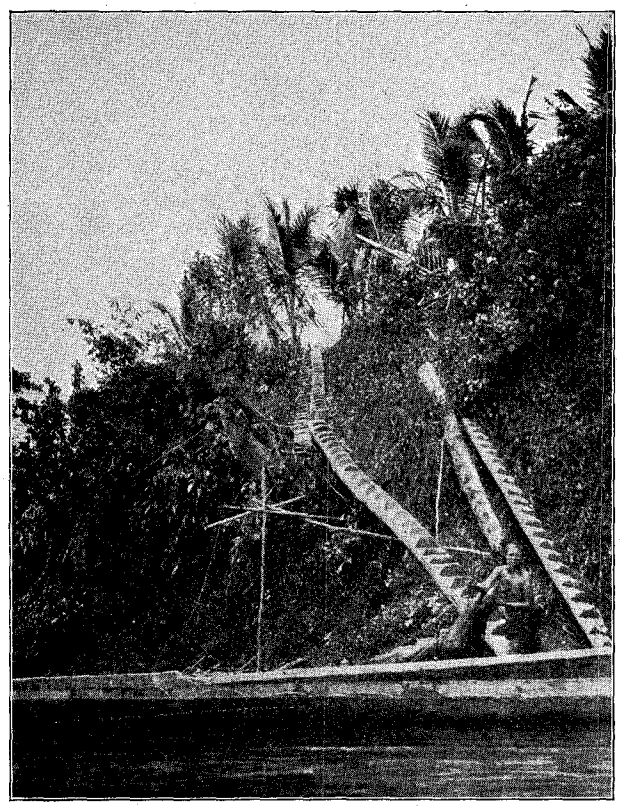
regard to habits and customs of the different tribes of Borneo, and even in temperament a certain difference may be observed. But their religious ideas are practically the same. If there is any one thing that these natives with their strong animistic beliefs agree upon, it is in their apprehension of evil spirits and the courting of good ones.



Stairways of a kampong (village).

The banks of the rivers are generally steep and necessitate the use of stairs. Primitive ladders as here shown furnish the means of access from water to kampong.

The spirits, whether good or bad, are usually known by the name antoh, and, the aspect of evil being predominant in human minds, the mention of the word is enough to cause a shudder even to some Malays. To drive away malevolent antohs and attract benignant ones is the problem in the life philosophy of the Dayaks. The evil ones not only make him ill and cause his death, but they are at the bottom of all troubles in life. In order to attract the good ones sacrifices are made of a fowl, a pig, a water-buffalo, or, formerly, a slave. Hens' eggs may also be proffered, but usually as adjuncts to the sacrifice of an animal. If a child is ill the Katingan makes a vow that he will give Antoh from three to seven eggs or more if the child becomes well. If it fails to recover the offering is not made.

I was fortunate enough to be present at an unusual effort of the Dayaks to placate good spirits in order to gain manifold material benefits. Shortly after my arrival at Long Tjehan on the Mahakam River, I learned that a great festival, there called tása, was to come off at an Oma-Suling kampong (village) farther down the river. It is observed by all the Bahau natives, occurs only every three years, and lasts ten days.

Though a journey there might be accomplished in one day, down with the current, three or four times as long would be required for the return. However, as another chance to see such a festival probably would not occur, I decided to go, leaving the sergeant, the soldier-collector, and another soldier behind, and two days later we were preparing for departure in three prahus.

What with making light shelters against sun and rain (in Malay called atap), usually erected for long journeys, the placing of split bamboo sticks in the bottom of my prahu, and with the Penihings evidently unaccustomed to such work, it was eight o'clock before the start was made. Pani, a small tributary forming the boundary between the Penihings and the Kayans, was soon left behind, and two hours later we passed Long Blu, the great Kayan kampong. The weather was superb and the current carried us swiftly along. The great Mahakam River presented several fine, extensive views, with hills on either side, thick

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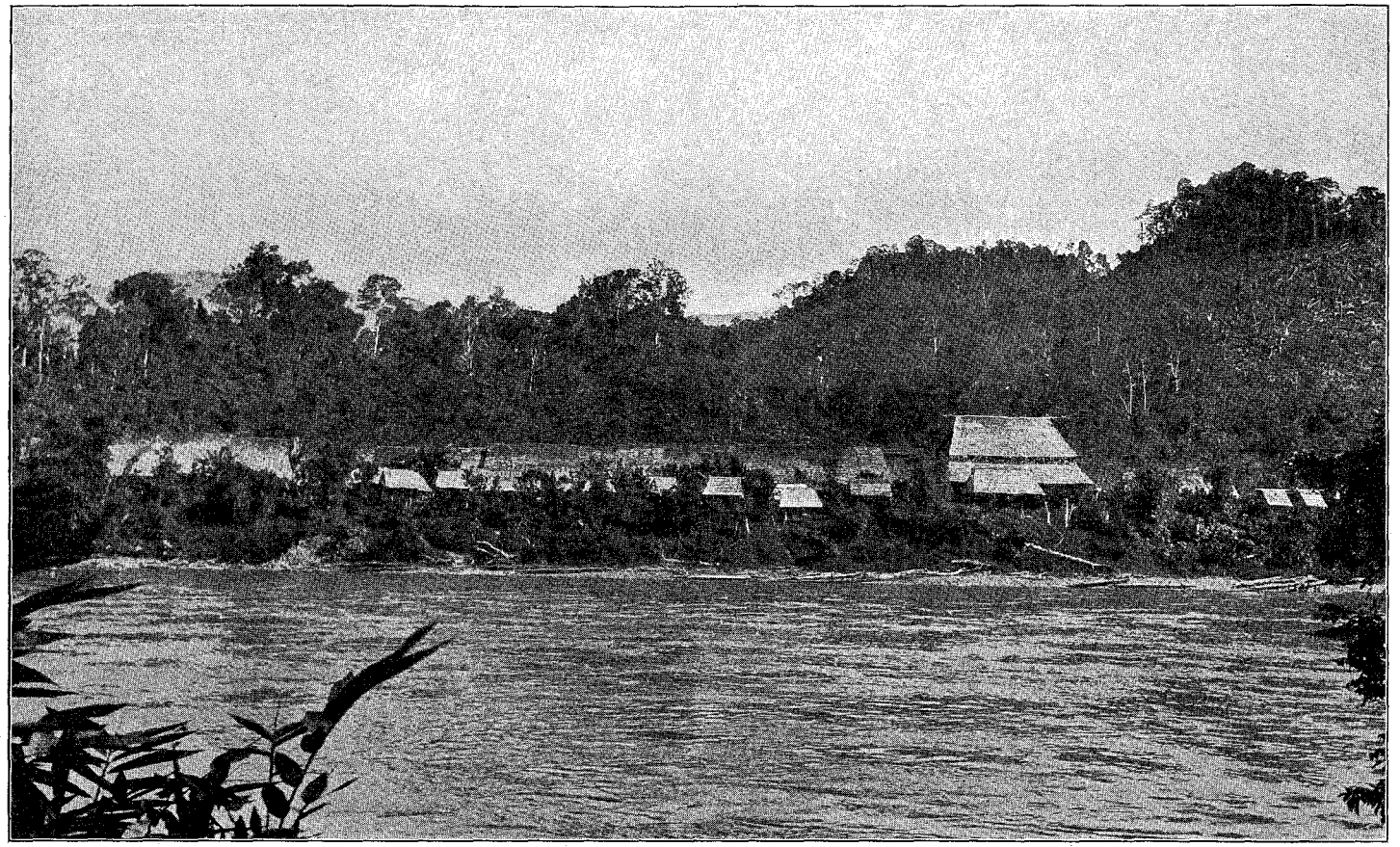

A Dayak kampong, or village.

These natives live in long communal houses, one to three houses in a village; one of these can be seen behind the row of sheds which are used for storage. The larger building to the right is that of the chief. This is the Kenyah kampong, Long Telaban, on the Kayan River.

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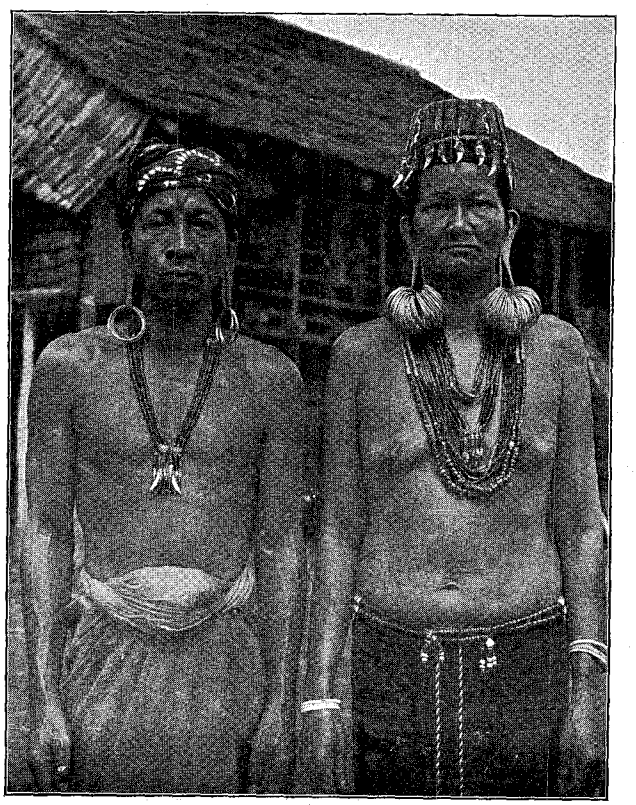
white clouds moving slowly over the blue sky. As soon as we entered the country of the Oma-Suling it was pleasant to observe that the humble cots of the ladangs had finely carved wooden ornaments standing out from each gable.

We arrived at Long Pahangei (*h* pronounced as Spanish jota) early in the afternoon. Gongs were playing, but very few people were there and no visitors at all, although this was the first day of the feast. This is a large kampong, lying at the mouth of a tributary of the same name, and it is the residence of a native district kapala. After I had searched everywhere for a quiet spot the kapala showed me a location in a clump of jungle along the river bank which, when cleared, made a suitable place for my tent. Our Penihings were all eager to help, some clearing the jungle, others bringing up the goods as well as cutting poles and bamboo sticks. Evidently they enjoyed the work, pitching into it with much gusto and interest. The result was a nice though limited camping place on a narrow ridge, and I gave each man one stick of tobacco as extra payment.

During our stay here much rain fell, steady downpours lasting a night or half a day. As the same condition existed higher up the river, at times the water rose menacingly near my tent, and for one night I had to move away. But rain in these tropics is never merciless, it seems to me. Back from the coast there is seldom any wind, and in the knowledge that at any time the clouds may give place to brilliant sunshine, it is not at all depressing. Of course, it is better to avoid getting wet through, but when this occurs little concern is felt because one's clothing dries so quickly.

The Oma-Sulings are pleasant to deal



The Raja Besar (great chief) and his wife.

This Dayak was the greatest chief met on the journey, and both he and his wife were very friendly.

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Lidju, a Dayak noble, in holiday attire, with his wife.

This man befriended the author in various ways, and his wife, who was a sister of the great Raja (see opposite page), was the most prominent priest-doctor at Long Pahangei.

with, being bashful and unspoiled. The usual repulsive skin-diseases are seldom seen and the women are attractive. There appears to have been, and still is, much intercourse between the Oma-Sulings and their equally pleasant neighbors to the east, the Long-Glats. Many of the latter came to the feast, and there is much intermarrying among the nobles of the two tribes. Lidju, my assistant and friend here, was a noble of the Long-Glats, with the title of Raja, and married a sister of

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the great chief of the Oma-Sulings. She was the principal of the numerous female blians (priest-doctors) of the kampong, slender of figure, active both in her profession and in domestic affairs, and always very courteous. They had no children. Although he did not speak Malay very well, still, owing to his earnestness of purpose, Lidju was of considerable assistance to me.

The kampong consists of several long houses of the usual Dayak style, lying in a row and following the river course, but here they were separated into two groups with a brook winding its way to the river between them. Very large drums, nearly four metres long, hung on the wall of the galleries, six in one house, with the head somewhat higher than the other end. This instrument, slightly conical in shape, is formed from a log of fine-grained wood, light in color, with a cover made from wild ox-hide. An especially constructed iron tool driven by blows from a small club is used to hollow out the log, and the drum is usually completed in a single night, many men taking turns.

The purpose of the great feast that filled everybody's thoughts is to obtain many children, a plentiful harvest, good health, many pigs, and much fruit. A prominent Dayak said to me: "If we did not make this feast there would not be many children; the paddi would not ripen well, or would fail; wild beasts would eat the fowls and there would be no bananas or other fruits." The first four days are chiefly taken up with preparations, the festival occurring on the fifth and sixth days. A place of worship adjoining the front of the easternmost house was being constructed, with a floor high above ground on a level with the gallery, with which it was connected by a couple of planks for a bridge. Although flimsily built, the structure was abundantly strong to support the combined weight of the eight female blians who at times performed therein. The hut, which was profusely decorated with long hanging wood shavings, is called dángei, and is an important adjunct of the feast, to which the same name is sometimes given. Ordinary people are not allowed to enter, though they may ascend the ladder, giving access to the gallery, in close proximity to the sanctuary.

Prior to the fifth day a progressive scale is observed in regard to food regulations, and after the sixth, when the festive high mark is reached, there is a corresponding decrease to normal. Only a little boiled rice is eaten the first day, but on the second, third, and fourth, rations are gradually increased by limited additions of toasted rice. The fifth and sixth days give occasion for indulgence in much rice and pork, the quantity being reduced on the seventh, when the remaining pork is finished. On the eighth and ninth days the regulations permit only boiled and toasted rice. Not much food remains on the tenth, when the menu reverts to boiled rice exclusively. Some kinds of fish may be eaten during the ten-day period, while others are prohibited.

It was interesting to observe what an important part the female blians or priest-doctors played at the festival. They were much in evidence and managed the ceremonies. The men of the profession kept in the background and hardly one was seen. During the feast they abstain from bathing for eight days, do not eat the meat of wild babi (pig) nor salt, and continence is the rule. Every day of the festival, morning, afternoon, and evening, a service is performed for imparting health and strength, called mélah, of which the children appear to be the chief beneficiaries. Mothers bring babes in cradles on their backs, as well as their larger children. The blian, who must be female, seizing the mother's right hand with her left, repeatedly passes the blade of a big knife up her arm. The child in the cradle also stretches out its right arm to receive treatment, while other children and women place their right hands on the hand and arm of the first woman; five to ten individuals thus simultaneously receiving the passes which the blian dispenses from left to right. She accompanies the ceremony with murmured expressions suggesting removal from the body of all that is evil, exhortations to improvement, etc.

This service concluded, a man standing in the background holding a shield with the inside uppermost, advances to the side of the mother and places it horizontally under the cradle, where it is rapidly moved forward and backward. Some of the men also presented themselves for treatment after the manner above de-

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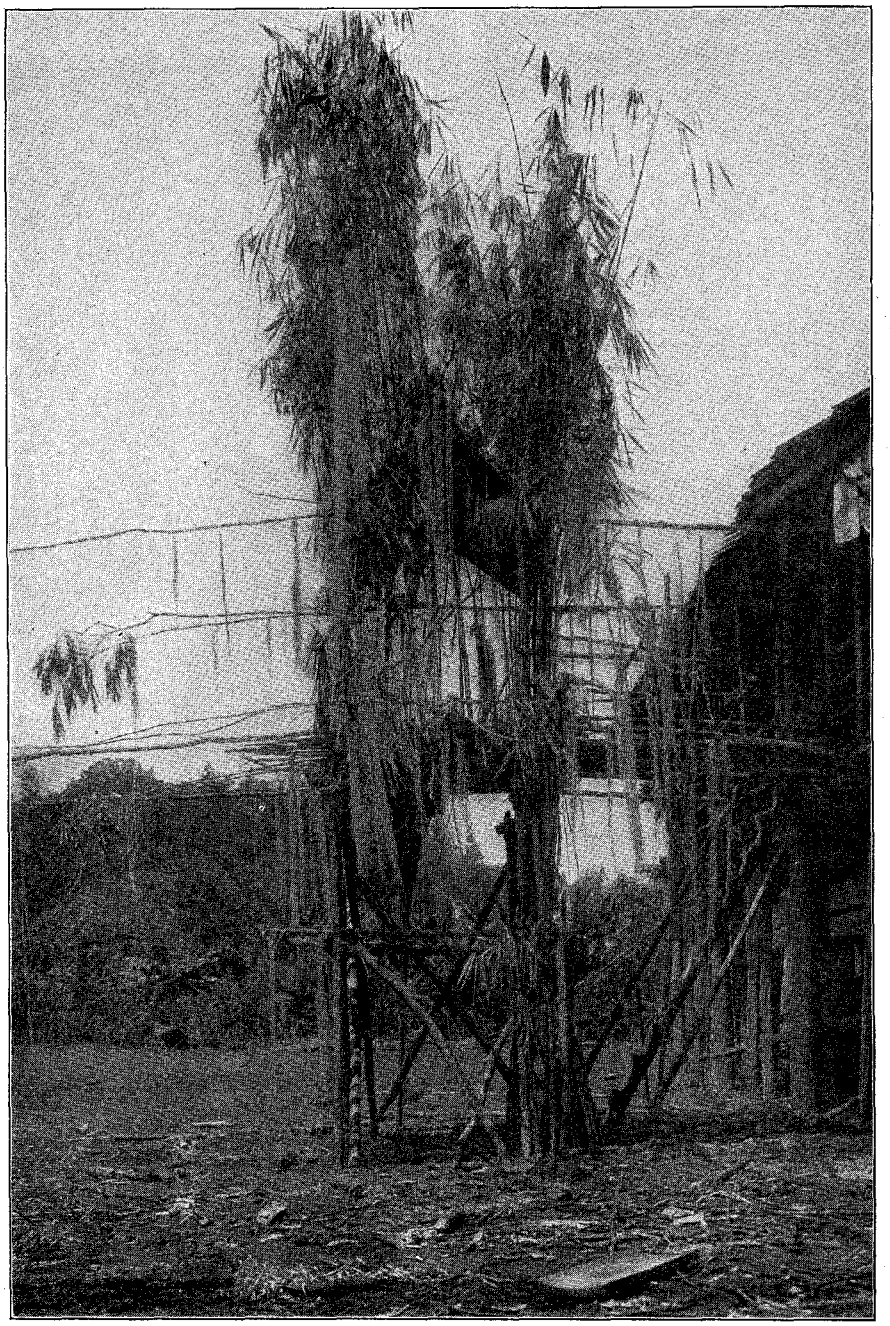

The dângei hut, a flimsy wooden structure with bamboo decorations, erected for the special purpose of the festival.

scribed, and although the mélah performance is usually reserved for this great feast, it may be employed by the blian for nightly service in curing disease.

This was followed by a dance of the blians present, nine or ten in number, to the accompaniment of four gongs and one drum. They moved in single file, most of them making two steps and a slight turn to left, two steps and a slight turn to right, while others moved straight on. In this way they described a drawn-out

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circle, approaching an ellipse, sixteen times. After the dancing, those who took part in the ceremonies ate toasted rice. Each day of the feast, in the afternoon, food was given to benevolent spirits by blians and girl pupils. Boiled rice, a small quantity of salt, some dried fish and boiled fowl were wrapped in pieces of banana leaves and two such small parcels were offered on each occasion.

Three Long-Glat young women of the nobility.

The ornaments around the hips and on the sash and hem of the skirts are silver coins.

Meantime the festive preparations continued. Many loads of bamboo were brought in, because much rice and much pork was to be cooked in these handy utensils provided by nature. Visitors were slowly but steadily arriving. On the fourth day came the principal man, the Raja Besar (great chief), who resides a little farther up the river, accompanied by his family. The son of a Long-Glat father and an Oma-Suling mother, Ledjuli claimed to be raja not only of these tribes but also of the Kayans. Next morning Raja Besar and his wife, a stately Oma-Suling noble, accompanied by the kapala of the kampong and others, paid me a visit, presenting me with a long sugar-cane, a somewhat rare product in these parts and considered a great delicacy, one large papaya, white onions, and bananas. In return I gave one cake of chocolate, two French tins of meat, one tin of boiled ham and tobacco.

Domestic pigs, of which the kampong possessed over a hundred, at last began to come in from the outlying ladangs (fields). One by one they were carried alive on the backs of men. The feet having first been tied together, the animal was enclosed in a coarse network of rattan or fibre. For the smaller specimens tiny, close-fitting bamboo boxes had been made, pointed at one end to accommodate the snout. The live bundles were deposited on the galleries, and on the fifth day they were lying in rows and heaps, sixty-six in number, awaiting their ultimate destiny. The festival was now about to begin in earnest, and an air of expectancy was evident in the faces of the natives. After the performance of the mélah and the dance of the blians—and these were a daily feature of the great occasion—a dance hitherto in vogue at night was danced in the afternoon. In this the people, in single file, moved very slowly, with rhythmical steps, describing a circle, around three blians, including the principal one, who sat smoking in the centre, with some bamboo baskets near by. Next morning the circular dance was repeated with the difference that the participants were holding on to a rope.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Dayaks began to kill the pigs by cutting the artery of the neck. The animals, which were in surprisingly good condition, made little outcry. The livers were

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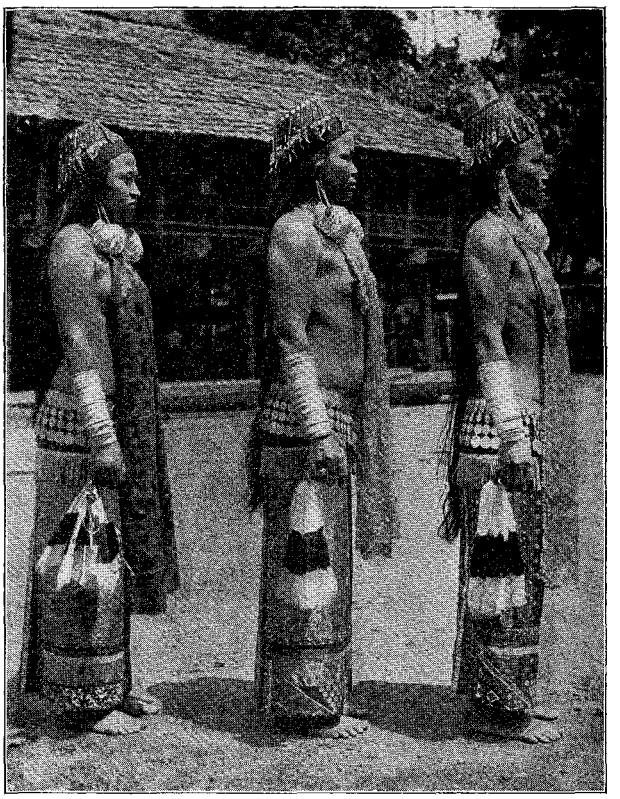
examined and, if found to be of bad omen, were thrown away, but the pig itself is eaten in such cases, though a full-grown fowl or a tiny chicken only a few days old must be sacrificed in addition. The carcasses were freed from hair by fire in the usual way and afterward cleaned with the knife. The skin is eaten with the meat, which at night was cooked in bamboo. Outside, in front of the houses, rice cooking had been going on all day. In one row there were perhaps fifty bamboos, each stuffed with envelopes of banana leaves containing rice, the parcels being some thirty centimetres long and three wide.

During the night there was a grand banquet in all the houses. Lidju, my assistant, did not forget, on this day of plenty, to send my party generous gifts of fresh pork. To me he presented a fine small ham. As salt had been left behind, we had to boil the meat à la Dayak, in bamboo with very little water, which compensates for the absence of seasoning. A couple of men brought us two bamboos containing that gelatinous delicacy into which rice is transformed when cooked in this way. And, as if this were not enough, early next morning a procession arrived carrying food on two shields, the inside being turned upward. On these were parcels, wrapped in banana leaves, containing boiled rice, to which were tied large pieces of cooked pork. The first man to appear stepped up to a banana growing near, broke off a leaf, which he put on the ground in front of me, and placed on it two bundles. The men were unable to speak Malay and immediately went away without making even a suggestion that they expected remuneration, as did the two who had given us rice. I had never seen them before.

The sixth day was one of general rejoicing. Food was exchanged between the two groups of houses and people were in a very joyful mood, eating pork, running about, and spending the time largely in playing the fool. Both men and women carried charcoal mixed with the fat of pork, with which they tried to smear the face and upper body of all whom they met. All were privileged to engage in this sport, but the women were especially active, pursuing the men who tried to avoid them, some taking refuge behind my tent. The women followed one man through the enclosure surrounding the tent, at my invitation, but they did not succeed in catching him. This fool-playing was continued on the following days except the last.



Side view of the Long-Glat women.

The heavy ornaments for the ears, consisting of rings hung onto the vastly distended lobes, are much beloved by Dayak women. Those of the men are usually smaller and fewer in number.

With the eighth day an increased degree of ceremonials became noticeable, and in order to keep pace therewith I was driven to continuous activity. On a

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muggy, warm morning I began work by photographing the Raja Besar, who had given permission regarding himself and his family. When I arrived at the house where he was staying he quickly made his preparations to "look pleasant," removing the large rings he wore in the extended lobes of his ears and substituting a set of smaller ones, eight for each ear. He was also very expeditious in putting on correct apparel, whether to appear in warrior costume or as a private gentleman of the highest caste. His sword and the rest of his outfit, as might be expected, were of magnificent finish, the best of which Dayak handicraft is capable. He made altogether a splendid subject for the camera, but his family proved less satisfactory. I had to wait an hour and a half before his women-folks were ready, femininity apparently being alike in this regard in all races, and a disappointment they were when finally they emerged from the house in great array, which showed Malay influence.

The raja, who was extremely obliging, ordered the principal men of the kampong to appear in complete war outfit, and showed us how an imaginary attack of Iban head-hunters would be met. They came streaming one after another down the ladder, made the evolutions of a running attack in closed formation, holding their large shields in front of them, then ran to the water and paddled away, standing in their prahus, to meet the supposed enemy in the utan (jungle) on the other side of the river.

Back view of the Long-Glat women.

The hair ornament hanging over the back of the central figure was not found in any other tribe on the journey.

At noon the female blians were preparing for an important ceremony in the dángei hut, with a dance round it on the ground later, and I therefore went up to

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the gallery. The eight performers held each other by the hands in a circle so large that it filled the hut. Constantly waving their arms backward and forward, they moved round and round. Some relics from Apo Kayan were then brought in; a small, shining gong, without a knob, and a very large bracelet which looked as if it had been made of bamboo and was about eight centimetres in diameter. One of the blians placed the bracelet round her folded hands and then ran round the circle as well as through it; I believe this was repeated sixteen times. When she had finished running they all walked in single file over into the gallery, in order to perform the inevitable mélah.

Shortly afterward followed a unique performance of throwing rice, small bundles of which, wrapped in banana leaves, were lying in readiness on the floor. Some of the men caught them with such violence that the rice was spilled all about, and then they flipped the banana leaves at those who stood near. Some of the women had crawled up under the roof in anticipation of what was coming.

A very amusing entertainment then began, consisting of wrestling by the young men, who were encouraged by the blians to take it up and entered the game with much enthusiasm, one or two pairs constantly dancing round and round until one became the victor. The participants of their own accord had divested themselves of their holiday chavats (loin cloths), and put on small ones for wrestling. With the left hand the antagonist takes hold of the descending portion of the chavat in the back, while with the right he grasps the encircling chavat in front. They wrestled with much earnestness, but no anger was exhibited. When the game was continued the following morning the young men presented a sorry spectacle. Rain had fallen during the night, and the vanquished generally landed heavily on their backs in the mudholes, the wrestlers joining in the general laugh at their expense. To encourage them I had promised every victor a Dutch dime, which added much to the interest of all parties concerned.

Having concluded their task of feeding the antohs (the spirits), the blians climbed down the ladder and began a march in single file round the dángei hut, each carrying one of the implements of daily life: a spear, a small parang, an axe, an empty rattan bag, in which the bamboos are enclosed when the woman fetches water, or in which vegetables, etc., are conveyed, and another bag of the same material suitable for transporting babi. Four of the women carried the small knife which is woman's special instrument, though also employed by the men. When the eight blians on this the eighth day had marched sixteen times around the dángei, they ascended the ladder again. Shortly afterward a man, standing on the gallery, pushed over the flimsy place of worship—a signal that the end of the feast had come. On the previous day a few visitors had departed and others left daily.

The feast had brought together from other parts about two hundred Oma-Sulings and Long-Glats. The women of both tribes showed strikingly fine manners, especially those belonging to the higher class, which was well represented. Some were expensively dressed, though in genuine barbaric fashion, as indicated by the ornaments sewn upon their skirts, which consisted of hundreds of florins and ringits. It should be conceded, however, that with the innate artistic sense of the Dayaks the coins, all scrupulously clean, had been employed to best advantage in pretty designs, and the damsels were strong enough to carry the extra burden.

The climax had been passed and little more was going on, the ninth day being given over to the amusement of daubing each other with black paste. On the tenth day all went away to a small river in the neighborhood where they took their meals, cooking paddi in bamboo, also fish in the same manner. This proceeding is called násam, and the pemáli (tabu) is now all over. During the days immediately following, the people may go to the ladang but are obliged to sleep in the kampong, and they must not undertake long journeys. When the feast ended, the blians placed four eggs in the clefts of four upright bamboo sticks as sacrifice to Antoh. Such eggs are gathered from hens that are sitting, and those which have become stale in unoccupied nests are also used. If there are not enough such eggs, fresh ones are taken.

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THE RETURN OF THE MONKS

By A. Carter Goodloe

Illustration by H. J. Mowat

"IT was a lieutenant's war—one had only to read the casualty lists," said Forsythe bitterly. His only son had been a first lieutenant with the 327th Field Artillery of the North Star Division and had fallen before Sedan. Forsythe was over in an effort to get details, no matter how meagre, of his boy's death.

"It was any and everybody's war," said Nugent, leaning over to fleck the ash of his big black cigar into the brass receiver.

I looked at Hutton's empty sleeve—the right one, where the famous arm and hand had once functioned with such unerring skill.

"It was the doctors' war," I said, more to myself than to the others.

Forsythe tossed his suddenly silvered head up and swept a glance over Hutton.

"When the damned shells gave 'em a chance," he groaned, looking quickly away.

Hutton pushed his fruit plate back a little, struck a match, and lit his cigar with an awkward, unaccustomed gesture of the left hand. He had been particularly "right-handed," and it was going rather hard with him.

"How about it, Hutton?" I asked.

He looked along his cigar thoughtfully. "Perhaps you're right," he assented slowly. "Anyway, the first United States soldier to be killed over here, and the first to be wounded, belonged to the Medical Corps, and we were fighting battles all the time, same as you soldier-men, Naylor. Sometimes we won, sometimes we lost. But you had one big advantage over us—*you* fought with whole, strong men, *we* fought with what was left of them after the enemy shells and bayonets and poisonous gases and bombs and liquid fire had finished their devilish work. You fought great generals, it is true; but we fought the greatest—Death. He's the most wily of strategists and the most implacable of foes. He's a hard one to beat."

Hutton's thin nostrils quivered. I noticed again the fine lines that had been etched about his eyes and mouth since I had last seen him, a year before. His face had both hardened and grown more sensitive in an astonishing, paradoxical way. He was both older and younger—older immensely through responsibility and overwork and emotional stress, and yet, in some mysterious way, stamped with a spiritual, uplifted look of eternal youth as though he had won far beyond the devastating touch of time and worldliness.

I was up in the clouds trying to puzzle it all out when I was brought back to earth by Nugent.

"You must know some capital stories," he said tentatively, and gave a hungry look at Hutton's empty sleeve. There wasn't any spirituality about Nugent. He was a moving-picture impresario who had come over in the first rush, after the signing of the armistice, to get film pictures of the devastated parts of France and Belgium, reconstruction work, and the demobilization of the Allied forces. He said his "movies" would be highly educational. A hundred years hence our children's children would be seeing them, and their value would be inestimable, he told us.

Hutton flushed a little under Nugent's keen glance.

"I do," he said, "but not *that*. I don't talk about that. But there are others—many others—" He broke off. Then, after a moment: "It's hard to say that one is more interesting than another—" He stopped again and began tracing a pattern on the thin table-cloth with the tine of a fork while he considered.

I possessed my soul in patience and looked about me. It was good to be in Paris again with the old U. S. almost in sight. Hutton and I had been loafing around together for a couple of days wait-

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"'Yes, you've done that,' I managed to say."—Page 466.

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ing for sailing orders and congratulating ourselves on the sudden, overwhelming débâcle of the German hordes, when we ran into Forsythe and learned the sad reason of his presence in France. He had invited us to dinner at his little hotel in a side street just off the Rue Royale, where we had been joined, to our surprise and not altogether to our satisfaction, by Nugent, the impresario. But it was obvious enough that poor Forsythe was keen about having him. Forsythe had learned that his son was buried in a little cemetery not far from Sedan, and he fancied that if anybody could find that lonely, beloved grave it would be Nugent, with his cameras and his millions and his indomitable pluck and luck and skilful manipulation of military and every other sort of red tape. I could understand Forsythe's sticking to the man like a burr. . . .

"Perhaps," Hutton's voice broke in upon my thought—he was speaking slowly—"perhaps one of the most interesting experiences I've had, happened to me last summer. If you don't mind some rather unpleasant details——"

"Of course we don't," said Nugent briskly. He was leaning forward, ready to pounce on Hutton's story like a hawk on its prey. His eagerness was rather horrible. Hutton looked past him casually to Forsythe.

"It was just after Soissons and Château-Thierry, when the American troops had their first great chance to demonstrate to the world what splendid stuff they were made of. I believe, Forsythe, if you could realize what the entry of our boys into the fight meant to those broken men, those 'very tired men who can never again pass an insurance test,' as Dawson puts it, I believe—I am sure—you'd be reconciled to that lonely grave you're seeking." Hutton's mellow voice was as consoling as the touch of a beloved hand. Suddenly he smiled whimsically.

"I never thought our uniform beautiful, but I assure you this ugly khaki yellow we wear is about the most popular color in France to-day! And it's known and saluted with respect and affection everywhere now. But a year ago it wasn't so universally recognized. There were parts of France, even on the western front, where the khaki was still unknown." He paused and looked down meditatively at the red spark of his cigar.

"I happen to know," he said abruptly, at length, "because I found myself in such a place one day."

"By Jove, I'd like to get a picture of that place!" said Nugent eagerly. He was still horribly eager. "'First entry of American troops into——'"

Hutton eyed him coldly. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," he said, "but it will be impossible to indicate to you the exact locality." He turned to Forsythe and myself.

"It was on one of those damnable July days last summer, before you got over, Naylor. Our men had been chafing at their inaction for weeks. It was all their officers could do to keep 'em in hand. Somewhere near the middle of July the French launched an attack from the eastern side of the Retz forest, north of Longport, and our troops got their chance. Our boys fought like demons. Not since Gettysburg have American soldiers fought and bled as they did there on those wooded slopes above Longport, while guns stamped and airplanes rained death upon a trembling earth.

"Our artillery raked the forest with unceasing, terrible fire. It seemed as though the scream of the shells, as they sped upon their way, were answered by the screams of the tortured trees, uprooted, wrenched limb from limb, flung upward and downward, blasted through and through. An army of impious Erisichthons seemed to be wreaking their fury upon the green forest. If ever the hamadryads wept, they wept then. . . . Well, they fought their way to glory, and when, a couple of weeks later, the French division was switched to an entirely different sector, the American troops who had been through that particular hell of Longport with them went too—the best of friends.

"It was in that new sector, far to the south, that I caught up with our men, who had pushed the enemy back—back across a land which suffered the last unspeakable defilements by the fleeing invaders.

"Cities—landscapes have character, a look, a personality, I take it, Forsythe. Well—the cities, the country across which

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those Hun hordes retreated had every vestige of personality destroyed as completely as one could destroy the features of a hated face by stamping upon it. The only genius I am willing to allow the German is a genius for destruction."

Hutton stopped and looked at me with a half-smile. "I'm bound to confess, Naylor, that our men showed something of the same genius—only they confined their destructiveness to legitimate objects—the retreating Prussians!

"Of course, they didn't do it without casualties," pursued Hutton after an instant's silence, "and I wasn't surprised to receive orders to establish a hospital in a certain sector as quickly as possible.

"We started, officers and personnel, early in the morning with a young French lieutenant for guide. I didn't speak much French then, so I didn't ask any questions as to our exact destination or what I might be going to get in the way of a building for my unit. I just took it for granted that we would have the usual luck—a half-ruined church, as at Blercourt, or a disused, inconvenient public building, or, as in the last case, a château from which the owners had been driven precipitately, and in the rooms of which, on dishevelled dressing-tables, beneath cracked mirrors, abandoned rouge-pots, and toilet articles still rattled with the blasts of enemy guns.

"You can judge of my surprise and pleasure, then, when I tell you that, after travelling for several hours over a country devastated beyond belief, past calcined mounds of rubble that had once been pleasant villages, we suddenly turned off the 'grande route,' and after a few minutes' winding upward over a secluded country road we drew up before a massive building that had evidently once been a monastery.

"It was a product of the Moyen Age, in excellent repair, though it had obviously been uninhabited for a long time. Back of it rose a few beautiful hills and in front, on the other side of the road by which we had come, wound a little river with rows of tall, slim poplars on one bank and fir-trees on the other. There was a picturesque old stone bridge across the stream, the last arch of which had crumbled into the water.

"I was stupefied—not at seeing a monastery, but at seeing any sort of a building intact in that place. The young lieutenant smiled at me."

"Un miracle!" he said sententiously.

"Or a mistake, more likely," I thought, gazing about me. I knew some one had blundered. Only by an accident could the Boches have left this splendid old building undemolished.

"The young man threw out a despairing hand toward a mass of ruins below and half a kilometre to the right of us. "All that's left of the village!" he said softly.

"Pas beaucoup," I murmured sympathetically in my rudimentary French. There was, indeed, nothing left—nothing left standing, that is, except the nave of the unroofed church at the end of the straggling, débris-choked street. The rest of the village had been as completely obliterated as German hate and thoroughness could make it.

"I faced about and looked at the monastery. It was good to see something that had escaped the destructive fury of the invaders. There was even a little cottage a couple of hundred yards to the left of the monastery that had evidently been spared by the same strange chance which had saved the larger building.

"While I looked, an old man, a little boy, and a cat emerged furtively from the cottage and stood gazing up at us from the doorway.

"'Two weeks ago our troops pushed the Boches back here,' explained the young French officer with a grim smile. 'A few days ago the Germans evacuated the village, after destroying it, and took up a strongly intrenched position about three kilometres to the east of this, from which your forces inconsiderately routed them in yesterday's battle.' He looked about him at the desolate scene and sighed. 'There isn't a soul left!'"

"'You're wrong!' I said. 'There's an old man, a little boy, and a cat left in that old farmhouse.' I pointed to the three figures, and at my gesture they scurried back into the cottage like frightened rats. 'You might send an orderly down and tell the man and the boy to come up this evening—we'll do anything we can for them, of course.'

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"I turned away hurriedly and entered the monastery, anxious to begin the work of installation. I was in the seventh heaven of delight at having such a splendid place for a hospital. It was built about a hollow court in the centre of which was an old garden in riotous bloom. There was a small stone pool and gigantic boxwood hedges and flowering shrubs and fruit-trees. Here was a hospital worth having!

"Inside the monastery I parcelled out my commodious quarters with a lavish, if hurried, hand. The officers' mess-hall was the refectory proper. The personnel had for their chow the chapel with its shrines and little basins for holy water and poor-boxes on the wall. There was unlimited space for administration and X-ray rooms and admitting offices. The operating rooms and diet-kitchens I established in the lighter rooms giving on the old cloisters.

"I was in clover and so busy that night overtook me before my work was half done. I had forgotten all about the old man when my orderly, who spoke near-French, announced him. I had taken for my own office what had evidently been the abbot's room—a big, airy cell with several mural paintings still glowing mistily on the walls and some fine old ecclesiastical chairs, black with age, set stiffly against the wainscoting, and the man was brought to me there.

"I shan't easily forget the first close view I had of my visitor as he stood in the doorway with the orderly. He was unbelievably old, but hale and hearty, with a wintry sort of robustness that belied his shaking hands and the furtive, uneasy look in his rheumy eyes.

"To my astonishment and discomfiture, he crooked a reverential knee at the threshold and crossed himself devoutly. Then he came toward me with a few shambling steps and, reaching for my hand, kissed it. In my embarrassment I extricated my fingers as quickly as possible and looked about for the child I had seen in the afternoon. But he was not with him.

"And the boy?" I queried.

The old man looked at me with a strange, almost reproachful glance, I thought.

"'Surely monseigneur knows upon what errand I have sent the child?' he replied softly.

"I was completely at sea and was vainly trying to get my bearings when I heard the old man saying: '. . . Besides, I wished the boy out of the way—it were not well for a child to see. . . .' The thin voice stopped and once again the man dropped to his knees and, crossing himself, said hurriedly:

"'If monseigneur will but have the clemency to accompany me to my poor house, there to say prayers for one . . .' He waited, and then mumbled breathlessly: 'Also I must confess—since the village priest was slain there is no one to absolve us from our sins——'

"You mistake," I said and stared at him dumfounded. But he wasn't listening to me.

"'Come, come!' he urged, and then he added humbly: 'Perhaps your lordship will think I have somewhat deserved of you when you know all—' And he tried once more to seize my hand.

"'Of course I'll come,' I said soothingly, and rose, glad to end the extraordinary scene. I would have gone almost anywhere to avoid having my hand kissed again.

"We walked the intervening distance between the monastery and the farmhouse in silence, the old man plodding on ahead, holding a lantern athwart the ground for me to see. At the entrance to the cottage he paused and turned toward me, his eyes cast down.

"'With respect to your lordship, the man died last night,' he said softly and pushed open the creaking door.

"Something in his voice made my blood run cold, and I stumbled, rather than walked, into the little living-room. The lantern threw into grotesque relief the simple furnishings—a round table, a few chairs, a cage, on the swinging perch of which a bird dozed comfortably, huddled up in a ball of feathers, and near a small window, a covered box on which was a pot of geraniums. Heavy old doors on either side of the wide chimney-place evidently opened into the two bedrooms. Across the entry I could see the kitchen and its row of bright copper cooking-vessels.

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"The old man set the lantern on the box, waved me to the one armchair near the table, and, genuflecting deeply once more, made the sign of the cross as he knelt before me.

"I felt as though I were in a nightmare and must do something to wake myself up, but before I could decide exactly what, the man spoke:

"'If your lordship will but listen a short moment to my story it may incline your lordship to clemency when I confess,' he said humbly.

"'The man is quite mad,' I thought quickly to myself. Aloud I said in my atrocious French: 'Of course I'll hear anything you have to say. We are here to help you people as well as the wounded soldiers. . . .' My voice trailed off into inarticulateness.

The old creature looked at me with a passionate gratitude that made my grudging concession appear contemptible.

"'Do we not know it well? Healing and help and charity for all! As it was in the old days, so shall it be again. Your lordship must know for how many weary years we have awaited your return!' His voice trembled with a mysterious eagerness. 'Since 1794, when my father saw these damnable Prussians—scourge of the earth then as now!—invade this peaceful valley and drive the last abbot and the most clement brothers of this monastery forth, have we awaited the return——'

"'But,' I interrupted incredulously, 'it is not possbile that your father saw *that*—in 1794——!'

"'To what end does monseigneur seek to throw doubt on what I say?' asked the old man with a sudden, tremulous dignity.

"'But 1794—it is not possible!' I stammered.

"'With all respect to your lordship, it is quite possible.' He spoke submissively but firmly. 'We Souliers live long, and a century and a half is soon bridged. My father, saving your lordship, was serving-boy, at seventeen, to the last abbot. My father was an old man when I was born.'

"'And you—how old are you?'

"'Ninety, come Toussaint, saving your lordship.'

"I looked at him and thought dumbly of the garnered years.

"'Tell me about it,' I said brusquely.

"'With respect to your lordship, it is soon told. The last abbot was the ci-devant Marquis de Solens—a gay noble, who for his many sins turned from the world and entered the church. My people had been attached to the family of the De Solens for generations, and my father had been allowed about the person of the ci-devant marquis since he was a boy, first as page, then as groom of his chamber. When monsieur the marquis became abbot he took my father with him as lay servant. That was in 1790, saving your lordship.'

"I looked at the man in stupefaction—1790! He mentioned the astounding date casually, intimately, and, following his mental gaze, I, too, looked down the long vista of spent, cold years with the bewildered sense of having become, in some sudden, inexplicable way, a living anachronism such as he.

"The thin voice droned on.

"'Monseigneur was fond of my father, suffered him continually about him, and taught him many things. Especially did my father learn chirurgery and many of the secret arts of healing for which the monks of this house were famous. These my father taught me later.' The voice stopped suddenly and the old man gave me a quick, furtive glance that completely mystified me. After an instant's silence he went on with his story.

"'Monseigneur can imagine to himself the grief of the people of this peaceful valley when his lordship, the abbot, and the good brothers of this monastery, who wore yellow cowls and spoke a strange language, were driven forth by these swine of Germans. It was as though the end of the world had come! In his old age, my father told me, a boy at his knee, many times of that scene! . . . The only concession the Prussian commander, General von Hentzell—well did I learn his hated name!—would make to the prayers of his lordship, the abbot, was a promise to spare the monastery. . . . In his rage and sorrow my father would have followed his lordship, but his lordship would not allow that. Instead, he laid upon my father a sacred obligation to remain here,

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care for the monastery, and await the return of the monks who, one day, would surely come back to their people. When I saw your lordship and those with your lordship, and heard you speak'—he dropped his voice mysteriously—'did I not know that the long-awaited day had arrived? And I sent the boy—as your lordship must have divined I could not go myself and leave *him !*—I sent the boy to tell the waiting people of the valley that at last, after so many weary years, the lord abbot and the most clement and charitable brothers of our monastery had returned from exile and that they might possess their souls in peace once more.' The voice stopped and I was left staring at him."

Hutton's voice stopped, too, and he looked down thoughtfully at his khaki-clad figure.

"It's as yellow, probably, as the old monks' cowls, and I suppose our Yankee speech was no more incomprehensible than their hybrid Latin to the peasants of the valley," said Hutton at last, smiling.

"And," I suggested, "salvation for the body as for the soul—after all, is there so great a difference?"

Hutton glanced at me gratefully. "I'd like to think not," he said; and then he went on, after a moment's silence: "I was so stupefied by the sudden light the old fellow had thrown on the situation that I must have gone off in a trance. When I came out of it I heard him saying:

"'. . . Especially did his lordship enjoin upon my father and my father's descendants to guard this monastery from harm. Your lordship is witness whether I have done my duty——'

"'Yes, you've done that,' I managed to say.

"To my consternation, he dropped again on his knees before me. 'I knew monseigneur would understand!' he said with a look of passionate gratitude.

"'But I don't!' I protested. I wondered how I would ever make *him* understand!

"'It was two weeks ago—when the Germans took our village,' explained the man. 'The Boche captain came up alone—late in the afternoon. He ordered me about like a dog, with respect to your lordship. And he looked at the monastery and he laughed—he laughed, monseigneur! I'd rather he had cursed, saving your presence.' The man was twisting his old, knotted hands together. An insane light had come into the pale eyes.

"'"It's the same!" the captain said, and he stretched his great Boche mouth into an infernal grin. "My great-grandfather made a drawing of it—it's in our old schloss. He was here in 1794 and he spared it—Gott im Himmel, he spared it!" He struck his thigh with his big hand. "My great-grandfather was a soft-hearted fool! But I—I, Captain Franz von Hentzell, will not spare it! This time it will be destroyed. We've got beyond the weaknesses of my great-grandfather! War is a somewhat different matter nowadays, vieux canaille!" he spat at me. "To-morrow—a few bombs in the old wine-cellar!"—I think I went a little mad, monseigneur,' said the old man hoarsely. He passed a hand over his staring eyes. 'The next I heard was the Boche captain saying: ". . . In the meantime, I've a fancy to sleep here to-night," and he pointed to my cottage. . . .

"'The boy and I had to wait on him, hand and foot, and it was while he was eating the dinner I had had to cook for him that I thought of a plan. . . .

"'With respect to your lordship, it was my duty to save the monastery, even if I damned my soul, was it not?' Some instinct of pity made me nod my head. An expression of profound relief passed over the man's face. 'I knew your lordship would absolve,' he murmured.

"'There was an old bottle of wine—but a very old one—and I offered it to the Boche captain. But first I put a sleeping potion in the bottom of the glass—it was harmless. For my soul's sake I did not intend to kill the man—unless necessary. When he was quite unconscious I bound him, hand and foot, and the boy and I placed him on my bed.' He moved his head slightly in the direction of the heavy door on the right of the chimney-piece. 'I slept with the grandchild after that.' He stopped talking and stared at the wall behind my head.

"'And the man?' I demanded.

"'Ah, yes—the man. When he awoke he made frantic efforts to escape, in spite

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of my warnings. There was but one thing to do, with respect to your lordship. Men without legs do not get away easily,' and he made a gesture that turned my blood to water and sent cold chills down my spine. 'I beg of your lordship to believe that I was careful of the man and that he received good treatment. As I have explained to your lordship, I know somewhat of chirurgery and the healing arts.

" 'But he still had the use of his great hands, and he was very strong—and the boy and I were not.' He waited a long moment, and then he said softly: 'Monseigneur, remember that the Boches had set us the lesson, learned in suffering by the little French and Belgian children. It was soon over, monseigneur,' and again at his expressive gesture I felt the cold chill tremble the length of my backbone.

" 'But, with respect to your lordship, the man could still shout and curse. There was danger of his being heard, and the boy and I could not sleep. . . . It was only yesterday that I decided that *that*, also, must be done. . . .' He clicked his tongue softly against his sunken cheek."

Hutton's voice stopped and he flecked gently at the gray ash of his cigar. There was a moment's silence broken by Nugent.

"And you—my God! what did you do, Hutton?" he asked, leaning forward eagerly.

Hutton turned a little in his chair. "I?—I sprang to my feet and flung myself against the door. It sagged inward. While I looked with horror at what lay upon the bed, there came to me from the living-room the thin, droning voice:

" 'With respect to your lordship, unfortunately the man died last night, as I have before explained. And now that your lordship has returned to your own and knows all, will your lordship absolve a poor soul that has sinned. . . .?' "

SUNRISE

By Barrett Wendell

FIGURES of speech are dangerous. Not long ago a thoughtless use of one led three or four intelligent men to suppose that the friend who uttered it took a more cheerful view than they of this perplexing period in history. They were all oldish, and all more or less informed about the past, which of course means that they were disposed to think in other than the momentary terms just now generally assumed comprehensive. They were perhaps morbidly aware of how, throughout recorded time, systems and civilizations, repeatedly supposed final, have proved as mortal as the human beings who, born to one or another, have known either the flush of its growth or the droop of its decay. Egypt, Babylon, Periclean Athens, imperial Rome, Venice, Crusading Europe, the Spain of Charles the Fifth, Elizabethan England, the France of Louis the Fourteenth, the empire of Napoleon they found as dead as the Mexico of Montezuma or the Unitarianism of Doctor Channing. For the while, they seemed to think, something which calls itself Democracy seems dominant everywhere, until to raise your voice against it is at least politically as perilous as heresy was to the body under the Inquisition. Like any other crescent phase of power, they held, this Democracy, freshly conscious of what it can temporarily do, arbitrarily imposes its whimsical will—in Prohibition, for example, in Female Suffrage, in the confiscation of individual property under the thin disguise of Progressive Taxation, while the shameless profiteering of Labor is considered not as a rapacious advantage selfishly taken of the chances of war but as a deed of eternal righteousness. The far from popular opinions implied in their survey of our present tendencies, one should hasten to add, are by no means to

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be accepted as truths; they happened, however, to be those honestly held by the no longer buoyant elderly men who expressed them. These joyless beings, too, in spite of a good dinner, went so far as to be sadly convinced that the national affairs of England and France are in the hands of men who reached their power by the arts of destructive demagogues, and that those of our own country are controlled by a man who, whatever his spiritual genius, has surrounded himself not with counsellors but with disciples, and who has all his life failed to inspire with confidence many of those called on to do business with him. The outlook of the little company, in short, was gloomy; and when one of them concluded his observations by grimly asking what we are coming to they were surprised to hear another, who had hitherto said little, answer "Sunrise."

The radiant word sounded happily prophetic. They took it as politically and socially figurative, and asked that he expound his views of the sunshine to come. But, as the hour was late, and one or two of them lived out of town, they did not press the question when he turned it aside. So the evening ended as such things generally do, in friendly misunderstanding. They probably went home supposing him incurably optimistic; he certainly went home aware that he had agreed with every despondent word they had uttered, but nevertheless believing that his cryptic metaphor meant more than they had quite perceived.

For, sure enough, the sun rose next morning, just as it has risen for millions of mornings in the past and will rise again for millions on millions in the future; and that was about all he had in view. This physical commonplace, however, implied to his mind certain considerations—more nearly literal than figurative—now often neglected. They are neither hopeful nor desperate; like most inexorable truths they are only *so*—take them as you will. Nothing we can do can prevent, within human experience, the rising or the setting of the sun. Men used to suppose it a positive movement of a comparatively small luminous body over the surface of a flat and stationary world. Even then, if we neglect the stories of Joshua and of Phaethon, they never managed perceptibly to meddle with it. Men now suppose it to be an optical illusion, caused by the rotation of a planet to which they somehow stick, while sun, planets and all whirl and spin through space, much as atoms are conceived to behave within the narrower limits to which they are generally confined unless they blow up. What opinion the future may prefer nothing but the future can determine. How it began astronomers try to explain by studying nebulas as thoroughly as extant instruments will let them; and how it will end they predict by what they take to have been the experience of the Moon. Which is all very interesting, but has no relation whatever to human affairs. Conscious human existence is possible, in a range of about one hundred and fifty Fahrenheit degrees, only under physical conditions long subsequent to the beginning of sunrise and long precedent to the end of it. For practical purposes, needing terms to think with, we habitually think in the solar terms of days, months, and years; but whoever knows anything knows the longest of the terms to be no more than an instant in the tremendous course of astronomic time, just as he knows the metric units of this world to be fantastically inadequate for thinkable measurement of the distances between star and star. Measured by human lifetimes, the Trojan War, and the conquests of Alexander, and the empire of the Cæsars appear a good way apart and a long time ago; but measured with the æons through which strong men who lived before Agamemnon strove to work their will with weapons of stone they are contemporary, and measured as well with the coming æons through which strong men and weak will struggle on with weapons of steam, of electricity, of radium, of high explosives, and so on, above the air and below the sea, they shrink into contemporaneousness with ourselves. And all the while the sun has risen and the sun shall rise. Every gleam of sunlight tells whoever will stop to think that we on earth are forever and immutably surrounded by forces utterly beyond human modification.

When we come to human control or modification, a stray passage from the

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beginning of an elementary school text-book of geology may fairly surprise us. The name and the precise text of this respectable work have long been forgotten; but not the fact that it declares itself to deal with the structure of the earth, particularly as evident on the surface thereof, where we walk or float about. This terrestrial surface has obviously been a good deal altered in the course of geologic as distinguished from astronomic time—we are getting to a point where centuries, at least if we group them by the dozen, begin to be almost thinkable terms. Among the agencies which have altered the crust of the world are volcanic action, occasionally turning things inside out, and air, which gets to work on them when so turned, and water, which deposits things in the layers known as geologic strata and proceeds to cut and to wear them into many and various depths and gullies, prettily parodied by the freaks of little streams running across the sands of a beach. Among the agencies, however, there is one which would hardly have occurred to anybody not reminded of it by the text-book—namely the handiwork of man. When we stop to think, the topmost layer of this earth, as we are apt to see it, appears to be shallowly but considerably human. This is not altogether a question of momentary circumstances, like towns and houses, fields and walls and hedges, dams, domesticated cattle and marine or terrestrial police and fortifications. You have only to dig a little and you will find kitchen middens, the piles of lake dwellings, Egyptian tombs, Roman roads, mines old and new, and such piles of superimposed ruin as Schliemann uncovered when he believed himself to have brought to light the vestiges of Homeric Troy. It does not take long to make sure that when we turn from astronomy to geology we find men, within limits of immutable conditions,—gravitation, for example, —immemoriably able slowly to construct and swiftly to destroy. And all the while, day after day, the sun has risen.

It rose, for instance, one October morning in the year 1805; and before it had set there had been destruction and construction off Cape Trafalgar. Nelson had given a death-blow to the naval power of Napoleonic empire and thereby founded a century of sea-power for the empire of England; and meanwhile a stray French musketeer had given a death-blow to him and thereby given England a deathless hero. All of which, though making considerable temporary disturbance in air and water, as well as longer if less literal disturbance on solid earth, had nowise affected the serene progress of the sun. To all appearances, this aspect of history hovered in or above the mind of Turner when he made the picture of the battle long since hung in the National Gallery at London. The scale of his decks is so small that you have to peer before you can discern on one of them the tiny figure of the stricken Nelson. Above them masts soar quite beyond any height permissible to earthly physics, but excellently impressive on canvas, for despite their aspiration they get nowhere. Incalculably above masts, and smoke, and battle, the sky and even the clouds glow stupendously unconcerned—just as they were before man was and as they shall be after man has been. The picture is an implicit answer to the little child's question, of a spring afternoon: "What is the sky for?" Clearly enough, one of its functions is to remind us that, no matter how important we may sometimes imagine ourselves, plenty of things always in sight are as far beyond influence by us as if they were infinitely beyond the perception of the finest human senses or the highest human genius—microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes and mathematical reasoning about space of indefinitely numerous dimensions, not to speak of telepathy, table-turning, prophesy, or poetry. Another function of the sky is evidently to provide a field for sunrise.

That same sunrise, through what must already amount to several thousand centuries, of which fifty or so chance to be more or less recorded, has daily illuminated mankind, brutish and savage, barbarous and civilized, enlightened and just now democratic. Mankind, as revealed by records and traces, has resembled other animals in many and various ways, among which none are more persistent than the impulses to sustain life by food and the like, and to perpetuate life by the not always convenient methods of procreation prescribed by biologic law. From these

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impulses, to go no further, a good deal of trouble has unavoidably arisen, just as it has with other animals too; there is no reason to suppose that any of us can ever keep quite out of it. What chiefly distinguishes us from our fellow-creatures—birds and mammals, fish and insects—is that, so far as we can see, none of the others have held their own, and thus encroached on the own of the rest, by so high a development of conscious intelligence. Our numerous consequent advantages everybody can perceive, such as fire and cookery, tools and machinery and weapons, gunpowder and deadly gas, printing-presses and works of art, schools, history, science and philosophy, mythology and dogmatic religion. In joyously or tremulously contemplating these, we are apt to forget at least one disadvantage which has accompanied them; they have involved an impression that we have actually made them, instead of that we have been the means through which they have naturally come into existence. Within limits, this impression may be more or less true; true or false, it is as inevitable to conscious intelligence as the impression that the earth stands still while sun and planets revolve about us. Very surely, however, it is not an absolute truth; what we have managed to accomplish has been possible only when we have kept within the limits of natural law, such as is daily displayed in sunrise, and we have often kept within these limits blandly ignorant of their actual character. When pneumonic plague attacked mediæval Europe, for example, singular virtue was supposed to lurk in the fumes of aromatic vinegar, and people went about holding to their noses fragrantly damp cloths. Undoubted gratification followed to the sense of smell; but what kept folks from infection was the lately proved fact that any damp cloth, fragrant or not, is a tolerable filter for such germs as produce the disorder in question. So, we are nowadays apt to attribute magical efficacy to education, because on the whole educated people have got the better of ignorant. A time may come when future generations shall perceive the virtue of education to have been not inherent but due to the accident that education has hitherto been so hard to attain as to demand unusual strength of character in those who have come anywhere near it. At present, with free schools everywhere, it often looks rather less efficacious than its momentarily unfashionable rival, religion. All of which nowise affects the daily rising of the sun.

These remote considerations, together with variously analogous others, hovered in the mind of the man who puzzled his friends by telling them, when asked what we are coming to, that we may confidently expect sunrise. It will stop, some time, no doubt, but not until long after conscious intelligence has ceased to gladden, to vex or to infatuate the human race. So, after all, as we are living at a time when practical matters are uppermost and efficiency looks almost ideal, there is no great use in troubling ourselves with celestial phenomena, or geologic, or local genealogies, or other such things, unless they happen to solace the pangs of prohibition with some anæsthetic draughts of amusement. When we come to business, our horizon perceptibly narrows. Except in terms of the stock-exchange, the questions before us are no longer speculative; they are concerned not with what has been or what shall or may be, but rather with what to do. Thus, whatever their fundamental nature, they are bound generally to present themselves as questions which we can decide for ourselves. Within the anodyne limits of habit and custom and fashion, for example, we feel at liberty, whether really so or not, to choose what we shall wear, what we shall eat, when we shall work and for what pay, and how we shall mitigate the recurrently unforeseen annoyances of idleness. When anything or anybody interferes with this agreeable sentiment of liberty, we grow resentful, and sometimes rebellious or revolutionary, in much the mood of Hercules, or whoever else has wasted otherwise useful arrows by shooting them at the sun without deflecting the course of that incessant luminary.

In such states of mind, it seems on the whole wise, if we can control our tempers, to put aside what we certainly cannot do and to dwell rather on what we conceivably can. For one thing, as we reminded ourselves a little while ago, we can visibly modify the surface of the earth. We have

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usually done so with a view to being useful. The normal course of water, for example, on its way from the clouds to the sea has evidently permitted the escape not only of much thin yet potable beverage, incidentally capable of reducing to agricultural bloom lands otherwise arid, but also of considerable horse-power. To avoid this extravagance of nature we have immemorially built dams, conceivably suggested to us originally by the prehistoric dams of such animals as beavers. On the whole our dams have done us good, by improving the water-supply of towns and cities, for example, by keeping mill-wheels at work, by irrigating lower Egypt, and by helping to perpetuate the name of President Roosevelt. Now and then, however, dams have worked unexpected havoc, hardly to be avoided perhaps when earthquakes or other accidents have cracked them, but mostly our own fault when more frequently they have proved not strong enough to stand the pressure put on them by the natural laws of hydraulics or of gravitation. Floods have ensued, devastation, confusion in the pedigrees of rescued babies, and other deplorable results. To explain or to avert such calamities would require mathematical calculations beyond the power of anybody but experts. The general truth which such calamities imply can all the same be grasped even by feeble comprehension. Within the limits of physical law we may build dams as we choose; but if we neglect the limits of physical law we presently find ourselves damned by what happens. In brief, we can have our own way, at best, only to a certain and not very distant point, at least when we are dealing with the hard facts of geology. When we come to sunrise, of course, we should all agree that we cannot have our way at all; which does not prevent the sun from daily rising on our successes and our reverses.

Successes and reverses, no doubt, are of widely various and different kinds. Those most evident to most of us concern the circumstances of our daily lives—historical, economic, social, medical, and so on. When we turn our wits to government, for example, or to work and wages, to general morals and particular visitings, to indigestion or pestilence or athletics, we cannot help feeling as if we were free agents, and consequently responsible for a good part of what we take to go right or wrong. One result of this is our habit of commending ourselves for what goes right and blaming others for what goes wrong—a habit plainly evident in the discussions about world peace which have made the year 1919 rather more quarrelsome than usual. These discussions, of course, or echoes of them, gave rise to the gloomy conversation among elderly men touched on a little while ago. Their gloom, as we then observed, sprang mostly from the fact that triumphant Democracy, bound to have its own way, is preventing them from having theirs; wherefore, being human, they could foresee just now no great hope for civilization—if indeed there be much of any such thing at present. Rational or not, the gloom was too deep for irradiation by an allusive mention of sunrise.

Contemplation of sunrise, literal or figurative, we have since found hardly more illuminating or consoling. Perhaps, however, it has brought us to a point where a few generalizations may prove a little more nearly clear than they might otherwise have been. So far as records can inform us, the state of human affairs has been least unsatisfactory at times when here and there society has reached a condition conventionally called civilized. No such condition as yet recorded has proved permanently stable; but some civilizations have lasted a good deal longer than others. As a matter of fact, two circumstances have always accompanied civilization, whether persistent or fleeting. These are public order and private property. It is not unreasonable, accordingly, to conclude that some natural social law, analogous to the natural laws of geology and of astronomy, requires their presence in any society fairly to be held civilized. Now the maintenance of public order and of private property inevitably involves considerable inconvenience, of course resented. Resentment, taking active shape, consequently and unfailingly attacks one, or the other, or both. When either yields to the attack, and still more when both so yield, civilization declines and withers. So far as we can see, the cause of such attacks, as it presents itself to the human

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mind, is an impulsive determination on the part of men, few or many, to have their own way, no matter what happens, without regard to natural law—an inexorable condition of social survival. It would seem to follow that the most nearly enduring, though not the most brilliant, civilizations are those which develop the greatest defensive strength, as distinguished from aggressive; in other words, that a conservative impulse is rather more healthy than a radical. Natural law is most nearly free to persist not when you try to make things suit you, but when you blunderingly attempt to discover what it is, and meanwhile to prevent anybody else—man, class, or mob—from running amuck in an effort to make things suit him or them. By and large, meanwhile, at times when this natural law has worked more or less freely, maintaining public order and sustaining private property, men have not instantly but gradually been apt to get something like their social deserts. That is, if their conduct through the three or four generations of a century has been favorable to civilization they have been better off at the end of the century than they were at the beginning, and *vice versa*. So there is a tenable case for the few who still believe that the most nearly free course of social justice—rewarding constructive qualities and punishing destructive—is the most favorable to civilized existence. These unpopular creatures would perhaps hold its relation to society to be something like the relation borne to vegetation by the sun.

One might thus proceed long, and never stray beyond the placid limits of commonplace. After all, we are only repeating, in terms no too novel, the morals tagged to familiar old fables—that of Babel, for example, that of the Belly and the Members, or that of the Goose which laid the Golden Eggs. They mean, when we come to business, that violation of natural law involves vexations like confusion of tongues, strikes, and Bolshevism. Very probably, such things cannot be helped at least for centuries. This, at any rate, seemed an opinion so deeply-rooted in four or five elderly men, of conservative disposition, that even an excellent dinner was powerless to change it. They were generally agreed that arbitrary interference with the natural law of society—whatever this may be—is what has brought to grief the civilizations of the past. They were disposed to think that just now the arbitrary conduct of Democracy, punishing constructive qualities and rewarding destructive—shackling, as a fervent Radical lately put it, the adroit and the strong—begins to make things look as if our present remnants of civilization might soon be a matter only of history. If so, we can probably do little or nothing to avert the catastrophe. Even if it come, though, the catastrophe will not prevent the daily miracle of sunrise.

WAITING

By Rosina H. Emmet

THROUGH the flat window looked an eager face,
Waiting for him to climb the little hill,
And by his touch and tenderness fulfil
The rapturous promise of his first embrace. . . .
Thus once she had known Heaven, by his grace,
An earthly Heaven, from which body's thrill,
And lip's desire were aching in her still,
Showing in hopeless longing their dread trace. . . .
And still she waits. Others are waiting too,
Shall their desires reach them from the skies,
And calm their hearts and rest their weary eyes,
And let them walk contented this life through?
Shall he not climb to their appointed spot?
Or shall they die still waiting, God! for what?

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IN MOROCCO

BY EDITH WHARTON

[FOURTH PAPER]

MARRAKECH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

THE WAY THERE

THERE are countless Arab tales of evil Djinns who take the form of sand-storms and hot winds to overwhelm exhausted travellers.

In spite of the new French road between Rabat and Marrakech the memory of such tales rises up insistently from the level red earth and the desolate stony stretches of the *bled*. As long as the road runs in sight of the Atlantic breakers they give the scene freshness and life; but when it bends inland and stretches away across the wilderness the sense of the immensity and immobility of Africa descends on one with an intolerable oppression.

The road traverses no villages, and not even a ring of nomad tents is visible in the distance on the wide stretches of arable land. At infrequent intervals our motor passed a train of laden mules, or a group of peasants about a well, and sometimes, far off, a fortified farm profiled its thick-set angle-towers against the sky, or a white *koubba* floated like a mirage above the brush; but these rare signs of life intensified the solitude of the long miles between.

At midday we were refreshed by the sight of the little oasis around the military-post of Settat. We lunched there with the commanding officer, in a cool Arab house about a flowery patio; but that brief interval over, the fiery plain began again. After Settat the road runs on for miles across the waste to the gorge of the Oued Ouem; and beyond the river it climbs to another plain so desperate in its calcined aridity that the prickly scrub of the wilderness we had left seemed like the vegetation of an oasis. For fifty kilometres the earth under our wheels was made up of a kind of glistening red slag covered with pebbles and stones. Not the scantest and toughest of rock-growths thrust a leaf through its brassy surface; not a well-head or a darker depression of the rock gave sign of a trickle of water. Everything around us glittered with the same unmerciful dryness.

A long way ahead loomed the line of the Djebilets, the Djinn-haunted mountains guarding Marrakech on the north. When at last we reached them the wicked glister of their purple flanks seemed like a volcanic upheaval of the plain. For some time we had watched the clouds gathering over them, and as we got to the top of the defile rain was falling from a fringe of thunder to the south. Then the vapours lifted, and we saw below us another red plain with an island of palms in its centre. Mysteriously, from the heart of the palms, a tower shot up, as if alone in the wilderness; behind it stood the sun-streaked cliffs of the Atlas, with snow summits appearing and vanishing through the storm.

As we drove downward the rock gradually began to turn to red earth fissured by yellow streams, and stray knots of palms sprang up, lean and dishevelled, about well-heads where people were watering camels and donkeys. To the east, dominating the oasis, the twin peaked hills of the Ghilis, fortified to the crest, mounted guard over invisible Marrakech; but still, above the palms, we saw only that lonely and triumphant tower.

Presently we crossed the Oued Tensif on an old bridge built by Moroccan engineers. Beyond the river were more palms, then olive-orchards, then the vague sketch of the new European settle-

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ment, with a few shops and cafés on avenues ending suddenly in clay pits; and at last Marrakech itself appeared to us, in the form of a red wall across a red wilderness.

We passed through a gate and were confronted by other ramparts. Then we entered an outskirt of dusty red lanes bordered by clay hovels with draped figures slinking by like ghosts. After that more walls, more gates, more endlessly winding lanes, more gates again, more turns, a dusty open space with donkeys and camels and negroes; a final wall with a great door under a lofty arch—and suddenly we were in the palace of the Bahia, among flowers and shadows and falling water.

II

THE BAHIA

WHOEVER would understand Marrakech must begin by mounting at sunset to the roof of the Bahia.

Outspread below lies the oasis-city of the south, flat and vast as the great nomad camp it really is, its low roofs extending on all sides to a belt of blue palms ringed with desert. Only two or three minarets and a few noblemen's houses among gardens break the general flatness; but they are hardly noticeable, so irresistibly is the eye drawn toward two dominant objects—the white wall of the Atlas and the red tower of the Koutoubya.

Foursquare, untapering, the great tower lifts its flanks of ruddy stone. Its large spaces of unornamented wall, its triple tier of clustered openings, lightening as they rise from the severe rectangular lights of the first stage to the graceful arcade below the parapet, have the stern harmony of the noblest architecture. The Koutoubya would be magnificent anywhere; in this flat desert it is grand enough to face the Atlas.

The Almohad conquerors who built the Koutoubya and embellished Marrakech dreamed a dream of beauty that extended from the Guadalquivir to the Sahara; and at its two extremes they placed their watch-towers. The Giralda watched over civilized enemies in a land of ancient Roman culture; the Koutoubya stood at the edge of the world, facing the hordes of the desert.

The Almoravid princes who founded Marrakech came from the black desert of Senegal; themselves were leaders of wild hordes. In the history of North Africa the same cycle has perpetually repeated itself. Generation after generation of chiefs have flowed in from the desert or the mountains, overthrown their predecessors, massacred, plundered, grown rich, built sudden palaces, encouraged their great servants to do the same; then fallen on them, and taken their wealth and their palaces. Usually some religious fury, some ascetic wrath against the self-indulgence of the cities, has been the motive of these attacks; but invariably the same results followed, as they followed when the Germanic barbarians descended on Italy. The conquerors, infected with luxury and mad with power, built vaster palaces, planned grander cities; but Sultans and Viziers camped in their golden houses as if on the march, and the mud huts of the tribesmen within their walls were but one degree removed from the mud-walled tents of the *bled*.

This was more especially the case with Marrakech, a city of Berbers and blacks, and the last outpost against the fierce black world beyond the Atlas from which its founders came. When one looks at its site, and considers its history, one can only marvel at the height of civilization it attained.

The Bahia itself, now the palace of the Resident General, though built less than a hundred years ago, is typical of the architectural megalomania of the great southern chiefs. It was built by Ba-Ahmed, the all-powerful black Vizier of the Sultan Moulay Hassan.* Ba-Ahmed was evidently an artist and an archæologist. His ambition was to re-create a Palace of Beauty such as the Moors had built in the prime of Arab art, and he brought to Marrakech skilled artificers of Fez, the last surviving masters of the mystery of chiselled plaster and ceramic mosaics and honeycombing of gilded cedar. They came, they built the Bahia, and it remains the loveliest and most fantastic of Moroccan palaces.

Court within court, garden beyond garden, reception halls, private apartments, slaves' quarters, sunny prophets' chambers on the roofs and baths in

*Moulay Hassan reigned from 1873 to 1894.

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vaulted crypts, the labyrinth of passages and rooms stretches away over several acres of ground. A long court enclosed in pale-green trellis-work, where pigeons plume themselves about a great tank and the dripping tiles glitter with refracted sunlight, leads to the fresh gloom of a cypress garden, or under jasmine tunnels bordered with running water; and these again open on arcaded apartments faced with tiles and stucco-work, where, in a languid twilight, the hours drift by to the ceaseless music of the fountains.

The beauty of Moroccan palaces is made up of details of ornament and refinements of sensuous delight too numerous to record; but to get an idea of their general character it is worth while to cross the Court of Cypresses at the Bahia and follow a series of low-studded passages that turn on themselves till they reach the centre of the labyrinth. Here, passing by a low padlocked door leading to a crypt, and known as the "Door of the Vizier's Treasure-House," one comes on a painted portal that opens into a still more secret sanctuary: The apartment of the Grand Vizier's Favourite.

This lovely prison, from which all sight and sound of the outer world are excluded, is built about an atrium paved with disks of turquoise and black and white. Water trickles from a central *vasca* of alabaster into a hexagonal mosaic channel in the pavement. The walls, which are at least twenty-five feet high, are roofed with painted beams resting on panels of traceried stucco in which is set a clerestory of jewelled glass. On each side of the atrium are long recessed rooms closed by vermilion doors painted with gold arabesques and vases of spring flowers; and into these shadowy inner rooms, spread with rugs and divans and soft pillows, no light comes except when their doors are opened into the atrium. In this fabulous place it was my good luck to be lodged while I was at Marrakech.

In a climate where, after the winter snow has melted from the Atlas, every breath of air, for long months, is a flame of fire, these enclosed rooms in the middle of the palaces are the only places of refuge from the heat. Even in October the temperature of the favourite's apartment was deliciously reviving after a morning in the bazaars or the dusty streets, and I never came back to its wet tiles and perpetual twilight without the sense of plunging into a deep sea-pool.

From far off, through circuitous corridors, came the scent of citron-blossom and jasmine, with sometimes a bird's song before dawn, sometimes a flute's wail at sunset, and always the call of the muezzin in the night; but no sunlight reached the apartment except in remote rays through the clerestory, and no air except through one or two broken panes.

Sometimes, lying on my divan, and looking out through the vermilion doors, I used to surprise a pair of swallows dropping down from their nest in the cedar-beams to preen themselves on the fountain's edge or in the channels of the pavement; for the roof was full of birds who came and went through the broken panes of the clerestory. Usually they were my only visitors; but one morning just at daylight I was waked by a soft tramp of bare feet, and saw, silhouetted against the cream-colored walls, a procession of eight tall negroes in linen tunics, who filed noiselessly across the atrium like a moving frieze of bronze. In that fantastic setting, and the hush of that twilight hour, the vision was so like the picture of a "Seraglio Tragedy," some fragment of a Delacroix or Decamps floating up into the drowsy brain, that I almost fancied I had seen the ghosts of Ba-Ahmed's executioners revisiting with dagger and bowstring the scene of an unavenged crime.

A cock crew, and they vanished . . . and when I made the mistake of asking what they had been doing in my room at that hour I was told (as though it were the most natural thing in the world) that they were the municipal lamp-lighters of Marrakech, whose duty it is to refill every morning the two hundred acetylene lamps lighting the palace of the Resident General. Such unforeseen aspects, in this mysterious city, do the most ordinary domestic functions wear.

III

THE BAZAARS

PASSING out of the enchanted circle of the Bahia it is startling to plunge into the native life about its gates.

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Marrakech is the great market of the south; and the south means not only the Atlas with its feudal chiefs and their wild clansmen, but all that lies beyond of heat and savagery: the Sahara of the veiled Touaregs, Dakka, Timbuctoo, Senegal and the Soudan. Here come the camel caravans from Demnat and Tameslout, from the Moulouya and the Souss, and those from the Atlantic ports and the confines of Algeria. The population of this old city of the southern march has always been even more mixed than that of the northerly Moroccan towns. It is made up of the descendants of all the peoples conquered by a long line of Sultans who brought their trains of captives across the sea from Moorish Spain and across the Sahara from Timbuctoo. Even in the highly cultivated region on the lower slopes of the Atlas there are groups of varied ethnic origin, the descendants of tribes transplanted by long-gone rulers and still preserving many of their original characteristics.

In the bazaars all these peoples meet and mingle: cattle-dealers, olive-growers, peasants from the Atlas, the Souss and the Draa, Blue Men of the Sahara, blacks from Senegal and the Soudan, coming in to trade with the wool-merchants, tanners, leather-merchants, silk-weavers, armourers and makers of agricultural implements.

Dark, fierce and fanatical are these narrow *souks* of Marrakech. They are mere mud lanes roofed with rushes, as in South Tunisia and Timbuctoo, and the crowds swarming in them are so dense that it is hardly possible, at certain hours, to approach the tiny raised kennels where the merchants sit like idols among their wares. One feels at once that something more than the thought of bargaining—dear as this is to the African heart—animates these incessantly moving throngs. The *souks* of Marrakech seem, more than any others, the central organ of a native life that extends far beyond the city walls into secret clefts of the mountains and far-off oases where plots are hatched and holy wars fomented—farther still, to yellow deserts whence negroes are secretly brought across the Atlas to that inmost recess of the bazaar where the ancient traffic in flesh and blood still surreptitiously goes on.

All these many threads of the native life, woven of greed and lust, of fetichism and fear and blind hate of the stranger, form, in the *souks*, a thick network in which at times one's feet seem literally to stumble. Fanatics in sheepskins glowering from the guarded thresholds of the mosques, fierce tribesmen with inlaid arms in their belts and the fighters' tufts of wiry hair escaping from camel's-hair turbans, mad negroes standing stark naked in niches of the walls and pouring down Soudanese incantations upon the fascinated crowd, consumptive Jews with pathos and cunning in their large eyes and smiling lips, lusty slave-girls with earthen oil-jars resting against swaying hips, almond-eyed boys leading fat merchants by the hand, and bare-legged Berber women, tattooed and insolently gay, trading their striped blankets, or bags of dried roses and irises, for sugar, tea or Manchester cottons—from all these hundreds of unknown and unknowable people, bound together by secret affinities, or intriguing against each other with secret hate, there emanates an atmosphere of mystery and menace more stifling than the smell of camels and spices and black bodies and smoking fry which hangs like a fog under the close roofing of the *souks*.

And suddenly one leaves the crowd and the turbid air for one of those quiet corners that are like the back-waters of the bazaars: a small square where a vine stretches across a shop-front and hangs ripe clusters of grapes through the reeds. In the patterning of grape-shadows a very old donkey, tethered to a stone-post, dozes under a pack-saddle that is never taken off; and near by, in a matted niche, sits a very old man in white. This is the chief of the Guild of "morocco" workers of Marrakech, the most accomplished craftsman in Morocco in the preparing and using of the skins to which the city gives its name. Of these sleek moroccos, cream-white or dyed with cochineal or pomegranate skins, are made the rich bags of the Chleuh dancing-boys, the embroidered slippers for the harem, the belts and harnesses that figure so largely in Moroccan trade—and of the finest, in old days, were made the pomegranate-red morocco bindings of European bibliophiles.

From this peaceful corner one passes

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into the barbaric splendor of a *souk* hung with innumerable plumy bunches of floss silk—skeins of citron yellow, crimson, grasshopper green and pure purple. This is the silk-spinners' quarter, and next to it comes that of the dyers, with great seething vats into which the raw silk is plunged, and ropes overhead where the rainbow masses are hung out to dry.

Another turn leads into the street of the metal-workers and armourers, where the sunlight through the thatch flames on round flanks of beaten copper or picks out the silver bosses of ornate powder-flasks and pistols; and near by is the *souk* of the plough-shares, crowded with peasants in rough Chleuh cloaks who are waiting to have their archaic ploughs repaired, and that of the smiths, in an outer lane of mud huts where negroes squat in the dust and sinewy naked figures in tattered loin-cloths bend over blazing coals. And here ends the maze of the bazaars.

IV

ON THE ROOFS

"SHOULD you like to see the Chleuh boys dance?" some one asked.

"There they are," another of our companions added, pointing to a dense ring of spectators on one side of the immense dusty square at the entrance of the *souks* —the "Square of the Dead" as it is called, in memory of the executions that used to take place under one of its grim red gates.

It is the square of the living now, the centre of all the life, amusement and gossip of Marrakech, and the spectators are so thickly packed about the story-tellers, snake-charmers and dancers who frequent it that one can guess what is going on within each circle only by the wailing monologue or the persistent drum-beat that proceeds from it.

Ah, yes—we should indeed like to see the Chleuh boys dance; we who, since we had been in Morocco, had seen no dancing, heard no singing, caught no single glimpse of merry-making! But how were we to get within sight of them?

On one side of the Square of the Dead stands a large house, of European build, but modelled on Oriental lines: the office of the French municipal administration. The French Government no longer allows its offices to be built within the walls of Moroccan towns, and this house goes back to the epic days of the Caïd Sir Harry Maclean, to whom it was presented by the fantastic Abd-el-Aziz when the Caïd was his favourite companion as well as his military adviser.

At the suggestion of the municipal officials we mounted the stairs and looked down on the packed square. There can be no more Oriental sight this side of the Atlas and the Sahara. The square is surrounded by low mud-houses, fondaks, cafés and the like. In one corner, near the archway leading into the *souks*, is the fruit-market, where the red-gold branches of unripe dates* for animal fodder are piled up in great stacks, and dozens of donkeys are coming and going, their panniers laden with fruits and vegetables which are being heaped on the ground in gorgeous pyramids: purple egg-plants, melons, cucumbers, bright orange pumpkins, mauve and pink and violet onions, rusty crimson pomegranates and the gold grapes of Sefrou and Salé, all mingled with fresh green sheaves of mint and wormwood.

In the middle of the square sit the story-tellers' turbaned audiences. Beyond these are the humbler crowds about the wild-ringleted snake-charmers with their epileptic gestures and hissing incantations, and farther off, in the densest circle of all, we could just discern the shaved heads and waving surpliced arms of the dancing-boys. Under an archway near by an important personage in white muslin, mounted on a handsome mule and surrounded by his attendants, sat with motionless face and narrowed eyes gravely following the movements of the dancers.

Suddenly, as we stood watching the extraordinary animation of the scene, a reddish light overspread it, and one of our companions exclaimed: "Ah—a dust-storm!"

In that very moment it was upon us: a red cloud rushing across the square out of nowhere, whirling the date-branches over the heads of the squatting throngs, tumbling down the stacks of fruits and vegetables, rooting up the canvas awnings over the lemonade-sellers' stalls and before the café doors, huddling the blinded donkeys under the walls of the fondak,

*Dates do not ripen in Morocco.

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and stripping to the hips the black slave-girls scudding home from the *souks*.

Such a blast would instantly have scattered any western crowd, but "the patient East" remained undisturbed, rounding its shoulders before the storm and continuing to follow attentively the motions of the dancers and the turns of the story-tellers. By and bye, however, the gale grew too furious, and the spectators were so involved in collapsing tents, eddying date-branches and stampeding mules that the square began to clear, save for the listeners about the most popular story-teller, who continued to sit on unmoved. And then, at the height of the storm, they too were abruptly scattered by the rush of a cavalcade across the square. First came a handsomely dressed man, carrying before him on his peaked saddle a tiny boy in a gold-embroidered orange caftan, in front of whom he held an open book; and behind them a train of white-draped men on showily harnessed mules, followed by musicians in bright dresses. It was only a Circumcision procession on its way to the mosque; but the dust-enveloped rider in his rich dress, clutching the bewildered child to his breast, looked like some Oriental prince trying to escape with his son from the fiery embraces of desert Erl-maidens.

As swiftly as it rose the storm subsided, leaving the fruit-market in ruins under a sky as clear and innocent as an infant's eye. The Chleuh boys had vanished with the rest, like marionettes swept into a drawer by an impatient child; but presently, toward sunset, we were told that we were to see them after all, and our hosts led us up to the roof of the Caïd's house.

The city lay stretched before us like one immense terrace circumscribed by palms. The sky was pure blue, verging to turquoise green where the Atlas floated above mist; and facing the celestial snows stood the Koutoubya, red in the sunset.

People were beginning to come out on the roofs: it was the hour of peace, of ablutions, of family life on the house-tops. Groups of women in pale tints and floating veils spoke to each other from terrace to terrace, through the chatter of children and the guttural calls of bedizened negresses. And presently, on the roof adjoining ours, appeared the slim dancing-boys with white caftans and hennaed feet.

The three swarthy musicians who accompanied them crossed their lean legs on the tiles and set up their throb-throb and thrum-thrum, and on a narrow strip of terrace the youths began their measured steps.

It was a grave static dance, such as David may have performed before the Ark; untouched by mirth or folly, as beseemed a dance in that sombre land, and borrowing its magic from its gravity. Even when the pace quickened with the stress of the music the gestures still continued to be restrained and hieratic; only when, one by one, the performers detached themselves from the round and knelt before us for the *peseta* it is customary to press on their foreheads, did one see, by the moisture which made the coin adhere, how quick and violent their movements had been.

The performance, like all things Oriental, like the life, the patterns, the stories, seemed to have no beginning and no end: it just went monotonously and indefatigably on till fate snipped its thread by calling us away to dinner. So at last we went down into the dust of the streets refreshed by that vision of white youths dancing on the house-tops against the gold of a sunset that made them look—in spite of ankle-bracelets and painted eyes—almost as guileless and happy as the round of angels on the roof of Fra Angelico's Nativity.

V

THE AGDAL

One of the Almohad Sultans who, during their hundred years of empire, scattered such great monuments from Seville to the Atlas, felt the need of coolness about his southern capital, and laid out the olive-yards of the Agdal.

To the south of Marrakech the Agdal extends for many acres between the outer walls of the city and the edge of the palm oasis—a continuous belt of silver foliage traversed by deep red lanes, and enclosing a wide-spreading summer palace and two immense reservoirs walled with masonry; and the vision of these serene sheets of water, in which the olives and palms are motionlessly reflected, is one of the most poetic impressions in that city of inveterate poetry romance.

On the edge of one of the reservoirs a

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From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

The gate of the Portuguese.

sentimental Sultan built in the last century a little pleasure-house called the Menara. It is composed of a few rooms with a two-storied loggia looking across the water to the palm-groves, and surrounded by a garden of cypresses and orange-trees. The Menara, long since abandoned, is usually uninhabited; but on the day when we drove through the Agdal we noticed, at the gate, a group of well-dressed servants holding mules with embroidered saddle-clothes.

The French officer who was with us asked the porter what was going on, and he replied that the Chief of the Guild of Wool-Merchants had hired the pavilion for a week and invited a few friends to visit him. They were now, the porter added, taking tea in the loggia above the lake; and the host, being informed of our presence, begged that we should do him and his friends the honour of visiting the pavilion.

In reply to this amiable invitation we crossed an empty saloon surrounded with divans and passed out onto the loggia where the wool-merchant and his guests were seated. They were evidently persons of consequence: large bulky men wrapped in fresh muslins and reclining side by side on muslin-covered divans and cushions. Black slaves had placed before them brass trays with pots of mint-tea, glasses in filigree stands, and dishes of gazelles' horns and sugar-plums; and they sat serenely absorbing these refreshments and gazing with large calm eyes upon the motionless water and the reflected trees.

So, we were told, they would probably spend the greater part of their holiday. The merchant's cooks had taken possession of the kitchens, and toward sunset a sumptuous repast of many courses would be carried into the saloon on covered trays, and the guests would squat about it on rugs of Rabat, tearing with their fingers the tender chicken wings and small artichokes cooked in oil, plunging their fat white hands to the wrist into huge mounds of saffron and rice, and washing

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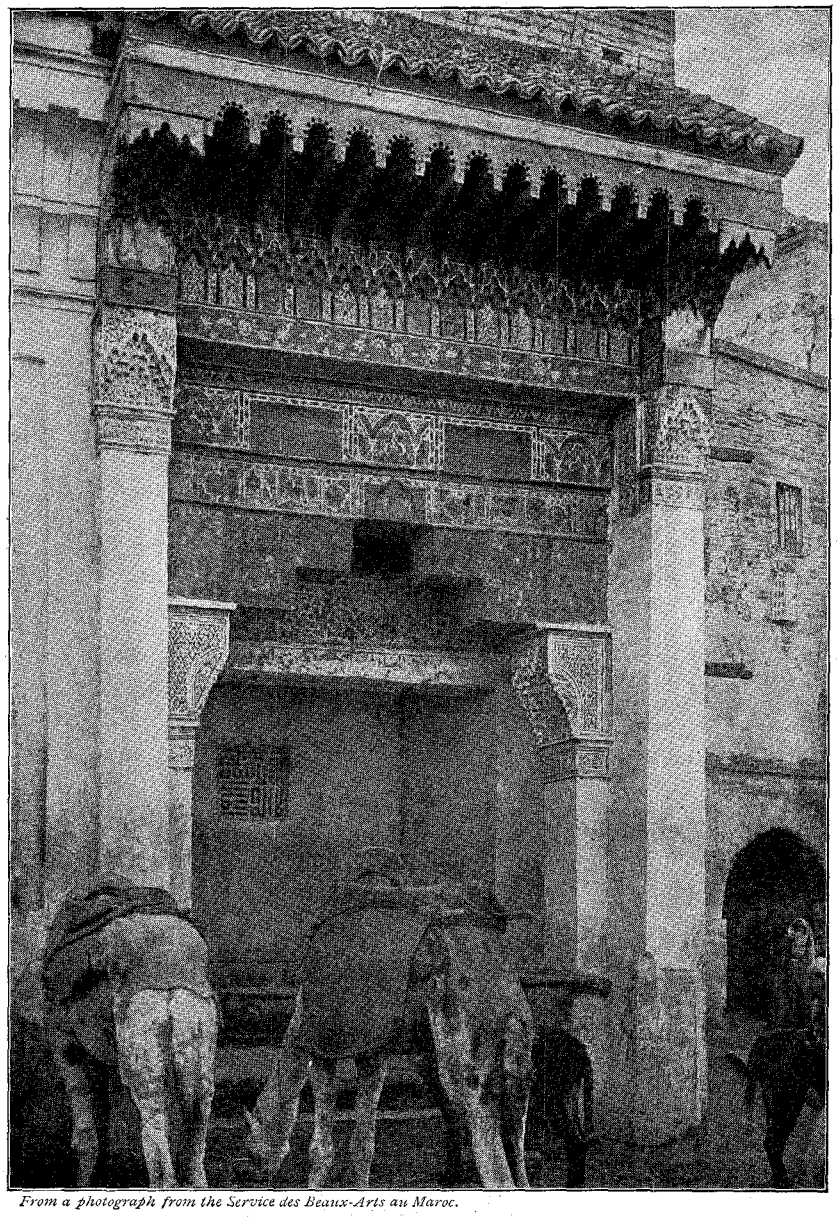

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

A street fountain.

off the traces of each course in the brass basin of perfumed water carried about by a young black slave-girl with hoop-earrings and a green-and-gold scarf about her hips.

Then the singing-girls would come out from Marrakech, squat, round-faced young women heavily hennaed and bejewelled, accompanied by gaunt musicians in bright caftans; and for hours they would sing sentimental or obscene ballads to the persistent maddening twang of violin and flute and drum. Meanwhile fiery brandy or sweet champagne would probably be passed around between the steaming glasses of mint-tea which the slaves perpetually refilled; or perhaps the sultry air, the heavy meal, the scent of the garden and the vertiginous repetition of the music would suffice to plunge these sedentary worthies into the delicious coma in which every festive evening in Morocco ends.

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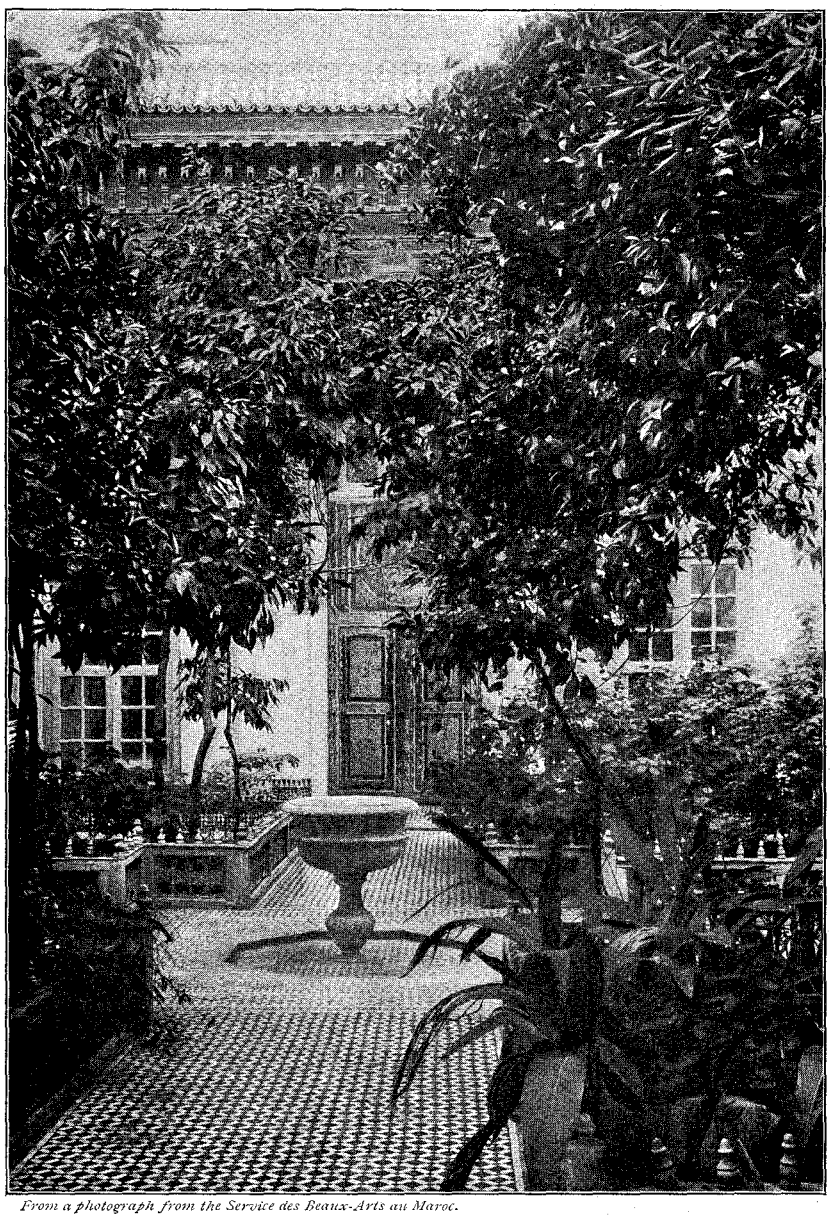

From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.

The palace of the Bahia.
The "Little Garden" (with painted doors in background).

The next day would be spent in the same manner, except that probably the Chleuh boys with sidelong eyes and clean caftans would come instead of the singing girls, and weave the arabesque of their dance in place of the runic pattern of the singing. But the result would always be the same: a prolonged state of obese ecstasy culminating in the collapse of huge heaps of snoring muslin on the divans against the wall. Finally at the week's end the wool-merchant and his friends would all ride back with dignity to the bazaar.

VI

THE SAADIAN TOMBS

On one of the last days of our stay in Marrakech we were told, almost mys-

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teriously, that permission was to be given us to visit the tombs of the Saadian Sultans.

Though Marrakech has been in the hands of the French since 1912, the very existence of these tombs was unknown to the authorities till 1917. Then the Sultan's government privately informed the Resident General that an unsuspected treasure of Moroccan art was falling into ruin, and after some hesitation it was agreed that General Lyautey and the Director of Fine Arts should be admitted to the mosque containing the tombs, on the express condition that the French Government undertook to repair them. While we were at Rabat General Lyautey had described his visit to us, and it was at his request that the Sultan authorized us to see the mosque, to which no travellers had as yet been admitted.

With a good deal of ceremony, and after the customary *pourparlers* with the great Pasha who controls native affairs at Marrakech, an hour was fixed for our visit, and we drove through long lanes of mud-huts to a lost quarter near the walls. At last we came to a deserted square on one side of which stands the long low mosque of Mansourah with a turquoise-green minaret embroidered with traceries of sculptured terracotta. Opposite the mosque is a gate in a crumbling wall; and at this gate the Pasha's Cadi was to meet us with the keys of the mausoleum. But we waited in vain. Oriental dilatoriness, or a last secret reluctance to admit unbelievers to a holy place, had caused the Cadi to forget his appointment; and we drove away disappointed.

From a photograph by Félix-Marrakech.

The great court, palace of the Bahia.

The delay drove us to wondering about these mysterious Saadian Sultans, who, though coming so late in the annals of Morocco, had left at least one monument said to be worthy of the Merenid tradition. And the tale of the Saadians is worth telling.

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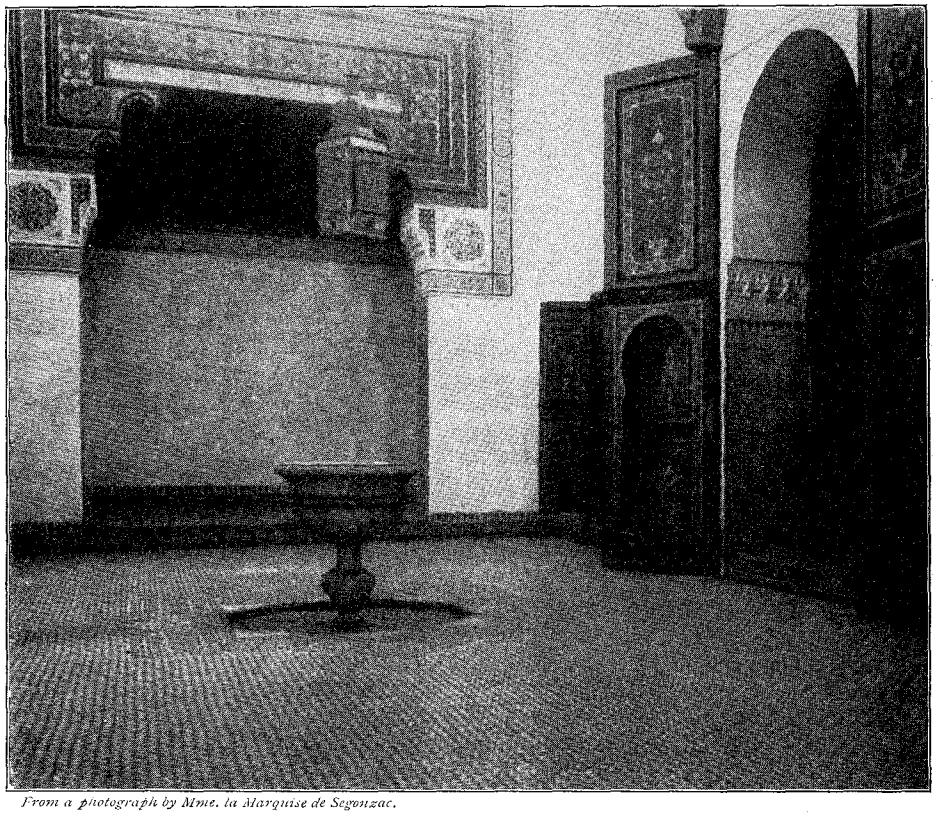
They came from Arabia to the Draa (the fruitful country south of the Great Atlas) early in the fifteenth century, when the Merenid empire was already near disintegration. Like all previous invaders they preached the doctrine of a pure Islamism to the polytheistic and indifferent Berbers, and found a ready hearing because they denounced the evils of a divided empire, and also because the whole of Morocco was in revolt against the Christian colonies of Spain and Portugal, which had encircled the coast from Ceuta to Agadir with a chain of fortified counting-houses. To *bouter dehors* the money-making unbeliever was an object that found adherents from the Rif to the Sahara, and the Saadian cherifs soon rallied a mighty following to their standard. Islam, though it never really gave a creed to the Berbers, supplied them with a war-cry as potent to-day as when it first rang across Barbary.



From a photograph by Mme. la Marquise de Segonzac.

Apartment of the Grand Vizier's favorite, palace of the Bahia.

The history of the Saadians is a foreshortened record of that of all their predecessors. They overthrew the artistic and luxurious Merenids, and in their turn became artistic and luxurious. Their greatest Sultan, Abbou-el-Abbas, surnamed the Golden, after defeating the Merenids and putting an end to Christian rule in Morocco by the crushing victory of El Ksar (1578), bethought him in his turn of enriching himself and beautifying his capital, and with this object in view turned his attention to the black kingdoms of the south.

Senegal and the Soudan, which had been Mohammedan since the eleventh century, had attained in the sixteenth century a high degree of commercial wealth and artistic civilization. The Sultanate of Timbuctoo seems in reality to have been a thriving empire, and if Timbuctoo was not the Claude-like vision of Carthaginian palaces which it became in

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the tales of imaginative travellers, it apparently had something of the magnificence of Fez and Marrakech.

The Saadian army, after a march of four and a half months across the Sahara, conquered the whole black south. Senegal, the Soudan and Bornou submitted to Abbou-el-Abbas, the Sultan of Timbuctoo was dethroned, and the celebrated negro jurist Ahmed-Baba was brought a prisoner to Marrakech, where his chief sorrow appears to have been for the loss of his library of 1,600 volumes—though he declared that, of all the numerous members of his family, it was he who possessed the smallest number of books.

Besides this learned bibliophile, the Sultan Abbou-el-Abbas brought back with him an immense booty, principally of ingots of gold, from which he took his surname of "The Golden"; and as the result of the expedition Marrakech was embellished with mosques and palaces for which the Sultan brought marble from Carrara, paying for it with loaves of sugar from the sugar-cane that the Saadians grew in the Souss.

In spite of these brilliant beginnings the rule of the dynasty was short and without subsequent interest. Based on a fanatical antagonism against the foreigner, and fed by the ever-wakeful hatred of the Moors for their Spanish conquerors, it raised ever higher the Chinese walls of exclusiveness which the more enlightened Almohads and Merenids had sought to overthrow. Henceforward less and less daylight and fresh air were to penetrate into the *souks* of Morocco.

The day after our unsuccessful attempt to see the tombs of these ephemeral rulers we received another message, naming an hour for our visit; and this time the Pasha's representative was waiting in the archway. We followed his lead, under the openly mistrustful glances of the Arabs who hung about the square, and after picking our way through a twisting lane between walls we came out into a filthy nettle-grown space against the ramparts. At intervals of about thirty feet splendid square towers rose from the walls, and facing one of them lay a group of crumbling buildings masked behind other ruins.

We were led first into a narrow mosque or praying-chapel, like those of the medersas, with a coffered cedar ceiling resting on four marble columns, and traceried walls of unusually beautiful design. From this chapel we passed into the hall of the tombs, a cube about forty feet square. Fourteen columns of colored marble sustain a domed ceiling of gilded cedar, with an exterior deambulatory under a tunnel-vaulting also roofed with cedar. The walls are, as usual, of chiselled stucco, above revêtements of ceramic mosaic, and between the columns lie the white marble cenotaphs of the Saadian Sultans, covered with Arabic inscriptions in the most delicate low-relief. Beyond this central mausoleum, and balancing the praying-chapel, lies another long narrow chamber, gold-ceilinged also, and containing a few tombs.

It is difficult, in describing the architecture of Morocco, to avoid producing an impression of monotony. The ground-plan of mosques and medersas is always practically the same; and the same elements, few in number and endlessly repeated, make up the materials and the form of the ornament. The effect upon the eye is not monotonous, for a patient art has infinitely varied the combinations of pattern and the juxtapositions of color, while the depth of undercutting of the stucco, and the treatment of the bronze doors and of the carved cedar corbels, necessarily varies with the periods which produced them.

But in the Saadian mausoleum a new element has been introduced which makes this little monument a thing apart. The marble columns supporting the roof appear to be unique in Moroccan architecture, and they lend themselves to a new roof-plan which relates the building rather to the tradition of Venice or Byzantine by way of Kairouan and Cordova.

The late date of the monument precludes any idea of a direct artistic tradition. The most probable explanation seems to be that the architect of the mausoleum was familiar with European Renaissance architecture, and saw the beauty to be derived from using precious marbles not merely as ornament but, in the Roman and Italian way, as a structural element. Panels and fountain-basins are ornament, and ornament changes

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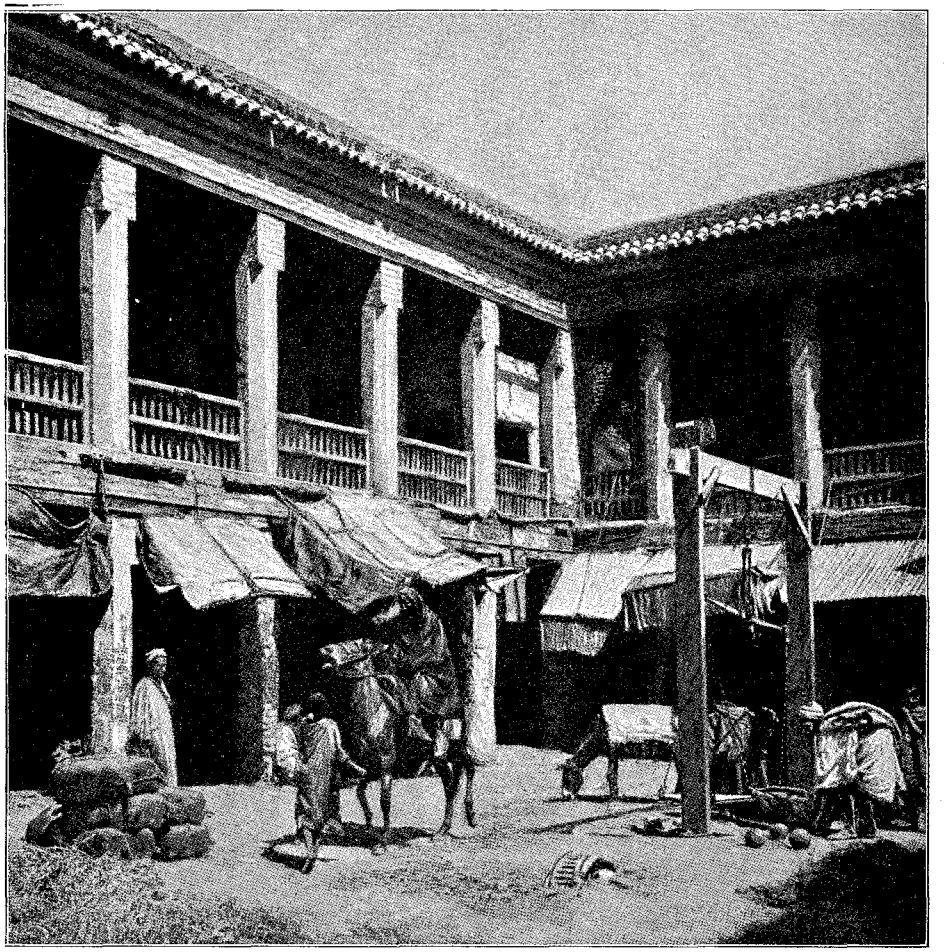
nothing essential in architecture; but when, for instance, heavy square piers are replaced by detached columns, a new style results.

It is not only the novelty of its plan that makes the Saadian mausoleum singular among Moroccan monuments. The details of its ornament are of the most intricate refinement: it seems as though the last graces of the expiring Merenid art had been gathered up into this rare blossom. And the slant of sunlight on lustrous columns, the depths of fretted gold, the dusky ivory of the walls and the pure white of the cenotaphs, so classic in spareness of ornament and simplicity of design—this subtle harmony of form and color gives to the dim rich chapel an air of dream-like unreality.

And how can it seem other than a dream? Who can have conceived, in the heart of a savage Saharan camp, the serenity and balance of this hidden place? And how came such fragile loveliness to survive, preserving, behind a screen of tumbling walls, of nettles and offal and dead beasts, every curve of its traceries and every cell of its honeycombing?

Such questions inevitably bring one back to the central riddle of the mysterious North African civilization: the perpetual flux and the immovable stability, the barbarous customs and sensuous refinements, the absence of artistic orig-



From a photograph from "France-Maroc."

A Fondak, Marrakech.

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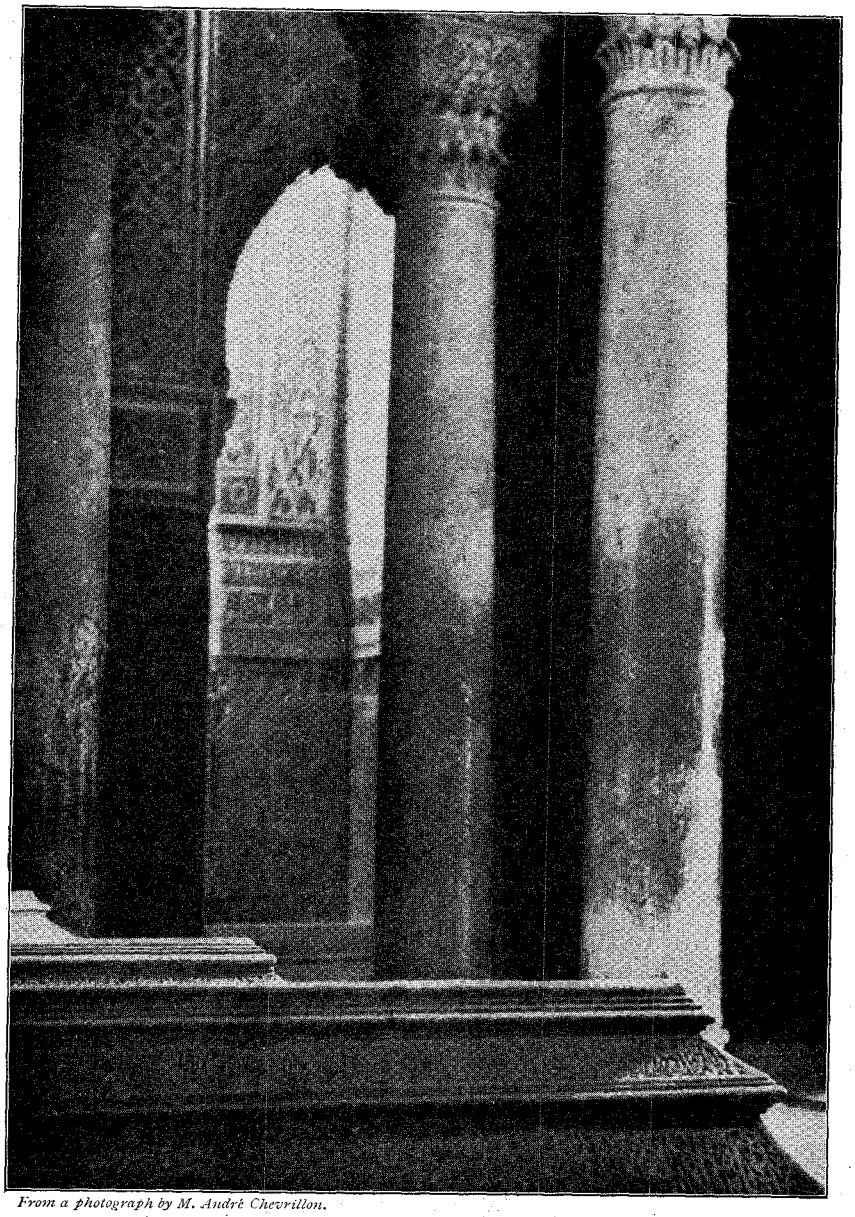

From a photograph by M. André Chevrillon.

Mausoleum of the Saadian Sultans (16th century) showing the tombs.

inality and the gift for regrouping borrowed motives, the patient and exquisite workmanship and the immediate neglect and degradation of the thing once made.

Revering the dead and camping on their graves, elaborating exquisite monuments only to abandon and defile them, venerating scholarship and wisdom and living in ignorance and grossness, these gifted races, perpetually struggling to reach some higher level of culture from which they have always been swept down by a fresh wave of barbarism, are still only a people in the making.

It may be that the political stability which France is helping them to acquire will at last give their higher qualities time for fruition; and when one looks at the mausoleum of Marrakech and the medersas of Fez one feels that, were the experiment made on artistic grounds alone, it would yet be well worth making.

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THE ROMANCE OF A PRACTISING PH.D.

By Robert Rudd Whiting

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

MOIRA O'NEIL was Dr. Jason Bright's very first patient. This is how it came about.

Moira was the painter girl who occupied the top floor of the old house in which Bright had just taken rooms on the ground floor. Red-headed girls are just as difficult to make well as is mayonnaise dressing. You know how it is with mayonnaise dressing: if you stir the wrong way, or add just the least little drop of something just the fraction of a moment too soon, then it makes no difference how long or how hard you stir—it can never be anything more than an untempting mess of disintegrated ingredients.

It's the same way with red-headed girls. If the confecting angels make the least little slip the whole thing is spoiled. The hair becomes carroty, the eyes become a pale, watery blue with red rims, the cream of the complexion curdles, and the slender hands shrivel up and become bony and clawlike.

But when, once in a great while, everything goes right and the confecting angels turn out a really successful red-headed girl—jade-green eyes, black lashes, ivory skin—then, look out, Earth! The only way you can tell that they're really merely mortal is that every once in a while one of them has a headache, just like ordinary girls.

Moira O'Neil had a headache. She had complained of it to Mrs. Keppel, the landlady, when Mrs. Keppel had dropped in to see whether something or other was some place or other or not.

"My head's simply splitting, and I've got to have this cover finished by tomorrow."

Moira stood gazing resentfully at the pastel on the easel before her. "I thought I had it finished yesterday, but now they want the color scheme changed so they can put orange lettering across the top." She clutched her aching forehead.

"You ought to see a doctor," decided Mrs. Keppel with a sudden inspiration. "The gentleman who moved in on the ground floor is a doctor."

"What kind of a doctor is he?" asked Moira, hesitating. "I don't feel well enough to have an osteopath."

"That I don't know. I only know that he came to me with a letter of introduction from Prof. Jones, of Columbia, who had the rooms two years ago. 'My good friend Dr. Jason Bright,' the professor called him. And any doctor that Prof. Jones calls his good friend is all right. The professor was a fine gentleman, if he did forget and leave the hot water running sometimes. But come, you poor child. Slip off your overall"—evidently the artist's smock that Moira wore. "We'll go down and the doctor will fix you up in a jiffy. And he's such a nice young man."

"But—but perhaps he isn't ready to practise yet," Moira feebly protested. "He hasn't got any sign in the window or anything." However, she was already following Mrs. Keppel down the stairs.

"Come in," called a boyish voice in response to Mrs. Keppel's knock. She opened the door, ushering Moira in ahead of her. A grave-faced, slender young man arose to his feet and seemed searching for some place to knock out his pipe.

"This is Miss O'Neil, Dr. Bright. She's got a headache." With which explanation Mrs. Keppel withdrew, closing the door behind her.

"Won't you sit down?" invited Dr. Bright, indicating the chair that a man would consider the most comfortable.

"Thank you," said Moira, selecting the chair that a woman would prefer.

There followed an awkward pause. Moira made her host feel that something was expected of him.

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"I—er—I'm sorry your head aches," he finally said with much diffidence.

What an odd professional manner, thought Moira. It seemed to be up to her to state her case without the help of the usual leading questions.

"It began a couple of days ago," she volunteered. "I've been working too hard lately. I simply had to get a lot of things done. And to-day it's been getting worse until I'm almost ready to swear."

His well-bred face expressed sympathy. "Why don't you?" he suggested a bit vaguely.

"Why don't I what?"

"Why don't you swear?" Then, seeing the look of indignation that flashed over her, he immediately became embarrassed. "Please," he protested, "I didn't mean—er—that is, so many well-bred young women *do* swear nowadays, and, honestly, I think it's fine! I was sort of shocked when I first came to New York—I'm still pretty provincial in some ways, I suppose—but when I began to reason it out I saw that swearing by ladies is really going to be a wonderful benefit to civilization."

He spoke with a whimsical seriousness that fascinated as well as puzzled her.

"Profanity," he mused, half to himself, "is the natural outlet of our unpleasant feelings." He pursed his lips and brought the tips of his long fingers together in the approved manner of a college professor. "The man who never swears keeps the poison within him. That's why old maids are so acid. In the narrow days of our fathers it was held that a good round oath was unmaidenly. But now, thanks to our broader ideas concerning woman's bringing up, the term 'old maid' will soon lose its stigma. Instead of acid old maids whose natural milk of human kindness has been soured by pent-up profanity, we'll see genial old bachelor ladies, blasphemous and lovable."

A horrible suspicion crossed Moira's mind. She glanced at the impressive rows of books around the walls. She got up and went over to them. The first title that caught her eye was—"Alice in Wonderland!"

"Just what sort of a doctor are you?" she demanded, facing him accusingly.

"Me? Ph.D.—Doctor of Philosophy, Princeton. Why?"

"Doctor of philosophy!" she said with withering contempt. "Who ever heard of a practising doctor of philosophy, I'd like to know?"

"Who, indeed?" He seemed to be considering the matter. "But why not? I—" Something in her eyes caused him to stop. Suddenly it dawned upon him. "I see. Why, good heavens! You thought— That's why you told me you had a headache. You thought I was a regular doctor."

Their eyes met. Hers crinkled at the corners an instant before his, and they both laughed.

"It was Mrs. Keppel who told me you were a doctor. She insisted upon my showing you my headache. And at that I think your philosophy has entirely driven it away," she discovered with a smile. "So now, if you'll tell me your fee——"

He doubtfully stroked his chin. "As to fees, I suppose it's pretty much the same with a doctor of philosophy as it is with any other kind of a doctor—medicine, tooth, or horse—you send in your bill when the case is concluded. Your headache is probably all right, but just as a matter of precaution I think you'd better let me drop in on you about this time to-morrow and let me see how you're getting along. In the meantime," he told her, with his best professional manner, "you may continue the present treatment. That is to say—er—swear whenever you feel like it."

At the door she paused as if she had forgotten something. "Damn!" she said sweetly, and hurried up the stairs to her studio.

Dr. Bright stared at the door a moment as though her image had not entirely faded with her going. Then he relighted his pipe, sprawled himself out in an easy chair, and let his thoughts weave alluring pictures in the slowly rising smoke.

A shy, diffident man as he moved about in physical every-day life, when his mind wandered back through the centuries he became the very devil of a fellow, a veritable prince of ardent lovers. And red-headed sirens had always held a particular lure for him. He saw them now swaying in gorgeous procession through the filmy, blue-gray veil arising from his pipe. There were Cleopatra and Du Barry and

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—Moira O'Neil; there was Lucrezia Borgia—and Moira O'Neil; there were Madame de Montespan and Mary, Queen of Scots—and Moira O'Neil; there was—Moira O'Neil.

Up-stairs in her studio, Moira herself, filled with the buoyancy that the Irish always derive from a whimsical adventure, was cheerfully slapping away at the color changes the art editor wanted in her picture. A practising doctor of philosophy! she thought with a smile in her eyes. And how dreadful it would have been if he hadn't been just queer enough to make it all seem so natural!

She liked his grave face, his crisp, wavy hair, and his gracefully slender figure. It was as if he belonged to another century and had put aside his stock and ruffles to masquerade in the present. Why was it, she wondered, that nowadays the men who should have their portraits painted never could afford to, while the men who can afford to never should have their portraits painted.

What a wonderful portrait the doctor would make, hanging on the walls of his great-grandchildren's library! That's what he was, she decided with enthusiasm at having so cleverly placed him—a contemporary ancestor. Jason Bright, practising doctor of philosophy and contemporary ancestor!

The following morning, when Moira had made her toast and coffee and had washed the dishes, she wrapped up her revised cover illustration, carefully adjusted a limp, gray-green hat that spoke well of her hair, and started forth. In the lower hall she met Mrs. Keppel.

"And how's the head?" the landlady asked.

"Why, that's for you to say," giving her hair and hat a little touch of adjustment. "I rather fancied it myself," she added invitingly.

"I knew the doctor would cure you," said the landlady. "He seems to have a natural gift for it. This morning when the boys were playing war out in the street here, little Tony Baccigalupo had a terrible fall and was bawlin' his poor little head off when the doctor went out. He ran over to him and had him on his feet in no time. He took him into Schmidt's, the druggist's, to get him some medicine, and when they came out Tony was the happiest kid you ever saw in all your life."

"What sort of medicine did he give him, I wonder," mused Moira.

"I don't know. Something in a paper bag. Tony was taking it when they came out."

"Oh," murmured Moira in understanding.

"And don't worry about his bill, dearie," the landlady reassured her. "The thought of money never seems to enter his head."

Moira thanked her and went on out to see her art editor. Just how could a practising doctor of philosophy charge his patients, she wondered. Of course he couldn't take money. Probably he'd have to find his reward in his own philosophy. Still, there must be some way in which a grateful patient could suitably express her appreciation. Suddenly she had an inspiration.

The art editor approved of the change in her picture.

"I don't think it hurts it very much myself," she told him sweetly.

On her way home she made some purchases in a little glazier's shop. The rest of the morning she worked painstakingly in her studio. That afternoon she summoned Mrs. Keppel to view the result of her labor.

"Sure an' ain't it just what he needs, now," said Mrs. Keppel admiringly. "He never comes in until after four, an' I've got the tacks an' everything, so we can have it all ready for him before he gets home. Won't it be the grand surprise!"

It was a grand surprise. That afternoon when Jason Bright drew near the house he saw an old gentleman, two or three children of the neighborhood, and an Italian woman with a baby in her arms all gazing at his window. He paused to learn the object of their interest. There in the right-hand lower corner of the window was an oblong of translucent glass with this inscription, neatly lettered in black:

DR. JASON BRIGHT
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

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Instinctively he glanced toward the top of the house just in time to see a window quickly closed.

The following afternoon, on her way out, Moira, acting on impulse, paused at his door and timidly knocked.

"Come in," he called absently. He looked up reluctantly from a map that was spread upon his table.

"Oh! Come in! And how's the patient to-day?" he asked in his cheeriest professional manner. He followed her amused glance to the mantel where rested the professional shingle she had painted for him the day before.

"I hope you won't think I'm unappreciative. But a gentleman with a black eye came in for treatment before breakfast this morning, and I really thought I'd better take my sign out of the window. Philosophy is often a splendid preventive for black eyes, but raw beefsteak is better once the crisis is reached. How is your headache?"

"I don't know. It hasn't been 'round. I just dropped in to tell you." She arose to go.

"I think, perhaps, your diet needs watching," he told her gravely. "If you have no other engagement this evening," —and then he grew confused—"purely professionally, of course—I should like to—er—supervise your dining."

"Are you asking me to dinner?"

"As your doctor—we must look at your case philosophically—I——"

She smiled at his embarrassment. "All right, then, Dr. Bright. I'll knock for you on my way out this evening. About seven. Don't dress; I'm going to take you to Molly's."

It was almost eight when she tapped at his door. He noted that she wore a close-fitting little dull-green hat that set off the glorious red of her hair without fading the color of her eyes. This was a great deal for Dr. Bright to notice about any woman later than the time of Madame du Barry.

"My frock is nice, too," she told him with a smile.

"I—I—" And he held the door open for her.

"Have you ever been to Molly's? It's rather a Bohemian sort of place."

"That will be fine."

The big, low-ceilinged basement room was crowded, but Moira evidently was well known to the place, and a table was found for them. When he had ordered, Bright's glance wandered about the room. Moira began to identify for him various elements of the buzz and clatter.

That man at the big table was Owens, who taught music. The man sketching pictures on the table-cloth—just beyond the sickly looking blond woman—that was Karton, of *Vim*. Those were the Pingrey sisters with him. And Byron, the vers libre man—no, the one with the long hair and thick glasses—he's almost blind The girl with him, with the artificial grapes in her hair, is Xena Barclay. She doesn't go in for anything herself, but she has money and is always helping out struggling poets, or writers of struggling poetry, rather.

"She's queer-looking and all that," Moira assured him, "but she's the best-hearted thing in the world."

"I've often noticed," commented Jason, "that when a woman has a heart of gold it usually requires an awfully near-sighted man to see it."

He gazed around the room with an air of amused tolerance.

"I'm afraid you don't care much for Bohemia," she concluded.

"Care for it? I love it!" His sudden vehemence startled her. Then he smiled, and continued in his customary gentle drawl: "You must forgive my impulsiveness. I—I was thinking of something else."

Her green eyes, narrowed a little, sought an explanation.

A tall young lieutenant, followed by a thick-set little man in a heavily braided cutaway, were being ushered past them to a table back of Jason. Moira's attention wandered to the thick-set man who had taken the seat facing her. He might have been thirty, or forty-five, or even younger or older. He had a broad face with little, wide-set eyes. He seemed stupid until the officer said something to make him smile. She liked his broad, childlike smile.

"Another celebrity?" wondered Jason with mild amusement.

"Oh, no. He doesn't belong here.

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"You ought to see a doctor," decided Mrs. Keppel.—Page 487.

He's an outsider who has heard about the place and just came down to see the celebrities eat."

Jason turned to look. Suddenly the little man caught sight of him and his whole face lighted up. He got up and came over to them.

"How do you do?" he beamed with a jerky little bow.

"Miss O'Neil—Mr. Cermaska."

Mr. Cermaska made another jerky bow.

"You went directly to Washington?" Jason asked.

"Just back. Everything fine," with a childlike smile in proof of it.

"You received my telegram?"

"To-morrow. Half-past three," as if repeating a lesson.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Moira.

"Thank you," he declined. "My nephew"—proudly indicating the young officer he had just left—"he goes back to camp to-night."

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"I'm afraid you don't care much for

"Miss O'Neil has been pointing out all the celebrities here to me."

"I'm afraid Dr. Bright doesn't care much for Bohemia," said Moira.

Cermaska beamed, first at Moira, then at Jason, as if the three of them shared some huge joke.

"Well, good-by," with a bow to Moira. "Good-by," with a bow to Jason. And he went back to his nephew.

Soon afterward Moira and Jason left.

"What a queer man your friend Mr. Cermaska is!" said Moira as they were walking home. "What is he? I mean, where does he come from?"

Without looking at him, she could sense the doctor's smile.

"He's a Bohemian. Bohemia the country—not the state of mind."

On her way in and out, Moira fell into the habit, whenever she found his door ajar, of dropping in "to see the doctor." And he fell more and more into the habit of leaving his door ajar. She loved his quaint bits of philosophy, and early in her

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Bohemia," she concluded.—Page 490.

visits she discovered his partiality for the red-headed ladies of history. They had been having tea, conversation had lapsed, and he was gazing absently at the top of her head.

"What's the matter with it?" she demanded, feeling anxiously of her hair.

"Nothing. That is—I was thinking of Cleopatra."

"Cleopatra?"

"Yes. She had red hair, you know. And Mary, Queen of Scots," he went on enthusiastically. "And Lucrezia Borgia, and Du Barry, and Madame de Montespan, and——"

"Well, I can't help it, can I?"

"No, praise be!" he said devoutly. She looked him squarely in the eyes in a way that made him delightfully uncomfortable.

"After this," she told him as she was leaving, "if you still think my health needs the philosophical attention of a doctor, I think you'd better visit me. Your waiting-room is always so crowded with other red-headed women who have

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arrived centuries before me that I really can't spare the time. I usually have tea about five."

Several times she saw Cermaska either leaving or coming to the doctor's rooms. Once, from the landing above, as she was coming down, she heard Cermaska's voice as he was taking his leave.

"No," she heard him say very decidedly. "We risked losing you once before. Poor economy using 16-inch gun to kill flies. Fly-swatter, five cents. Some one else just as good over there. Need you here." Hearing her foot upon the stairs, he glanced up. He made his jerky little bow and said: "How do you do?" He turned to the doctor. "Monday, then. Same hour." And with another bow he departed.

The doctor, smiling, waited for her at his door. She accepted his silent invitation and followed him in.

"You know," she said, while he was preparing the tea, "the other night I thought that your friend Mr. Cermaska spoke with an accent. But he doesn't. It's just that he talks like a cable—with all the little, unimportant words left out."

"He thinks that way, too."

"Who are Bohemians?" she asked. "They're up in the northern part of Austria, I know, but they have been fighting against the Germans, haven't they?"

"Have been for over twelve centuries. They began against Charlemagne. Their battle against the Hapsburgs is a comparatively recent affair. That's only been going on about four hundred years. If you're really interested—" He went over to the bookshelves and drew out a slender paper-covered volume. "Read this some time."

"I will. I'm awfully ignorant about them, I know. You see——"

"You know a lot more about them than most people." Jason's eyes were alight with enthusiasm and he was pacing up and down the room. Moira, fascinated, watched him. "The one nation with no front of its own which has fought on every front. Forced into the Austrian army, they desert to the enemy who arm them so that they can fight the hated Austrians. Captured, there is no imprisonment for them; only the firing-squad. They are fighting with France and Italy. They fought for Russia, even after the poor, deluded Russians themselves had laid down their arms. When there was no more ammunition forthcoming, they attacked without ammunition, captured the first-line trench, picked up enough grenades and guns to take the second-line trench, and even penetrate the third, before they were finally forced back. At last, deserted by their fellow Slavs, they started out for Vladivostock, 150,000 strong, in the hope of ultimately reaching some other country where they could continue fighting for their ideal—liberty and freedom of conscience.

"From the very beginning of the war, in 1914, with their country surrounded by its oppressors, those outside were in constant touch with their people at home. And whenever one spy is caught and shot, there are hundreds—men and women alike—ready to fill the vacancy. I wish I could tell you—" He paused, then continued, a little bitterly: "Yet these are the people who for a time were being discharged from our munitions factories because they were Austrian subjects! These are the people who were in some instances refused permission to fly their flag with those of the Allies—because Bohemia is a part of Austria!

"However, all that is changed now, since the United States has so splendidly come out in full recognition of the rights and aspirations of this noble people.

"Hello—" He found that all the water in the tea-kettle had boiled away. Moira thoughtfully watched him while he was refilling it.

"How did you come to take so much interest in these people?" she wondered. "You're not a Bohemian yourself, are you?"

"No," he laughed. "It's rather an odd story. Several years ago I was down in a little town in Pennsylvania where I could finish up some work I was on without being distracted by knowing people. The owner of the one motion-picture place in town was a Magyar—a Hungarian, you know. Many of his patrons were Czechs and Slovaks—Bohemians. On the occasion of some big Austrian celebration he announced on his programmes that his theatre would celebrate the event by showing pictures of the emperor, the grand duke, and others of the Hapsburg royal family. His

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Czecho-Slovak patrons, through their local society, protested. He told them that this was a free country. Which, they retorted, made it the last place in the world for the Hapsburgs.

"The more I heard about the affair the more interested I became, and on the night that the pictures were to be shown I was on hand early. From the bulging pockets of those around me and the paper bags they carried I suspected what would happen. The instant the first Austrian picture was thrown upon the screen—it was the archduke, as it happened—there was a furious fusillade of rotten vegetables and eggs from all parts of the house, and the screen was bespattered until there was scarcely an inch of it that was not soiled and dripping. Everybody seemed to be shouting and throwing something at the stage, with one exception. A stolid, broad-faced youth next to me had instinctively whirled about and was delivering *his* missiles, with riflelike accuracy, at the picture-machine in the gallery and the man who operated it. This interested me. Throughout the uproar I stuck close to him, and when, in the course of the rioting, some current finally forced us violently out into the street, I fell in beside him.

"I think I agree with Dr. Bright. I think he should go."—Page 496.

"'Tell me,' I said; 'the others all threw at the pictures. Why did you throw at the machine?'

"'Machines makes the pictures,' he answered laconically. He looked at me. Apparently he was satisfied. 'Like killing kings and archdukes. That does no good. We must destroy machine—system—which makes kings and archdukes,' he explained, suddenly breaking into a broad, childlike smile."

"Cermaska," murmured Moira.

"And that's how I became more or less interested in these people. How do you like your tea?" he asked, putting in the usual two lumps and cream without waiting for her reply.

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Moira remembered Cermaska's parting words to him a little while ago— "We risked losing you once before; we need you here." She was glad he was doing something in the war—something dangerous. She had thought, before she knew, that if only he were the sort of man who would go to war a woman could love him enough to be perfectly miserable when he did go.

"It's such a wonderful, glorious war with all of its terrible horrors!" she said impulsively. "I don't see how any man can keep out of it."

He seemed to consider the matter judicially. "Well, I suppose it's largely a matter of conscience," he thoughtfully concluded. "Conscience is the measure of how much God expects of a man. Some have been given much bigger obligations than others. What seems right to the man with a two-foot conscience wouldn't begin to satisfy the man whose conscience extends all the way from heaven to hell."

He paused, noting appreciatively how the light from the window at her back burnished the edges of her wonderful hair.

"Are you thinking of Cleopatra again?" she asked.

He nodded absently without changing his gaze.

"I'm beginning to think that you're actually in love with this Cleopatra woman," she chided him.

He shifted his glance from her hair to her eyes. "I am," he said earnestly.

She tried to dissolve the significance of his reply with a little grimace, and arose to go.

That night when she was going to bed she sat before her mirror much longer than usual caressingly brushing her hair. It *was* nice hair, and she was glad.

One day when Moira was arranging some marigolds that she had bought for her studio she found that she had more than she needed. Yes, there is a time o' year when some people actually *need* marigolds. She decided that the ones that were left over would brighten up Jason Bright's study wonderfully, and, acting on the idea, ran down-stairs with them. The doctor was out, but his door was unlocked, and they would be a surprise.

While she was arranging the flowers there came a little tapping. She had left the door ajar, and before she could say "Come in," Cermaska was bowing to her.

"How do you do?" she said. "The doctor isn't in, but——"

"I am early."

"Won't you sit down?" She herself sat on the edge of the table. As she regarded this stolid-faced little man, sitting stiffly on the edge of his chair, a sudden jealousy seized her that he should know more about Jason Bright than she did.

"You know, Mr. Cermaska," she said with apparent hesitation, "I—er—I think I agree with Dr. Bright. I think he should go."

Cermaska regarded her without change of expression. "You mean?"

She tiptoed over and softly closed the door. "Yes," she said with the proper air of caution, "where he was—before."

Cermaska seemed to be considering. "Why?"

"It is his duty."

"But——"

"You mean, by what right do I have anything to say? I— You see—" She was honestly confused.

"You are engaged?"

Unblushingly she nodded. "But please don't say that I told you. I made—er—Jason promise not to tell—just yet."

Cermaska seemed to be deliberating "But you understand how dangerous? He has told everything? You know how closely he escaped before?"

Moira hesitated. What was she urging that this gentle, whimsical scholar be permitted to do? She was a little frightened

The Bohemian mistook her hesitancy "He is modest about himself. I will tell you."

It was a long story, but so concise was Cermaska in his telling of it that whole volumes of amazing, thrilling history unrolled before her vision in incredibly few minutes. A graphic shrug portrayed the exposure of a spy; an awkward gesture of the thumb the massacre of an entire village. And through it all, like the theme in some splendid symphony, ever recognizable in its many variations, went gentle, brave, self-effacing Jason Bright. She feared for him, prayed for him, thrilled at him.

"So," concluded Cermaska with his childlike smile. "You see?"

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While they were still taking their leave, Jason picked up a red leather book.—Page 498.

While her mind was still dazed at the succession of vivid pictures, they heard the rattling of a key in the outside door.

"Please," she cautioned in a quick whisper. "Not a word about our engagement until he tells you himself. Nor about my having told you that I know—about the other."

He nodded in understanding, just as the door to the room opened and Jason entered.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he told Cermaska. Then, seeing Moira: "Hello—Cleopatra." She inwardly blessed him for that playful "Cleopatra." Her heart had almost stopped beating

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for fear he was going to say "Miss O'Neil."

"I've been entertaining Mr. Cermaska," she explained with a smile at the latter. "And, oh, Dr. Jason Bright," she added from the doorway, "if you have no professional engagements this afternoon, won't you drop in at my studio for a dish of tea about five?" The doctor would be delighted, and said so.

She was worried over the mad impulse which had led her to tell Cermaska that she was engaged to the doctor. Would he keep her confidence? If Jason were ever to find out— Oh, why was she such a fool! She could scarcely wait for tea time to come—so that from his manner she could know the worst.

As luck would have it, two women dropped in on her that afternoon; women she knew well enough to have come without invitation, but not well enough to tell them that she did not want them. They were still there when Jason arrived.

Like many other men who are on intimate terms with the sirens of history, he was a trifle diffident with ladies of the present day, and it is probable that he would have made his excuses after the first cup of tea had not Moira secretly signalled him to stay.

At last the two women realized that they "really must be going," and Moira went to the door with them. While they were still taking their leave, Jason picked up a red leather book that was lying on Moira's writing-desk and idly opened it. Instead of print, as he had expected, it contained entries in a large, legible hand, and he would have put it down immediately had not the heading at the top of the first page caught his eye:

Random Prescriptions of
a Practising Doctor of Philosophy.

He read on:

"A woman is the mirror in which a man sees his reflection idealized. If his opinion of woman is low it is because he himself is lower."

Why, he had said that himself the second day that Moira had had tea with him. And this, one day when they had been discussing greatness:

"Greatness is, having aimed at one thing and hit another, to be able to look as if the thing hit were the thing aimed at."

With a curious thrill he realized that she had collected and written down these little odds and ends of their many conversations. He continued down the page:

"Love after youth is but the fragrance of the substance."

"The man who gets what he wants is no better off than the man who wants what he gets."

"It is difficult to find enough pleasant duties to keep one too busy to have time for unpleasant duties."

"It isn't so much where a man is when he stops that matters; it is how far he has gone."

"Pain and disappointment are the mountains we have to climb in order to get the best view of joy and happiness."

"Heaven is the realization——"

A sudden snatch at the book interrupted him. He hung on to it like grim death.

"How dare you!" Moira, blazing with wrath, demanded. "Oh, oh, oh—I hate you!" as he retained his hold on the book. "I hate you!"—with an angry stamp for emphasis. The innocent cause of her outburst dropped to the floor as he imprisoned her in his arms. He buried his face in her glorious hair and kissed her once—twice—again. She raised her head and drew back from him with sudden suspicion.

"Are you thinking of Cleopatra?" she demanded.

"Of Moira O'Neil," he assured her tenderly, and this time she gave him her lips.

"But I have no right to love you," he suddenly remembered. "I——"

"I know what you mean, dear. You are thinking about Bohemia. And I *want* you to go. I agree with you that it must be you and no one else. I said so to Cermaska——"

He regarded her with amazement. "You know? Cermaska told you——"

"Not until he knew that we were engaged."

He was plainly puzzled. "But when did you see him? I don't understand."

"I suppose I should have announced our engagement first to you," she contritely admitted. "But—Jason, dear!... You're smothering me ... and I like it."

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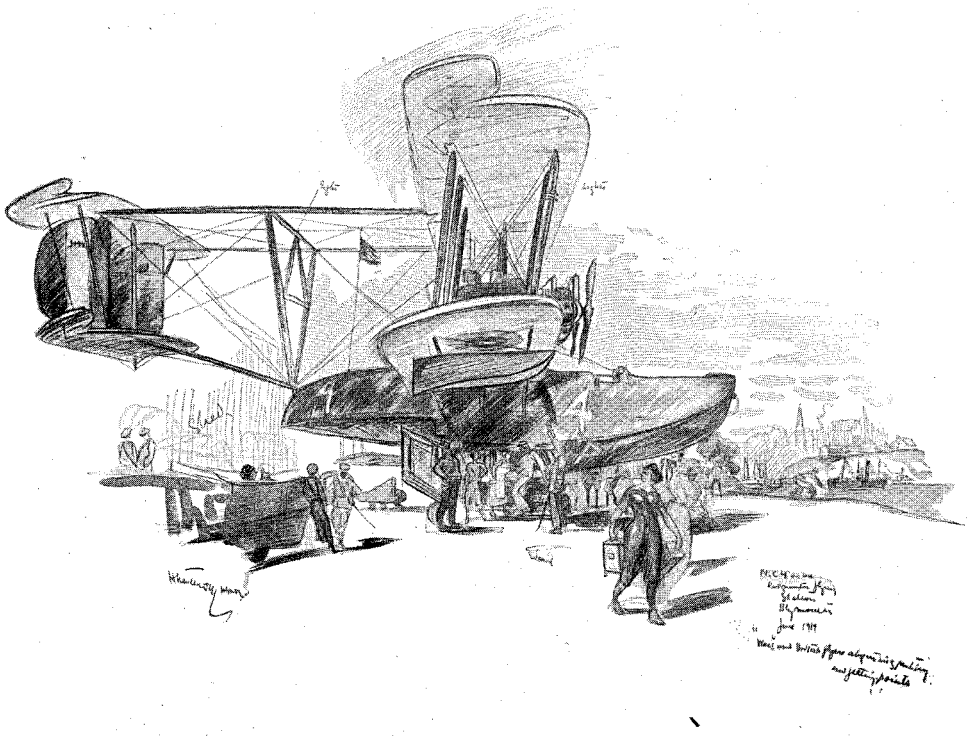
THE U. S. NAVY TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

SKETCHES AND NOTES

By Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R.



The NC-4 pulled up on land at Plymouth.
The "gob" who guarded the plane had a lovely time telling fairy-tales to the women mechanicians of the R. A. F.

BY order of the Navy Department, Lieutenant-Commander Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R., accompanied the *Rochester*, the flag-ship of the destroyers, as official painter, to record the final stages of the transatlantic flight. Through the courtesy of the Bureau of Navigation, the artist's sketches are printed in this magazine. Mr. Reuterdahl was the only painter present at the finish of the flight at Lisbon and is now executing from his sketches a large canvas for presentation to the Portuguese Government by the American navy.

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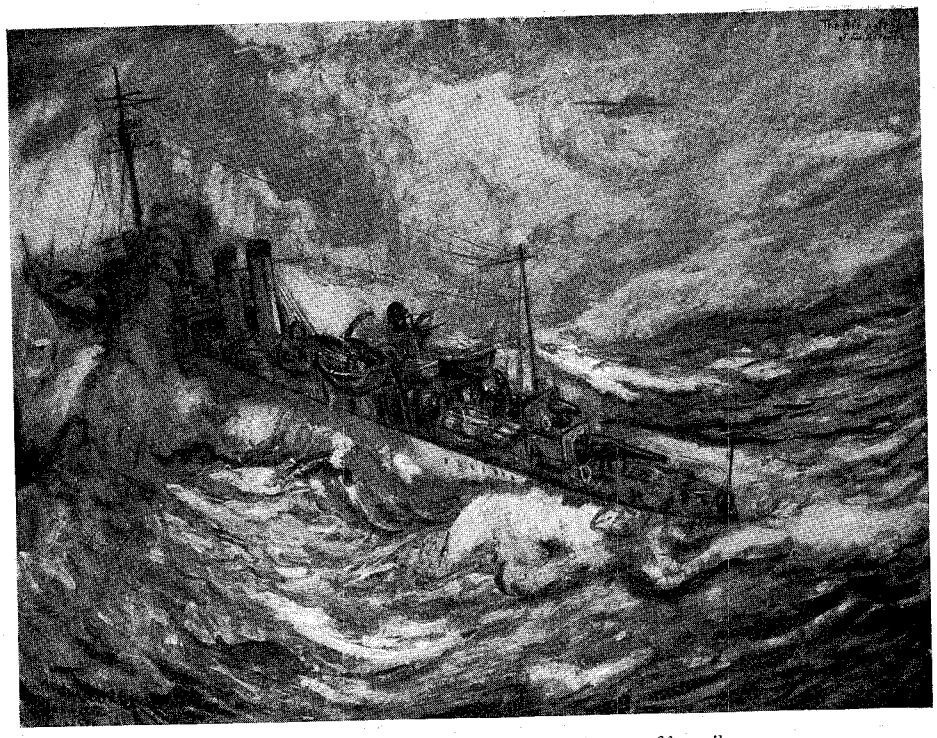
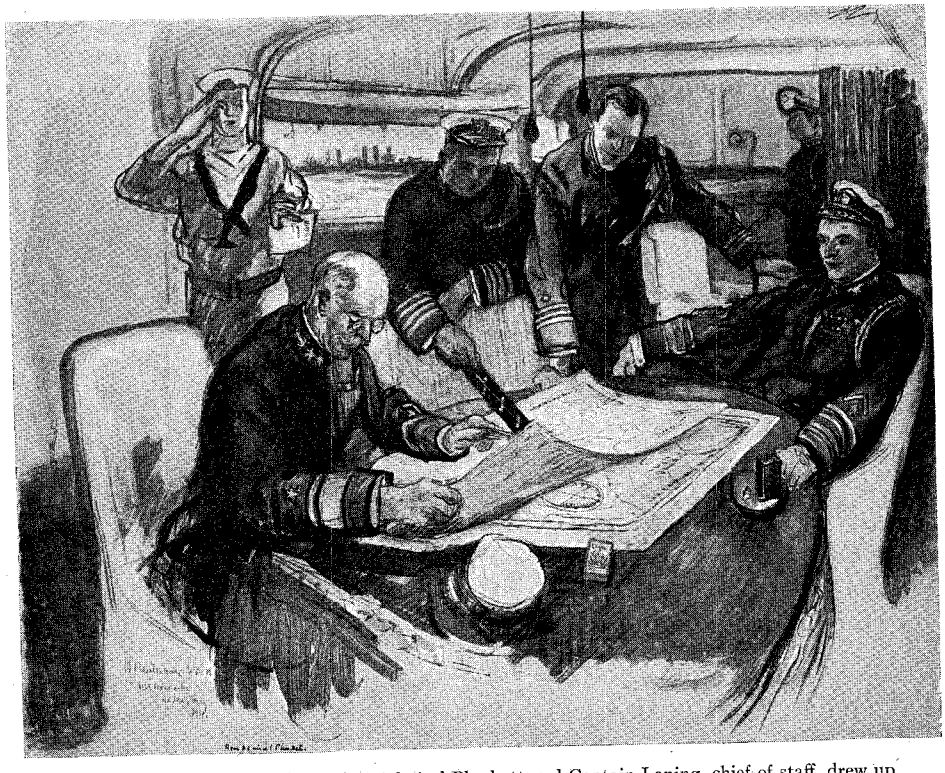


The destroyer patrol strung along the Atlantic every fifty miles.



In the cabin of the *Rochester*, where Admiral Plunkett and Captain Laning, chief of staff, drew up the operation plan for the destroyer patrol.

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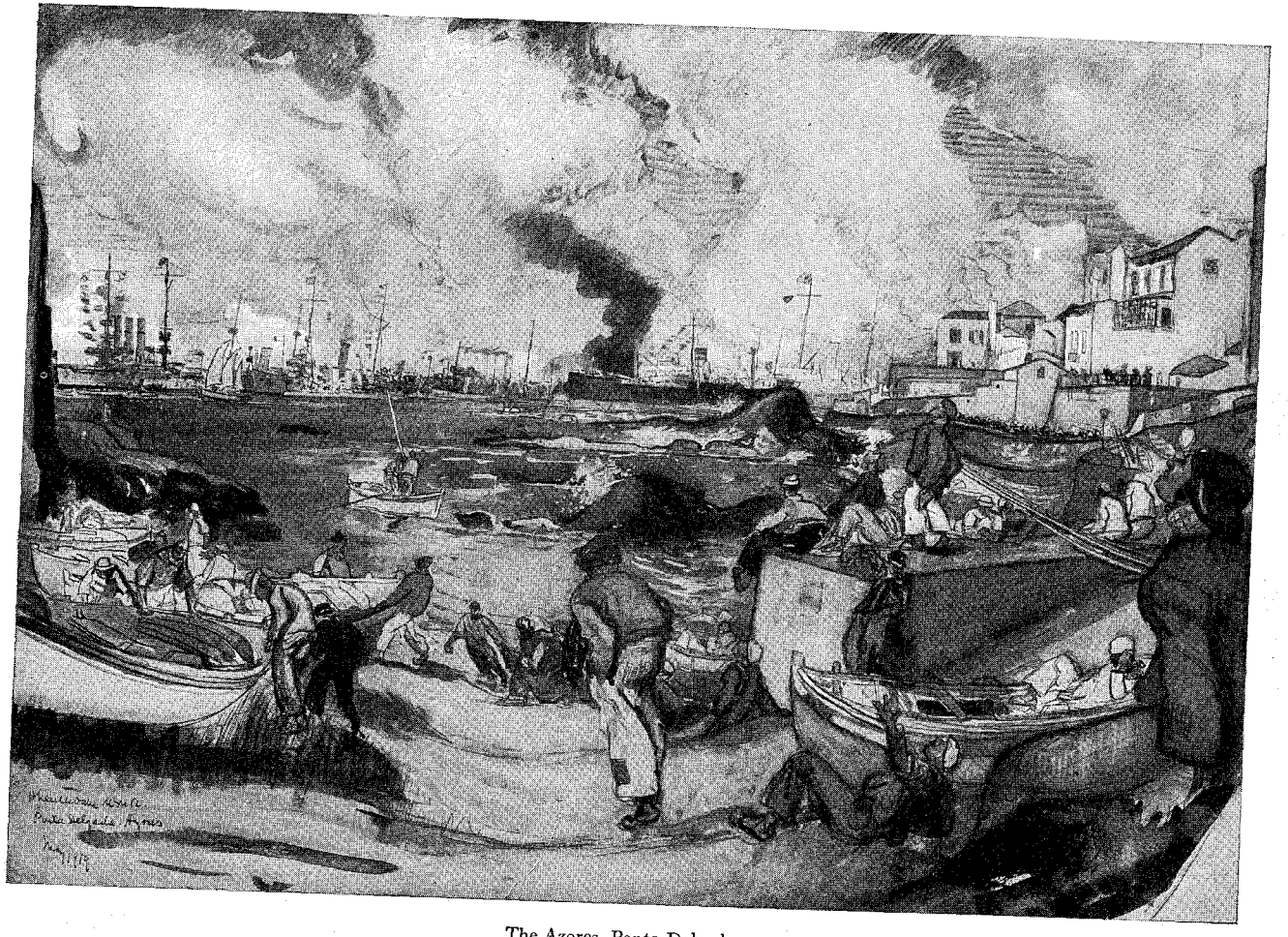

The Azores, Ponta Delgada.

While the flight was a naval evolution with a military mission, to the artist it was a great spectacle, a drama overhead played by the fliers with below a comedy of colors, with the first act opening at the Azores.

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Lieutenant-Commander Read on the flag-ship at Lisbon.

Lisbon, the evening breeze fanning the sun-baked hills; cathedral and spires rise in cool silhouette against the Turner sky—underneath flows the Tagus streaked like a turquoise, silver-mounted! The guns boom from the *Rochester*, the *Vasco da Gama* fires in welcome, the crowd shouts from the landing, Read is coming. The setting sun blinks, then dies, in reflex coloring the clouds piled up in purples and crimsons. A whirring noise, then a blur; the NC-4 glides down like a giant dragon-fly shimmering in the twilight and takes the water in a blue splash. "Glad you made it," from the launch; "Halloo, there, Mr. Read," from a warrant-officer. Men in flying-clothes pile out of the plane, and the smallest one lights a cigarette; Read famous, but still wearing his number seven cap.

Darkness falls and the aviators are toted to the flag-ship to receive the plaudits of Portugal, congratulations from the admiral, and the order of the Tower and Sword. While members of the staff get a minor one for just being present.

But after twelve hours at the wheel an aviator wants ham and eggs or something more substantial than layer cake and reception food. But the guests have cleaned the plates, and the accompanying sketch shows Read toying with the remnants.

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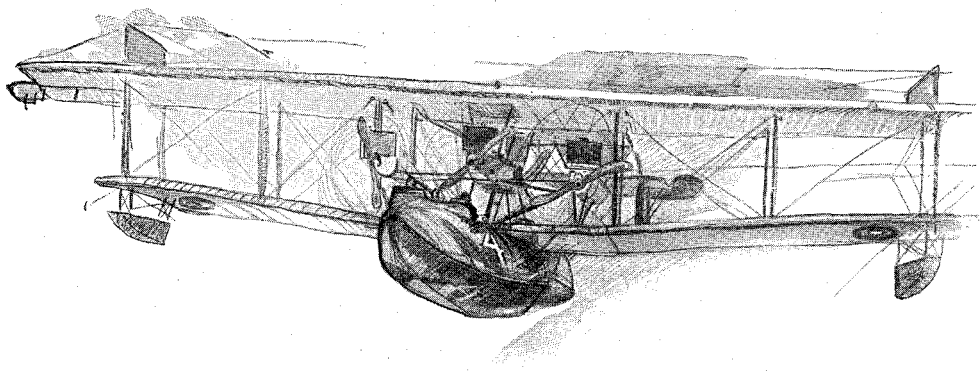
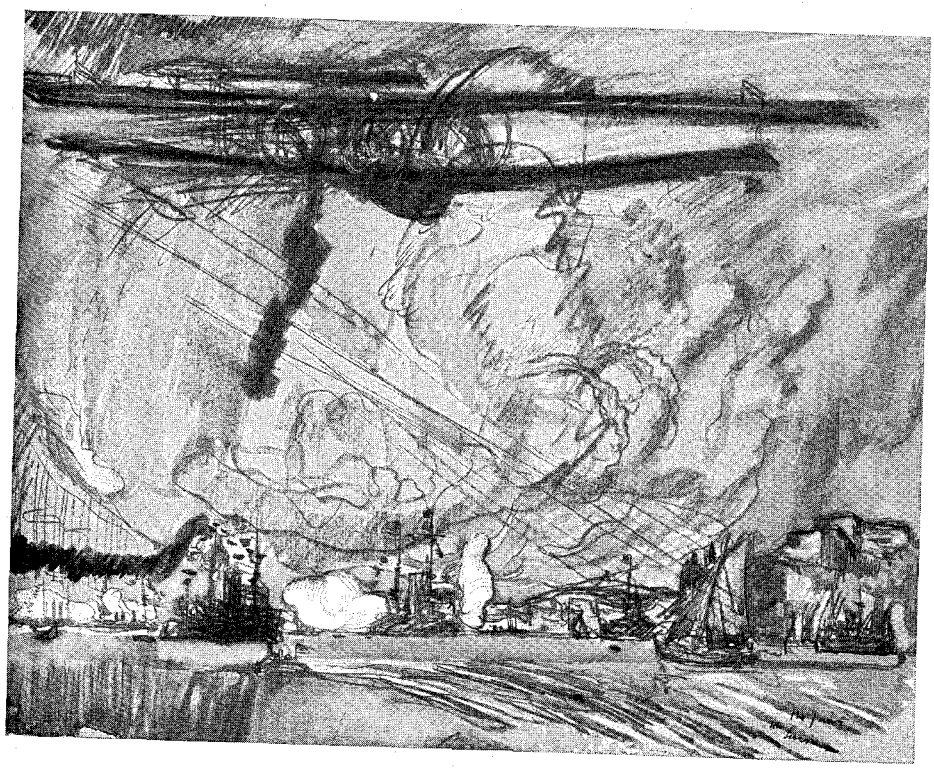


The NC-4 in the air.



Lisbon—the NC-4 glides down like a dragon-fly.

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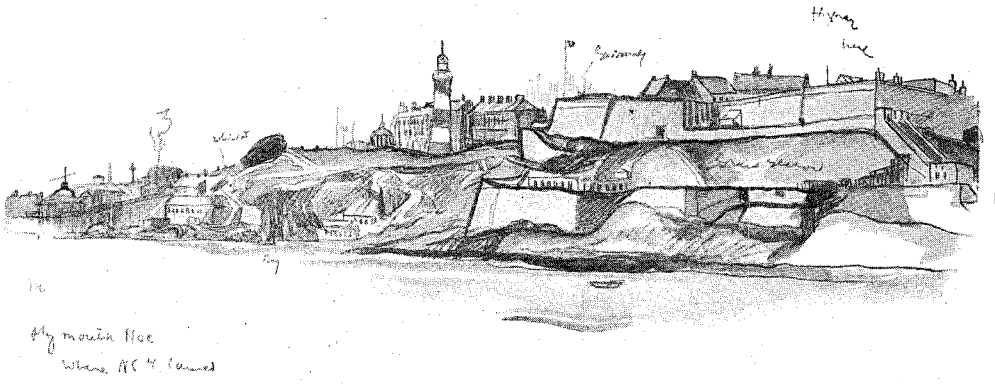
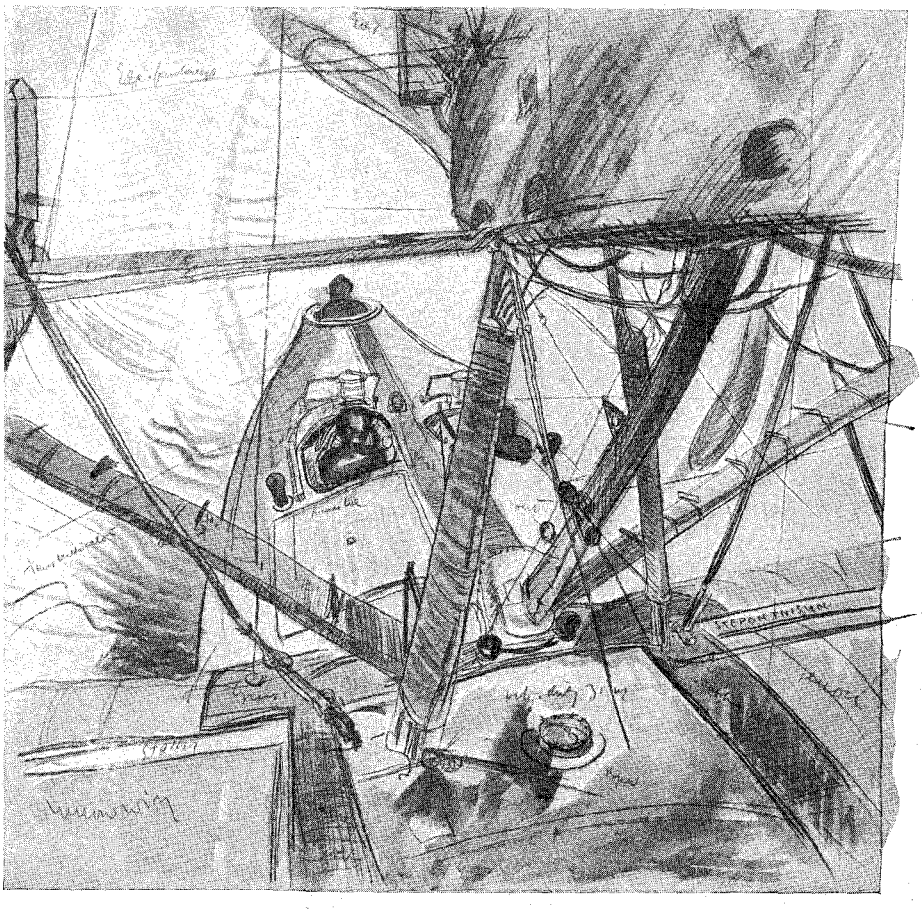


Plymouth Hoe.

The NC-4 hit the water just a few yards from the spot where the Pilgrims sailed three hundred years ago.



A working sketch of the NC-4 made on board the plane.

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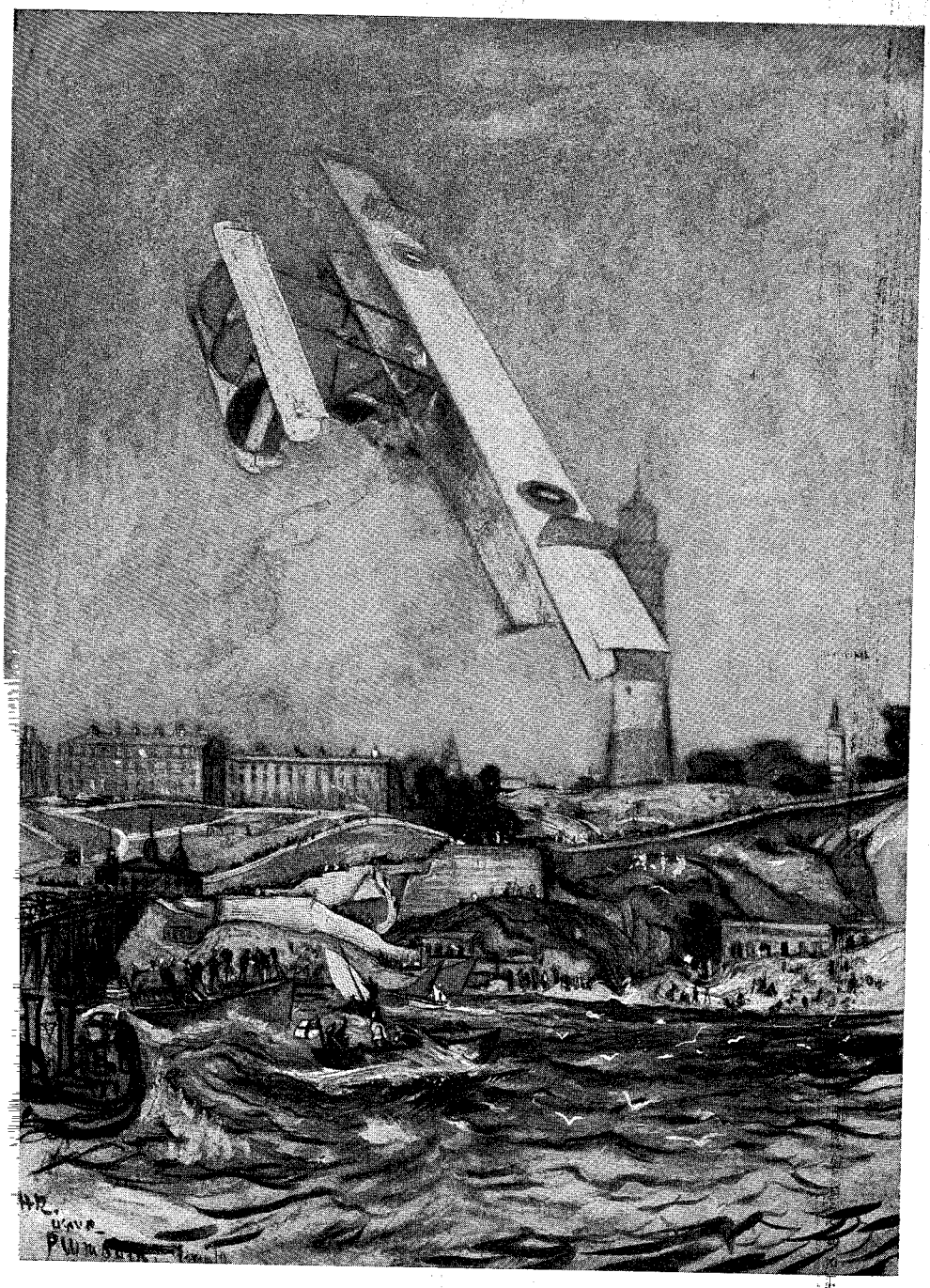

The NC-4 reaches Plymouth.

British airmen in escort, Read coming down with his thunder-bird in a splendid curve right before Plymouth Hoe, taxying into the air station, stepping out, lighting the inevitable fag, and proceeding for more honors.

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From a photograph by Commander J. B. Kaufman, U. S. N.

Lieutenant-Commander Reuterdahl sketching at Ponta Delgada, the Azores.

The artist, while fully impressed with the navy job done for the purpose of finding out things and the simple modesty of the fliers acting as if they had just crossed the Hudson River on a ferry instead of over the Atlantic through the air, was perhaps more interested in the picturesque possibilities. He writes: "In the Azores nature is not real, it is all a stage; you want to look behind for the props of the scenery. The landscape is like that in the 'Isle of Champagne' where Thomas Seabrooke broke out the Joe Miller Joke Book, only the chorus has more clothes. From the sea you enter Ponta Delgada through the cutest little water-gate ever set up by any stage carpenter. Close by there is a comic-opera cathedral, though built around 1700. On its steps comic-opera beggars lounge in traditional attitudes. A gendarme à la the Follies, with a hat that would make De Wolf Hopper envious, gives you the starey eye. The chorus, *i.e.*, the fishermen, lie in picturesque poses in their boats which are pulled up on the beach. True to stage traditions, the fishers have purple knitted caps nonchalantly tossed over the starboard ear and are, of course, barefooted with red sashes around their cross sections. Their sails are red, of lateen rig, and in color their craft look like a freshly set palette.

"Portuguese officers in dolmans, with clanking sabres and window-glass monocles, mingle with the ladies of class, navigating over the cobble-stones with difficulty on French heels four inches high. The native women are not what you might call lookers, but Azorean traditions have provided each with a perfectly good set of blinders. Your sense of beauty is not offended unless you see her bow on, for her head is engulfed in a cowl-like top-piece that precedes the face by about four inches.

"Beyond—the blue water and the gray U. S. ships from which pour boat-loads of happy 'gobs' in Pinafore clothes scampering up to the water-gate to this island of make-believe."

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 516)

The United States had its share of them; the demands of the last few months for higher pay going so far as to stipulate 25 to 40 per cent increase for the mechanical force of all the steam railways, and 50 per cent increase for all the employees of a large New York street-railway enterprise.

RAPID and general additions to the rate of wages in America were inevitable. But, contrary altogether to the predictions of 1916, the labor cost in European industry rose even more rapidly, and with results on home and export prices which disposed entirely of the theory

(Financial Situation, continued on page 76)

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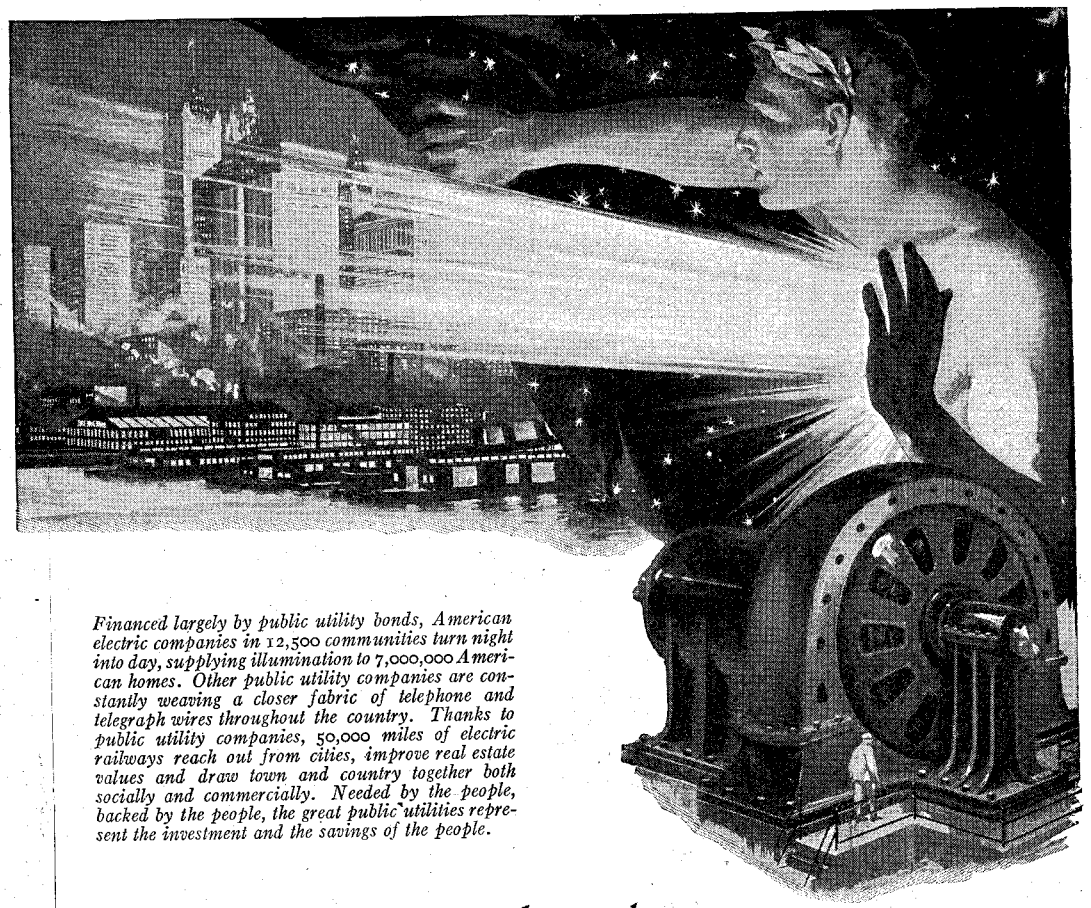

Financed largely by public utility bonds, American electric companies in 12,500 communities turn night into day, supplying illumination to 7,000,000 American homes. Other public utility companies are constantly weaving a closer fabric of telephone and telegraph wires throughout the country. Thanks to public utility companies, 50,000 miles of electric railways reach out from cities, improve real estate values and draw town and country together both socially and commercially. Needed by the people, backed by the people, the great public utilities represent the investment and the savings of the people.

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BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 74)

that our own producers would be overwhelmed in competition with low-priced foreign labor. It had already been a common complaint, among every-day purchasers of goods, that the rise in prices occurred along with deterioration in quality; it now began to be observed that, in many if not in most industries, the higher wages resulted in poorer performance. In England, the exactions of labor were more immediate and extensive than in other countries; as one typical instance, the British *Labor Gazette* has reported that the working time of 120,000 laborers was reduced in 1918 by 450,000 hours per week.

The Movement of Wages

The upshot was inability of exporters of many manufactured staples to meet foreign competition. Production had in fact decreased substantially in quantity, at the moment when cost of production was increasing. Speaking in Parliament during August, the British Premier pointed out that, although 30,000 more men were employed in the British coal fields than in 1914, their annual output had decreased from 287,000,000 tons to 200,000,000; with a rise in price, largely a con-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 78)

When a Business Grows

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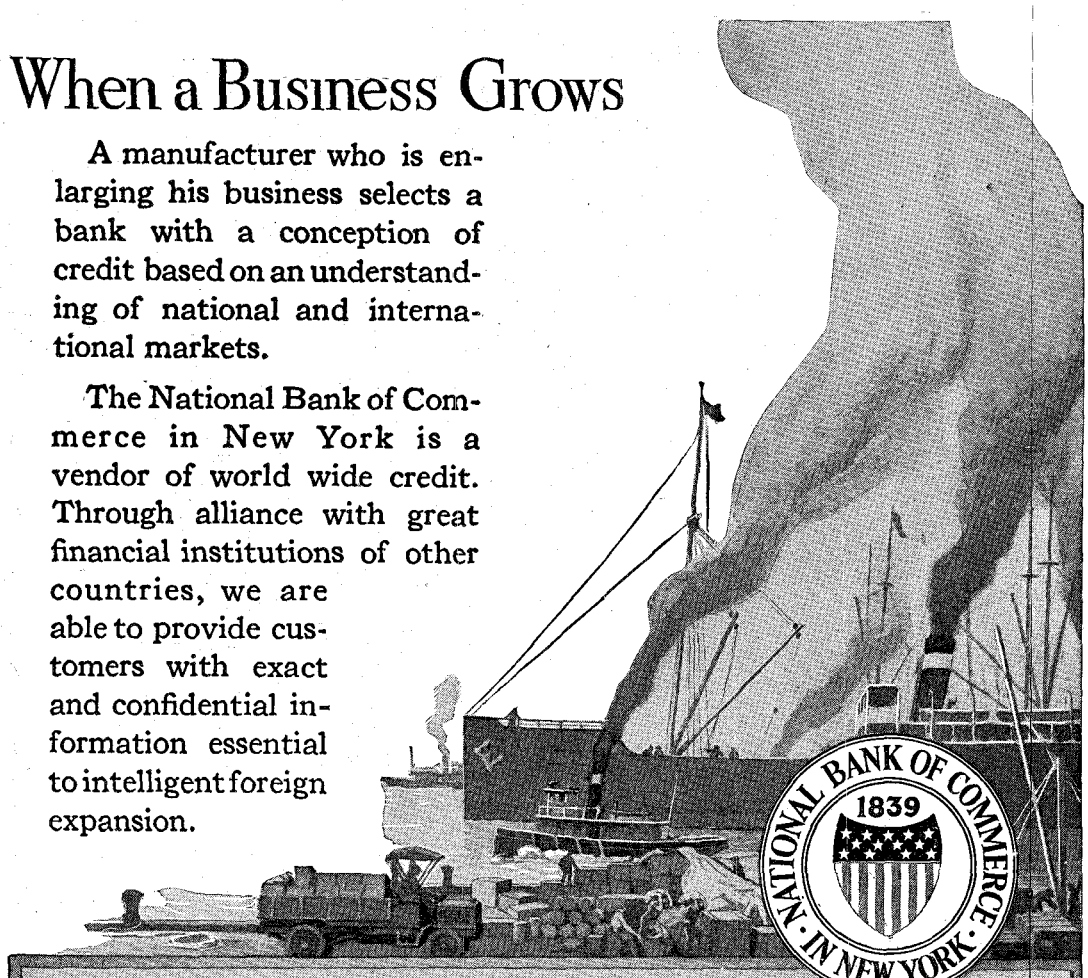

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK

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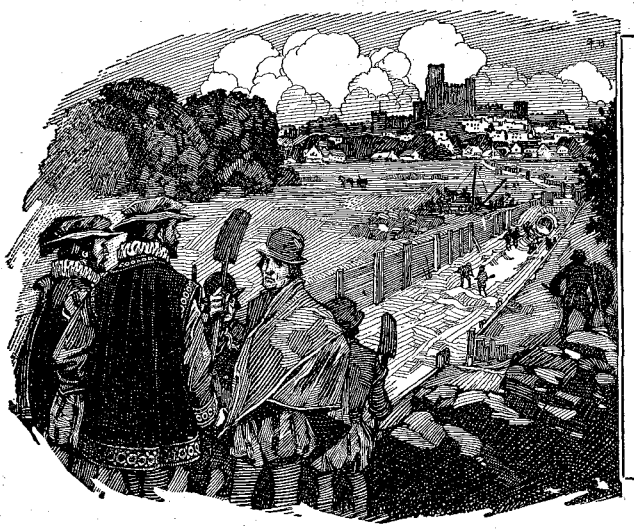

LONDON, three centuries ago, depended almost entirely upon wells for its water supply. The city being unable to raise the money, a merchant finally undertook to provide a water works system, which was completed only after years of financial difficulties. Other undertakings of similar importance failed because there was no method of rallying to them the financial support of the community.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 76)

sequence of higher wages and smaller tonnage output per man, from 10 shillings per ton in 1914 to 26 to-day.

THIS disproportionate increase in cost of fuel for manufacturing industries came along with a similar increase of wages and shortening of hours in the payroll of those industries. In August, it was estimated that British iron prices were 2¾ times what they had been in 1914, and that nearly one-fourth of this increase had occurred in 1919. Such an advance, first in coal and then in iron, explained the midsummer price of £15 per ton for British steel, a price equivalent to $73 with exchange on New York at normal parity, and to $61.80 even with sterling at its extreme midsummer depreciation on the New York market; it was what the British exporter had to ask, at a time when steel was being sold at Pittsburg's mills for $38.50 per ton. The effect on England's foreign orders was unmistakable; yet in those competitive foreign orders lay England's manifest field for economic recovery. "We must bridge the chasm," Lloyd George declared emphatically, "or at the bottom of it is ruin. We cannot prosper, we cannot even exist, without recovering and maintaining our international trade."

Remarkable Results in England

This might seem to have been England's particular dilemma, and so in some respects it was. But there was no assurance that the advance of labor costs in other countries would not overtake that in England. In the United States, President Wilson said to the people regarding the railway shopmen's demands of August for a 25 to 40 per cent increase in wages, that if we were to fail in checking the rise of prices because of excessive wage advances, "it will mean national disaster." Germany is of all nations the most in need of intensive labor and cheap production, in order to meet her heavy foreign obligations. But from Germany also it was reported that the great Siemens-Halske plant had been forced to close down temporarily, because of what its managers described as the "impossible" demands of labor.

THESE remarkable incidents of the first year after the ending of the war show, first and most clearly, how much the labor situation was misjudged in the forecasts of 1916. Three questions arise in connection with these incidents. What was the reason for this rise in prices, when the abnormal war demand for commodities had ceased? Had the simultaneous rise in wages left the increase in labor's earnings, since the war began, less than the rise in cost of living, or the same, or greater? Finally, what was to be the longer outcome, as regards either prices, or labor costs, or the industrial and economic situation which depends so absolutely on those two factors?

Three Interesting Questions

(Financial Situation, continued on page 82)

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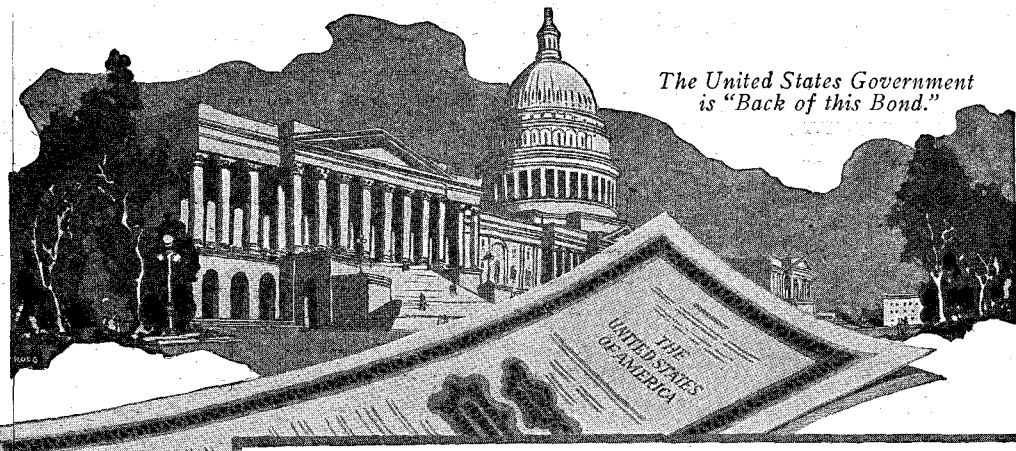

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 78)

The rise in cost of living, since the short-lived reduction of last spring, has been admittedly caused in part by the higher wages asked and received by labor. Even if it were shown that these increased wages were an absolute necessity to sustain the higher living costs, it would none the less follow that the granting of higher wages by employers would necessitate higher prices for what they had to sell; and the one undisputed fact is that, even while average prices of commodities were declining between last November and last March, wages were not reduced. At that very time, and in many industries, they were increased considerably. But labor costs have not been the only cause.

Why Cost of Living is Rising

THE shortage of materials in all markets of the world was an inheritance of war. It could hardly, however, have been a reason for the rise in average prices this past summer, when the war and the war purchases were ended, to a higher level than was reached at a time when no one knew how long the actual state of war would continue. The noteworthy advances between the spring and summer of 1919 were in food and clothing, and for these there was a manifest reason. It was in June that the government foreshadowed a 1,236,000,000-bushel American wheat crop; but extremely unfavorable weather in midsummer, following the favorable influences of the earlier season, cut down the indication by August to 940,000,000. This would still have been second in magnitude only to the harvest of 1915. It would still admit of exports sufficient to meet Europe's needs, after providing for our own. But it would not leave the great reserve anticipated three or four months ago, and it was inevitable that the reduction of 300,000,000 bushels in these expectations should have affected prices. In August, the outside world's price of wheat went above the $2.26 per bushel guaranteed American price. Even in Argentina, wheat rose from $1.50 to nearly $2; which, when the cost of the long ocean transportation was added by consuming markets, meant prices at least on a level with our own.

As was to be expected, the cancellation of army orders for clothing caused very great decrease in domestic demand for cotton; that decrease, however, being more than counterbalanced by the orders from European markets whose supplies had been exhausted. During the "cotton year" ending with last July, while our home consumption of cotton had decreased 1,393,000 bales from the year before, our exports to Europe increased 1,270,000 bales; in July alone, while use of cotton at home decreased 6 per cent, the exports increased 140 per cent. While this was happening, the American acreage for the crop of 1919—partly because of shortage of labor, partly because of diversion of land to cereals, and partly because of willingness to restrict the harvest and sustain the price—was reduced three million

(Financial Situation, continued on page 84)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 82)

cres from 1918, or nearly 9 per cent; it was followed by so unfavorable a season that the crop's verage midsummer condition was the lowest on he reporting bureau's records, and its indicated ield almost as small as the very deficient crop of 909.

Case of the 'Profiteers"

HOW far the activities of the so-called "profiteers" were a factor in the renewed advance in rices during the present year, the crusade of the overnment against such activities will perhaps letermine. That exactions of this sort existed, there was never the slightest doubt. Their legitimate excuse, if excuse it was, had to be found in the uncertainty of future raw material costs with wholesalers, of rent with retailers, and of labor costs with both. But a simpler explanation was the readiness with which the consuming public—no doubt in its reaction from its patriotic economies of 1918 and 1917—paid the prices asked.

"One might have imagined," wrote a Chicago correspondent whose special task it was to study the markets, "that the high prices would have made the whole community anxious to investigate prices in one place and another, and to seek for the lowest. But not at all. Every merchant knows that where ordinary buyers before the war would object to higher prices, and refuse to purchase if they deemed the price unreasonable, now it is their custom to pay the price without question." This attitude on the part of the general public was ascribed in part to the habit, contracted in war-time, of accepting high prices as inevitable, and in part to vague talk of "inflation." The unavoidable result was that the great body of producers, merchants, and shopkeepers put their prices at whatever level they thought their customers would pay. Naturally, this was a hardship to buyers who did not wish to pay the prices but did not know where else to go. The government's eventual action against such unfair exactions was a protection of the consuming public, as much against itself as against the merchants.

Supply and Demand of Labor

THE explanation for the rise in wages since the ending of the war is in some respects simpler, in others more complex. Not to mention the sufficiently well-known fact that control of the wage-situation by the labor unions had become, even before the war, an outstanding economic fact—in Europe, a fact of the highest political importance—the war has manifestly curtailed the available supply of labor. It is the properly humane practice of statesmen and economists to frown on discussion of the price of labor when that discussion is conducted as if labor were a commodity. Nevertheless, it is quite impossible to ignore the influence of a demand for labor greater

(Financial Situation, continued on page 86)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 84)

or less, as the case may be, than the available supply, and at the present moment, nothing is more certain than that, while demand is at least as great as in 1914, supply is distinctly smaller.

Loss in battle of seven million men in the prime of life is a fact which speaks for itself; the number of disabled men is even larger; and even of the European soldiers who came through the war uninjured, the ending of direct hostilities has not even yet made possible the complete disbanding of the armies.

WHEN we consider the case of the United States, it is plain enough that our actual battle-losses have been relatively small and that a much larger proportion of our enlisted men has returned to civil life. But a highly important source from which, in our own case, the supply of labor has heretofore been maintained in proportion to the normal yearly increase in our industrial activities, has been cut off almost wholly since the war.

During the five-year period before the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, immigration from other countries into the United States was 5,174,000, and even when the considerable number of returning aliens is deducted, the period's net addition to our working population was 3,813,000. During the five years beginning with July, 1914, immigrant arrivals exceeded emigrant departures by only 554,000. The outward movement increased when the war was over. In the first half of 1919, the government reported 11,000 more emigrants than immigrants. In the first half of 1913, there were 532,000 more immigrants than emigrants.

Immigration and Emigration

This very notable movement may or may not be lasting. It may represent merely the temporary revisiting of their old homes after five years of separation, by alien laborers who have prospered under our own high war-time wages, or it may mean that European employers are making a bid to keep such laborers at home. But in either case, the significance of it in our own labor situation is unquestionable. It adds a touch of humorous inversion to the dismal predictions of Continental and English public men, that their own war-exhaustion may result in their people's emigration. As yet, the United States is the only country where the phenomenon has been in evidence.

BUT the question of supply and demand for labor, or even of organized labor's power to exact higher pay, does not touch the other question, how far the rise in living costs between July, 1914, and November, 1918, had been matched by the rise in wages. In so highly controversial a matter as the present demands for higher wages, that question has an obvious bearing on the matter. It is a question, however, to which an exact

(Financial Situation, continued on page 88)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 86)

and comprehensive answer is difficult to obtain. The advance of wages never occurs uniformly in all industries. It is affected, moreover, by such considerations as continuity of employment, "overtime" pay, opportunity for all members of a family to work if they desire, and, in piece work, by individual efficiency.

In the case of railway employees, wages were advanced by the companies during 1916 and 1917, and by the Government's Railway Administration early in 1918; the total increase up to that date averaging something like 37 per cent. A further advance by the government, early this present year, added 10 to 40 per cent more to wages of the various classes of railway employees. When the railway "shopmen"—representing mechanical workers of the repair establishments—gave notice this summer of a strike of 500,000 men unless their demands for higher pay were immediately complied with, the Director General of Railroads officially reported that, on the basis of existing wages, "the average increase in their earnings is somewhat in excess of the total increased cost of living from July 1, 1915, to August 1, 1919." The increase in wages had, in fact, amounted in the case of the machinists, for example, to 100 per cent; and their demand of this summer, for a further advance in rate of pay from 68 cents per hour to 85, was a demand for wages actually 150 per cent higher than in 1915.

Have Wages Risen Faster than Prices?

In the steel trade, one of the country's largest manufacturing concerns has figured out from its records that the prevailing rate for common labor in that industry, based on a ten-hour day at the earlier date and an eight-hour day plus two hours "overtime pay" at the later date, was $1.93 per day in 1914 and $4.62 at the end of 1918. This was an advance of 139 per cent. The Industrial Commission of New York, reporting on earnings of employees at all factories in that State, last June, gave an average which showed increase of 77¼ per cent as compared with June, 1915. The United States Department of Labor figured out, early this present year, that even longshoremen's pay at North Atlantic ports had increased 122 to 161 per cent between July, 1914, and the end of 1918.

If the commercial "index numbers," averaging as they do the prices of commodities, measured exactly the increase in cost of living, the already-cited "Bradstreet" figure would show a rise of 129 per cent in such cost between August of 1914 and August of 1919. These commercial calculations are, however, based as well on the price of copper, silver, hemp, steel rails, and iron ore, as on the price of flour, milk, sugar, bacon, woollen and cotton goods or shoes. Household necessaries cut no greater figure than materials of railway or ship construction, and the change in the average does not therefore necessarily measure change in cost of living.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 90)

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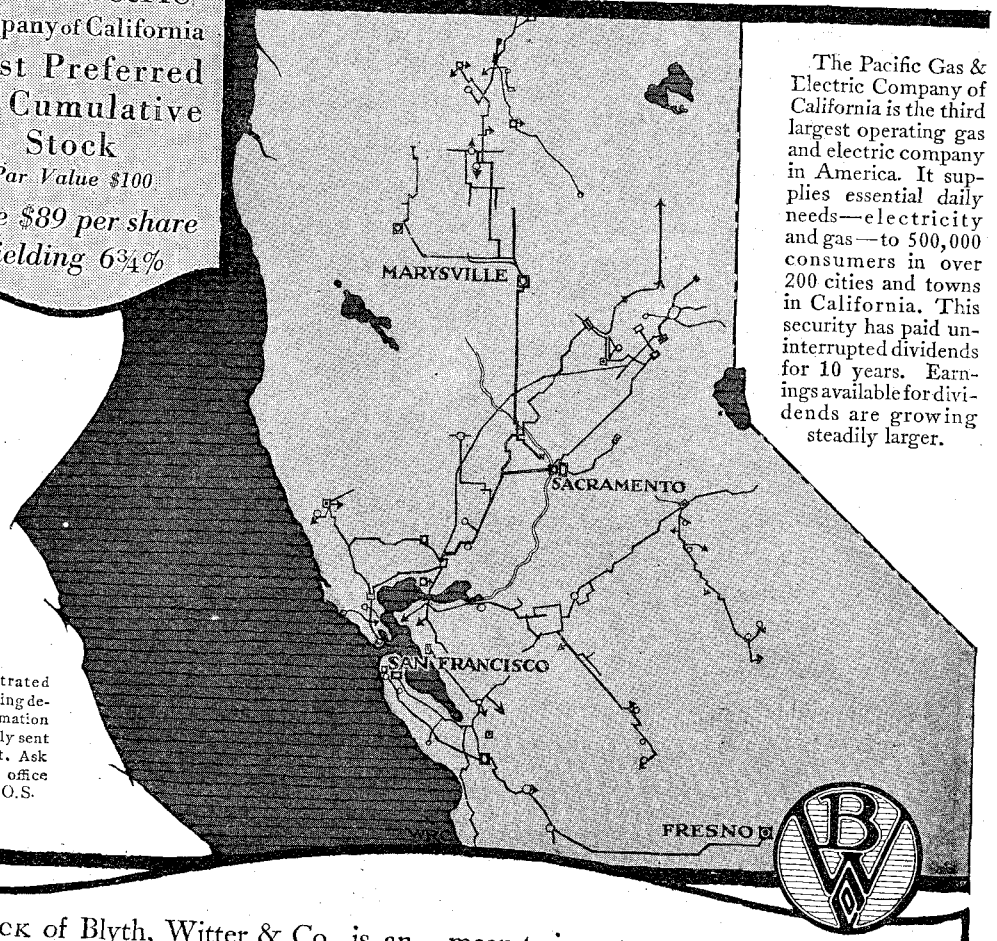

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 88)

TAKING for its basis only articles of family and household use, the Department of Labor has lately, after exhaustive inquiry, made an independent estimate. Between the end of 1914 and the middle of 1919, it found the rise in food and clothing prices ranged in different sections of the country from 93 to 157 per cent, the increase in clothing being always greatest. But the rise in housing, fuel, light, and other miscellaneous items not similarly covered in the commercial index numbers had risen only 65 to 87 per cent, and the rise in the general average of living costs, thus measured, was placed at 80 per cent. The inference would not be unfair that, where wages had been doubled in the period of the war, increase of labor's income had considerably surpassed increase in necessary expenses.

Income and Cost of Living

To determine absolutely this relation would require examination of every branch of labor; not excepting salaried positions and professional work. There are undoubtedly large groups of laboring people on whom the cost of necessaries weighs far more heavily than it did in 1914. But that those who are commonly referred to as the "working class" have suffered inequitably by the economic changes, as compared with other classes, is not likely to be contended in the light of common experience. That organized labor has in many instances gained an increase in its wages even larger than its increase in living cost, we have seen to be established by the facts. We have, indeed, one kind of evidence more impressive even than the readjustments of official wage scales. In some respects the most striking phenomenon of the period in the employment field has been the increase in cost of wholly unskilled labor; in the rate paid to boys for office or messenger work; in the wages of domestic servants, for whom the cost of living is mainly met through the food and shelter provided by their employers.

Wages in these occupations have very generally doubled since 1914, and it is well known that such an increase presumes a larger increase in the pay of highly skilled workers. The increase in personal expenditure by the so-called working classes, for luxuries previously beyond their reach, has been an equally notable phenomenon of war-time. It was and still is recognized, not only in the experience of merchants, shopkeepers, and department stores, but in actual legislation. Throughout the later years of war, both our own and the British government made to the working classes personal, urgent, and constant appeals, that they forego expenditure of their increased surplus earnings on unaccustomed luxuries and invest them in the war loans.

WHAT, then, is to be the outcome? Labor itself has begun to understand that continuance of the alternate movement to higher prices because of the higher labor cost, and then

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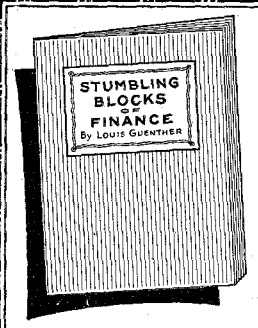

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 90)

to still higher wages because of the higher cost of living, can lead to nothing but confusion. The chief of one of the largest railway unions lately declared in public that "the solution of the wage problem lies in a reduction of living costs and not in higher wages." President Wilson refused the demands of the railway shopmen on that ground explicitly, and organized labor showed a considerably increased willingness to accept the alternative. But if the accepted alternative does not materialize, the other is kept in mind. What is to happen with prices?

How is the Process to End?

The governmental campaign against "profiteers" is accomplishing and will accomplish something, but it cannot possibly do all that a good part of the public has expected. It is in the main an attack on symptoms rather than causes. The two solutions insisted on by public men, especially in Europe, are increase in production and decrease in consumption. The second of these expedients, more familiarly known under the homely name of personal economies, cannot be enforced by government. The first, as we have seen, has been greatly obstructed since the end of the war, through arbitrary reduction of output per laborer by the unions and through accidents of nature. Utilization of the opportunities of nature may be expected on a very much larger scale hereafter, in response to the world's urgent need for food.

When the Price of Food will Fall

A YEAR from now, the former belligerents of Europe will very possibly be putting in the largest grain crops in their history. At some not very distant period Russia will again be raising her 800,000,000-bushel wheat crop of 1913, instead of asking foreign producers to send her food. England has already brought her own annual wheat yield to the largest total reached in forty years. If the acreage planted in other continents is hereafter anywhere near as large as that of the past season, a great reduction in the price of bread and other foods is certain.

Cotton production has not the same opportunity for increasing acreage, and with cotton the problem of the cost of labor is much more serious than with grain. The price of many manufactured articles will be governed by the revival in European industry. If the European states are to resume their former place in the world's economic organism, they must produce, not only enough of food and manufactures to provide for their own immediate needs, but enough to export on a larger scale than before the war, in settlement of their financial obligations. This has always happened on every previous occasion of the sort, and it has always brought down prices.

How far it can bring down prices in the present status of wages for labor will be the crux of the problem. That a much higher rate of wages is

(Financial Situation, continued on page 94)

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ESTABLISHED 1865

GUARANTEED STEAMSHIP BONDS 6.30%

The strong demand for steel freight vessels makes them particularly desirable security for FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

We offer an issue secured by modern vessels valued at over 2¼ times the bond issue. Maturities 1 to 10 years. Payment GUARANTEED by old established Company whose net profits are over 10 times interest requirements.

We have handled a large amount of steamship and marine equipment bonds and in no instance has there been a delay in payment of principal or interest.

Ask for Circular No. 1044 SC

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

Detroit Cleveland **10 So. La Salle St. CHICAGO** St. Louis Milwaukee

ESTABLISHED 1865

Selected Investment Securities

We especially recommend TO NET 6¾%

The first obligation of a thoroughly established concern, manufacturing a demonstrated necessity, and with 25 years successful history.

Maturing serially.

Ask for circular V-10

Bankers Mortgage Company

Capital $2,000,000

CHICAGO	DES MOINES	NEW YORK
112 W. Adams St.	521 W. Walnut Street	512 Fifth Avenue

Forman Farm Mortgages

Insure 6% on Investments for the next ten years

It is quite probable that in the near future investors will be unable to obtain the present high interest rates.

Far-sighted investors are now placing their funds in securities which will insure a liberal return for several years to come.

Forman Farm Mortgages and Farm Land Bonds, denominations $100 and upward, insure the investor 6% for 5, 7 or 10 years, according to maturity selected.

These investments described in two booklets:

"How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made."
"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan."

Either booklet, and list of current offerings, free on request.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Established 1885

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS

11 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

There is security in

New England Investments

A case in point

Robertson Paper Company

Established 1864

8% Participating Preferred

Company owns 4 valuable water powers.

Makes heavy papers and uses product for folding boxes and containers.

During last three years daily sales of boxes have increased from 250,000 to 1,000,000.

In addition to regular dividend, the preferred stock shares equally in earnings with common after 8% is paid on latter.

Price $50 (par) per share

Full particulars on request

Earnest E. Smith & Co.

Specialists in New England Securities

52 Devonshire Street, Boston

Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

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A Reliable Investment Guide

The combined resources of Vermont savings banks are $123,000,000. Fifty-eight per cent of these resources, or $71,731,931, are invested in mortgages, the great majority of which are mortgages on farms in Central and Western States.

Vermont banks invest through us in Missouri and Arkansas Farm Mortgages negotiated by the **Denton-Coleman Loan & Title Company of Butler, Mo.**

Invest your funds in Denton-Coleman 6% Farm Mortgages. Write for literature and list of current offerings.

FRANK C. WILLIAMS, Inc.
NEWPORT - - - VERMONT

6% PETTERS FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%
PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS

A Definite Policy of Thrift

Not only is a definite policy of thrift the only sure road to independence, but its possibilities are so promising that no one who appreciated them would take the necessary risks of short cuts to wealth.

If you are interested in future financial independence write for these booklets and pamphlets:

"Creating an Estate"
"For Convenience of Investors"
"The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing"

PETTERS AND COMPANY
SERVING INVESTORS SATISFACTORILY MANY YEARS
CAPITAL OVER $400,000
MCKNIGHT BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FARM MORTGAGES ALWAYS @ PAR

SAFETY FIRST

Over a million dollars Loaned to farmers for our clients, but no investor has ever lost a dollar invested thru us on

First Mortgage Farm Loans

Write for Particulars

THE IRRIGATED FARMS MORTGAGE CO.
J. V. N. DORR, President — DENVER, COLO. — JOSEPH D. HITCH, Manager

(Financial Situation, continued from page 92)

destined to remain as a factor in cost-of-living calculations of the future, no one familiar with the circumstances of the day is likely to question. It is probable that a general and very substantial increase in the payment of labor would have occurred, even without the war, and no humane student of social problems will regret that the workingman's condition in life should have been raised to a new and better level.

A Situation Without a Parallel

OUR glance at other similar periods has shown us that after the social and industrial upheaval of our own Civil War wages continued to advance when the war was over although prices fell. But we also found that, contrary to the experience of this later war, wages had failed to rise in line with prices during war-time. Furthermore, the extent and the suddenness of this present advance—all things considered, it is wholly without parallel in the world's history—creates a situation equally without parallel when it comes to a question of reducing prices.

No increase in production, however large, can reduce prices only a certain distance toward the pre-war level with labor costs 75 or 100 per cent above what they were in 1914. Transportation rates, now higher by one-fourth to one-half than they were two years ago, were avowedly raised by the government to meet the advance in wages, and the wage advance has been described even by the President as permanent. The rates could therefore come down only slightly unless the railways were to operate under a perpetual deficit, and transportation costs are an important element in prices. Even in the matter of continental Europe's immensely inflated and depreciated currencies, a process of contraction would unquestionably affect prices; but we have yet to see how, with labor so largely in political control of its own destinies, it would influence wages.

This is the very extraordinary problem with which the economic world now finds itself confronted. Such problems have always heretofore found their own solution—sometimes through greater efficiency of labor, sometimes through labor-saving inventions, always through increased application of human energy in every stage of production. When we speak of the present period as the economic aftermath of the war, it must not be forgotten that the real sequel to such an episode is a matter of years. The economic after-effects of our own war of the sixties had not actually spent themselves before 1879, and no such economic catastrophe has occurred in modern history as that which occurred in 1914. The first stage of readjustment on return to peace has perhaps not accomplished much more than to prove how little value really attached to the expert predictions, and to show us what the nature of the problem is likely hereafter to be.

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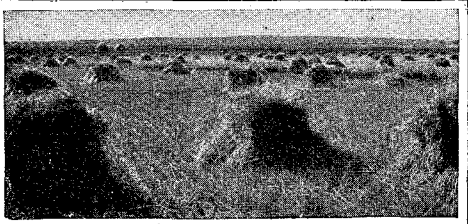


A portion of this year's bumper crop

THE DOUBLE PURPOSE OF INVESTMENT

The first object of making an investment is to secure safe employment for surplus funds. The second purpose is to obtain a fair income from the invested funds.

We offer an investment which provides a high degree of safety and a liberal income—6% farm mortgages and farm land bonds secured by Northeastern wheat farms. Denominations $100 and upward. Partial payments or outright investment.

Investors in these securities obtain both safety and satisfactory yield. They sacrifice neither to gain the other.

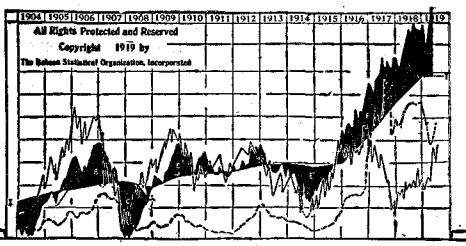
Full details given in

"THE NORTHWEST IN AGRICULTURE"

Our new booklet for investors sent free on request

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (*Address nearest Office*) SPOKANE, WASHINGTON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When To Buy Bonds

To know *when* to buy bonds is fully as important as to know *what* bonds to buy. Sound judgment on bond investments comes with an understanding of fundamental conditions.

Babson's

Reports analyze these conditions and make specific, unbiased recommendations as to the real bargains in the investment market.

Report on Request

A few copies of our latest Bulletin are still available. This Bulletin and details of the Babson Long Swing Method of investing in stocks and bonds sent to investors *gratis* on request.

Merely Write for Bulletin 1317

The Babson Statistical Organization
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The Largest Organization of Its Kind in the World

THE EARNING POWER OF MONEY

The combined experience of American investors and investment institutions shows that 6% is about the maximum interest obtainable with safety.

Recognizing this experience, the shrewd investor will seek the best 6% investment and be content.

Among 6% investments our farm mortgages have a creditable record. They are first liens on productive farms in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma.

We have placed over $25,000,000 of these mortgages without loss to any investor. We serve banks, insurance companies and individuals.

Write for current offerings in denominations of $300 and upward, and for our illustrated booklet.

THE NEW ENGLAND SECURITIES CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $400,000
Kansas City Missouri

PROFITABLE MONEY

Idle money is not profitable—it is not even worth its cost.

Speculated money is not always profitable—the risk is too great and losses are frequent.

Poorly invested money is not profitable—it either will be lost or it is not earning all it should.

Money invested in the solid, dependable, conservative bonds we handle is not idle—is not speculated—is not poorly invested. It is profitable money, earning the highest rate of interest consistent with safety.

Ask for Circular S-109 describing our Municipal, Corporation and Farm Land Bonds.

Established more than a quarter of a century.

GOLD-STABECK COMPANY
INVESTMENT BANKERS
MINNEAPOLIS

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A Good Name Well-Known

6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Goodwill towards this company and its bond offerings is growing steadily greater.

It bears a fine name for soundness, for conservatism, and for high integrity.

Its bond issues of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds are based upon new, income-producing buildings and land.

Men and women from every state in the Union send us their savings for investment.

Your own name will be welcomed and you may rest assured that your relations with us will be both pleasant and profitable.

Mail your request today for

"Questions and Answers on Bond Investment"

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

90 South Griswold Street Detroit

(245)

AMORTIZATION OF MORTGAGES

By Horace B. Mitchell

This is the fifth article in the Scribner series on Real Estate Investment.

THE problem of amortization is to-day the principal problem confronting the various classes of institutions and of private investors who lend money on city real estate. It has come to be pretty generally recognized that the old-fashioned system of lending on mortgage with the entire loan maturing all in one sum is unscientific. Such a mortgage is secured by physical values only. Foreclosure is the principal defense, if not the only one.

From the standpoint of the investor such a mortgage is unsatisfactory because it contains no provision for the payment of the principal when due. From the standpoint of the borrower the loan is open to the great objection that it may come due when mortgage money is tight, or even unobtainable, forcing him perhaps to sacrifice other interests to satisfy the indebtedness or even to lose the property through foreclosure proceedings.

As a result of these facts an agitation for the more general adoption of the principle of amortization, or partial payment of the principal of mortgage loans, is in progress. The main driving power behind the movement is that of the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers Association. The United States Government also has given its attention to the problem and the movement has been officially endorsed by the United States Department of Labor.

A more general adoption of amortization, it is generally agreed, would attract vast sums of new capital to be utilized in financing new construction and the transfer of properties, would make mortgages as a class safer investments, and would improve the condition of city real estate the country over. The committee of bankers above referred to have stated the object of their campaign as follows:

(1) To encourage thrift on the part of the borrower;

(2) To have available a greater turnover of funds for further real estate development;

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(3) To remove the element of speculation, that the land will appreciate in value, from the risk involved; and

(4) To ensure the eventual redevelopment of the real property when the mortgaged improvement thereon shall have totally deteriorated.

According to a Department of Labor bulletin amortization will:

(1) Make available a greater turnover of funds for reinvestment in the renewed activities of the building industry;

(2) Remove that element of speculation from the risk of investment that so often relies in vain upon an appreciation in the value of a land to offset depreciation in the value of structures;

(3) Replenish the reservoirs of financial capital, by encouraging thrift in the borrower, so that the supply of investment funds will flow uninterruptedly in response to requirements of the builders of national wealth.

It is not claimed by those responsible for this campaign that every mortgage in Christendom should be amortized through a system of partial payments, but every one who has studied the subject recognizes the justice of the contention that there should be a much wider application of the principle than exists at present.

The word amortization is derived from the same French root as the word mortgage, and it means, literally, putting the mortgage to death by a slow but sure porcess of steady partial payments until the entire principal sum is paid. The origin of the practice, however, was not French. The first authentic instance of the use of the amortization system is recorded in Stockholm in 1754 when a bank, making a specialty of city and farm loans, began to require borrowers to make a small payment of principal each year. The idea spread to the continent of Europe and became thoroughly naturalized both in France and Germany. One of its principal objects was to encourage home ownership by persons of small means, and since land values and real estate conditions in general have been far more stable in the long established European cities than here, these loans usually were made for a period of years that would be impossible under American conditions.

For example, the Crédit Foncier de France,

(Continued on page 98)

Three Hundred Percent Security

We are offering a $55,000 issue of 7% Real Estate Bonds, secured by property conservatively appraised and confirmed by local banks at $150,000.

These bonds mature serially, 1 to 10 years, but no part of the first mortgage will be released until all bonds have been paid. Thus the security on the outstanding bonds, already nearly three times the amount of the loan, becomes greater every year.

The security for these bonds is four parcels of real estate,—three improved business properties and 1000 acres of farm land.

Advance payments to trustee, of both interest and principal, additionally safeguard this investment. Earnings of the mortgaged properties are several times the amount necessary to meet payments.

Write for illustrated circular giving further details.

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED
112 HURT BLDG., ATLANTA, GA.

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1. Broadway and Lawrence Ave.
2. Devon and Lakewood Ave.
3. Lincoln Parkway and Fullerton
4. 46th and Greenwood Ave.
5. Oak Park
6. Howard Ave. at N. W. L.

Back of every Lackner and Butz First Mortgage Bond, there is a substantial modern building in a high-class, progressive, "value increasing" neighborhood.

Each one of the buildings pictured here is in the best neighborhood of Chicago—the second largest city in the United States where property values are in their infancy, where the demand for occupancy in this class of property *is far in excess of the supply*.

No safer form of investment—no surer guarantee of 6% interest without possibility of principal depreciation.

Bonds may be purchased on the partial payment plan—send for explanatory booklet and circulars of late issues.

LACKNER, BUTZ & COMPANY

CONWAY BUILDING 111 E. Washington St. CHICAGO, ILL.

An Interest Check Every Month

As small a sum as $300 or any larger amount can be invested in

Guaranteed First Mortgage Participations

so that the interest will be paid monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly or semi-annually.

This is only one of the many unique features in connection with these investments.

Write for booklet

Mortgage Trust Company

415 Pine St. St. Louis Missouri

(Continued from page 97)

the principal French land bank, was making 75-year loans just before the war. Under the French system, tables were worked out so that the borrower by paying an exactly equal amount each year during the life of the loan would meet the interest charge as it came due annually, and at the end of the period would have paid off the entire principal sum as well. On a 75-year loan the annual payment would be 4.521 per cent, 4.30 per cent being interest and the extremely small charge of only .221 per cent representing an amortization sufficient to extinguish the principal in 75 years.

In a 45-year loan at 4 per cent interest the annual payment works out at 5.20 per cent, 1.20 per cent being the principal charge. At the start of such a loan, of course, the greater amount in dollars and cents is represented by the payment of interest. As the loan approaches its final maturity, however, and only a small fraction of the original principal sum remains outstanding, the interest charge becomes negligible and most of the payment is devoted to the extinction of the principal.

But all these systems are ill adapted to American conditions for other reasons than the one set forth above. The whole trend of thought in lending on real estate in the United States is toward short-time loans. The mortgage investor likes to know that his money will come due and be paid back to him in a comparatively short space of time, from three to five years, as is the general rule in the case of individual mortgages; and in the case of bond issues usually not more than ten or twenty years at the outside.

American cities are in a constant state of change. We tear down to-morrow what we built to-day. Even our modern steel-frame office-buildings are not immune—witness the case in Chicago several years ago of a fifteen-story fireproof steel-frame structure in good repair and producing a good income being torn down with hammer and pick and oxyacetylene blast to make room for a somewhat smaller structure, better adapted to the uses of the large department-store which had acquired the site.

The system of amortization in use by most institutions of this country which follow the plan at all is to require payment of about 2 per cent or 3 per cent of the principal each year over a period of approximately ten years, thus leaving some 70 per cent or 75 per cent of the principal indebtedness to come due at the end of that time. In the case of bond issues on new properties with good earning power, the

(Continued on page 100)

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A SIX PER CENT INVESTMENT OF SUPERIOR MERIT

The First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Notes of the Emporium Realty Company offer the unusual opportunity of investing $500 or multiples at SIX PER CENT secured by property in the downtown retail business district of St. Louis. The property is under a long-term lease to one of St. Louis' foremost department stores. Under the terms of the lease, the rental is to be paid monthly, in advance, to the Mercantile Trust Company, as Trustees, to be used *only* for the payment of the interest and a substantial part of the principal each six months. By this plan the mortgage is reduced semi-annually and the margin of security grows greater.

Investors who are seeking the maximum of interest, in keeping with business prudence, with the minimum of risk, should obtain particulars concerning this attractive investment.

The notes are owned by the Mercantile Trust Company, having been bought after a thorough investigation of the security. First Mortgage notes have been sold by us to investors in every part of the United States, without the loss of one dollar, principal or interest.

Notes delivered anywhere in the United States at our risk.

Send for circular giving full details

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Capital and Surplus $10,000,000

FESTUS J. WADE
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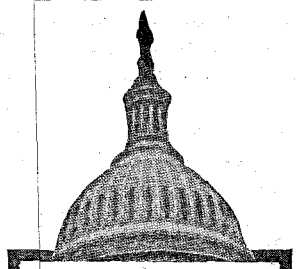
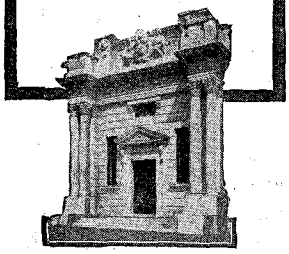
Real Estate Loan Officer



We have specialized in First Mortgage 6% Notes for fifty years with the significant record of not a single loss to an investor of principal or interest.



A Capital Investment

Nowhere in the United States has reality the consistent stability that exists in the National Capital, by reason of governmental association.

First Mortgage 6% Notes

Thus offer an absolutely safe investment, returning an interest generously satisfactory, with no speculative feature, nor fluctuating liability involved.

We solicit your interested inquiry for detailed information. Address

Swartzell, Rheem & Hensey Co.

725 Fifteenth Street **Washington, D. C.**

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The Cotton Crop as an Investment Factor

There is a fortune in cotton by-products in addition to the staple itself. Cotton seed and hulls are used in the manufacture of many food products, as well as such articles as soap, linoleum, etc., and as a feed for animals.

The finished by-products of the cotton seed crop amount to $350,000,000 annually.

In the Black Waxy Belt of Texas more cotton is raised than in any other equivalent area.

In this district we negotiate first mortgages on farms, a most satisfactory and safe form of investment security, on a basis

To net 6% and 5½%

Write for current offerings and our booklet entitled "Investing," describing our mortgages and services.

"Millions loaned; not a dollar lost."

TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY

T. J. COLE, Prest.

Paid up Capital $200,000

DALLAS. TEXAS

Investment Suggestions

We have prepared a list of stocks in corporations covering a varied field of successful endeavor, yielding income returns from

7% to 10%

Write for "Investment Suggestions"

Frederic H. Hatch & Co.

Established 1888

74 Broadway **New York**

Help your Boy to Develop Himself

LET your boy have balanced reading. Besides his prescribed school reading he needs the regular relaxation of the right kind of boy reading. Five hundred thousand American boys get this important combination in

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

Its absorbing fiction, constructive, helpful departments, and timely articles of current interest are "all-boy" clear through. Put The American Boy on your family table.

20c a copy on news-stands
$2 a year by mail

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
24 American Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from page 98)

amortization charge may readily run as high as 5 per cent a year, thus retiring three-quarters of the loan in a fifteen-year issue and leaving a comparatively small balance which, as experience has shown, can readily be financed through a refunding operation at a low rate of interest.

The original object of amortization in Europe was not only to safeguard the loan but to protect borrowers, often small land owners and even liberated serfs, from the greed of usurious lenders who made a practice of timing the maturity of the loan at a period when the lender would be short of funds, with the deliberate object of acquiring the property cheaply by foreclosure and forced sale. The objects in the amortization movement in this country, however, as set forth above, are chiefly to increase the safety of loans and to provide new capital. There is approximately $10,000,000,000 in mortgage loans outstanding in the United States, and of this sum more than $4,000,000,000 is on New York City real estate. New capital to the amount of $1,000,000,000 a year is necessary to finance new construction work to keep pace with the normal growth of our population. The shortage in buildings in the United States at present is estimated at much more than $1,000,000,000, so that the call for capital in this important department of the nation's economic life is a keen one. The sponsors for the amortization movement believe, and believe rightly, that additional capital can be attracted to the field of real estate loans if investors generally can be assured that additional safeguards are placed around their funds, and that they will have increased assurance that interest and principal will be paid when due.

In the field of first-mortgage real estate bonds the principle of amortization has been carried to perhaps its highest development. In the ordinary amortized undivided mortgage loan, often made on property of low-earning power, the borrower frequently will be called upon to meet his amortization payments not from the earnings of the property, but from other sources. Many of the investment banking-houses underwriting issues of first-mortgage real estate bonds, however, work on the principle that the value of a property is determined chiefly by its earning power, limit their underwritings to highly productive properties and tie up these earnings through a system of monthly deposits making certain the extinction of the bonded indebtedness before any other obligations are met. By this system, making the bonds a first lien on the

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earnings as well as a first mortgage on the property itself, one-half or perhaps three-quarters of the loan will be paid out of the rentals as received each month. The soundness of this plan is evident. The old routine rule in regard to investment bonds in general was that the investor looked to the earnings of the corporation to safeguard his interest and the physical assets to safeguard his principal. Here the earnings themselves are devoted to the payment of the principal as well as interest through a scientific and systematic system of amortization, and it is obvious that a very great additional safeguard has been placed around these investments.

Naturally, bond issues of this type can be underwritten only on a limited and select class of properties, with new improvements, at the height of their earning power, because with an interest payment of 6 per cent and an amortization payment of 5 per cent, it is obvious that 11 per cent of the total loan, or about 5 per cent of the total value of the property securing it, must be taken out of the earnings and paid to the bondholders before the owner himself can realize any income from his holdings.

Building and loan associations universally work on the basis of amortization, but the methods and practices used by them are so varied that to outline them would require a volume rather than a paragraph.

Real estate securities are coming into their own. With the adoption of more scientific principles of lending, with greater responsibility, greater care, and more thorough safeguards, the safety of these securities as a class has been greatly increased.

New capital in large amounts is steadily being attracted to real estate and it is easy to foresee that one of the principal developments in American finance during the next decade or two will take place in this field.

GREATER INCOME FROM SAVINGS

You may obtain a greater income from your savings if you do these two things:

1. Invest in the same securities as those held by savings banks;
2. Invest your savings as fast as they accumulate so as not to lose a day's interest.

Our farm mortgages are savings bank investments. They yield 6%. By our installment investment plan you may invest in one of these mortgages and accomplish the two results above described.

Write for literature further explaining how to obtain a greater income from your savings.

INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY
R. B. BISHOP, *President*
610 Canal Bank Annex NEW ORLEANS, LA.

When You've Struck—
An investment that brings you a regular steady 6% secured by first mortgages on Colorado's far-famed rich farms and first mortgage gold bonds—without a single financial worry of any sort—you've got the choicest of all investments. Let us tell you more.
Send for literature.
The Western Securities Investment Co.
FARM MORTGAGES
C. C. Bennett, Pres. H. A. Bradford, Treas.
First National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colorado

E J L FIRST FARM MORTGAGES
36 Years— No Losses
For 36 years investors from all sections have purchased our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds without the loss of a dollar.
Six Per Cent Net
The rate is 6%, collected and remitted without expense to the investor. We confine our loans to the most desirable sections and make personal inspection of the security in every case, before a loan is placed. Send for descriptive pamphlet "G" and current offerings in amounts to suit.
Established 1883 Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
E. J. LANDER & CO.
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

"Bank-Supervised" Farm Mortgages
The permanence of a banking institution of twenty-nine years experience is assurance to the investor that during the life of a loan, exacting attention will be given to all details essential to the protection of his investment.
Send for booklet: "Mortgages on Money Making Farms."
CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
Saint Paul, Minnesota

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Meeting Competition for World Trade

The merchants of Europe have for centuries been engaged in world trade. Through experience, they are familiar with the commercial conditions of all countries and markets. More than 70 years' experience in international trade enables us to offer service to American manufacturers and merchants — both in forwarding and financing foreign shipments — that they may compete on equal terms with the merchants of Europe.

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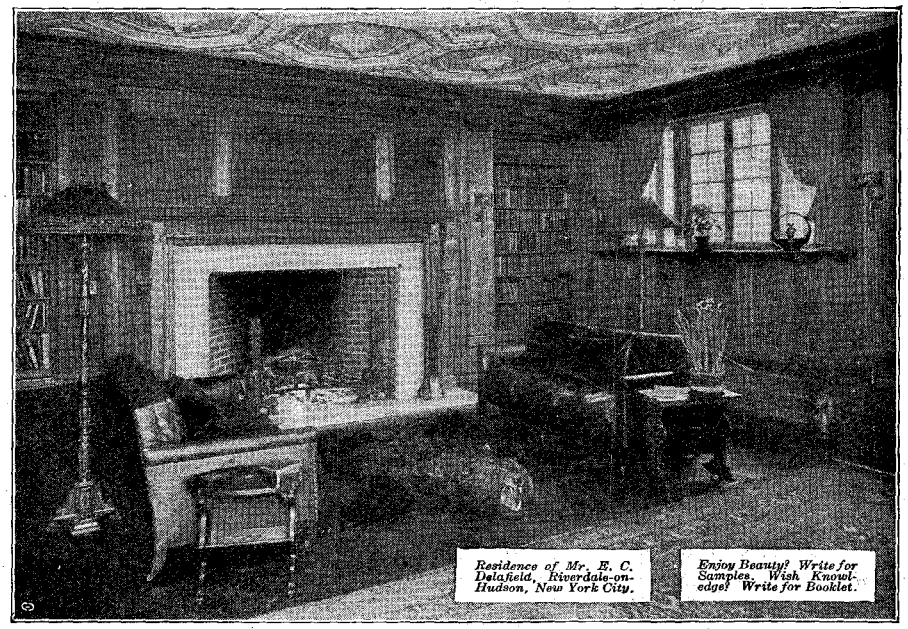

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AN ENDURING HARDWOOD, YET SOFT AS SATIN TO THE TOUCH, ITS NATURAL TONE A RICH, WARM BROWN, "A JOY TO THE EYE."

AMERICAN HARDWOOD MFRS. ASSOCIATION, GUM DIVISION, 1335 Bank of Commerce Bldg. MEMPHIS, TENN.

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(Continued from page 518)

dore undertakes to handle everything from grand pianos to egg cases, have as yet made little headway in Japan, and provision for handling must be made—hence the rope. The bulky iron-bound cases lose their glamor in the light of local requirements, when one is informed that the Japanese laborer has a habit of handling what is easiest to handle in the great miscellany on the dock, and shipments sometimes languish for months through failure of the American shipper to observe this purely local requirement.

One travelling about Japan is struck with what might be termed the unbalance of American products in use. Electrical apparatus, unusually modern and up-to-date, is displayed in the windows of enterprising American concerns. Unusual books and stationery articles may be bought in Japan, and some enterprising concern seems to have flooded the country with abominable derby hats that turn the picturesque Japanese costumes into howling burlesques in our eyes. On the other hand, good plumbing fixtures seem to have been entirely overlooked, if one is to judge by the obsolete specimens one sees displayed, or finds sparingly installed in the few hotels that have any such equipment. So far as one can observe it has been a go-as-you-please with the trails of the most adroit salesmen, plainly indicating the extent of individual penetration.

In our consideration of the trade exchange which we should like to perfect with the Japanese, we are too apt to reason from the high plane of what we want our business to be, and not what it really is in its work-a-day application. Moreover, we are prone loftily to assume that, because we invented the thing and have it running in our country, our little Japanese brother must take it the way we hand it to him. It is well to reflect just a little upon the agricultural implement salesman and the floor-covering man we met on the steamer. Then there is that whirlwind junketing party. If one is struck by the presence of the business adventurers on the boat, he must fairly gasp when he reflects upon what the conditions must have been a couple of decades ago, when the business buccaneer started through that virgin country that had lived so long on the products of its bare hands. If we find Togo Sun a little hard to do business with, let us remember that we have been none too particular as to whom we sent out there in other days, although that condition is happily changing very rapidly.

But there is indeed a wonderful business future in Japan for firms of strong organization with meritorious products to sell. To attempt to enumerate would be like trying to catalogue our own diverse requirements. The question is not so much what they want as how best to present the merits of our products, and what changes in form of commodity or methods of introduction are required to meet the standards of that other civilization. In the first place, it may not be generally known that our government maintains in Japan an excellent consular service. The officials, in addition to having excellent information concerning the needs of the Japanese people, are well versed in Japanese customs and social conditions, and can render invaluable advice to new-coming concerns. The present American ambassador gives freely of his time to the study of trade relationships and makes himself available to people who desire to consult him. The Department of Commerce maintains its own special representatives, and this valuable fund of information is at the disposal of responsible American concerns. One needs only to

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talk to merchants who have availed themselves of these services to appreciate the high quality of assistance that is thus rendered gratis by our government officials. It is a matter of regret that our government does not take a more active interest in separating the business sheep from the goats; also that its timidity of position in backing up just claims of American concerns is keenly felt where, unhappily, controversy finds its way into the otherwise pleasant relations that generally prevail. But in the Orient this is taken for granted by the oldest established concerns, and is regarded as part of the baggage that one must take out into the Far East—an American heritage handed down from time immemorial.

One keen observer has admonished American business men to study their own business before undertaking to expand into the Orient. As applied to Japan it might be pertinent to advise studying our own business through Japanese eyes. From all that one can hear and see in examining the course of American business in Japan, the conclusion must be drawn that the line between successes and failures can be traced to this all important question. It is not enough to read smiling books that give attractive pictures of Japanese life and customs, much less to pay too much attention to the pessimistic criticisms that emanate from observers who emphasize the seamy side of Japanese life. The great necessity is to get the underlying facts as applied to the particular business in hand and to be sure that they *are* the facts. If this observation is true, it throws a light upon the junketing trips that have heretofore contributed to the mounting piles of generalities, and perhaps to the gayety of notations. Recall how the Japanese do their investigating with experts on business bent—trained observers with organized corps of assistants if need be—men who know how to make their time count. If the game is worth the candle it is worth having all of the facts, and the place to get them is on the ground, with the particular objective in view. These same courteous Japanese one meets on the steamers will be found in their offices and their counting-rooms, interested, attentive, and keenly alive to projects of merit.

After warning so vigorously against generalities, it may seem inconsistent to generalize. Nevertheless certain facts will come to the attention of any investigator; not to be used in the solution of a particular problem, but as a background upon which special information may depend. One is, that the per capita consumption figures of any given commodity as applied to home consumption will not necessarily apply in considering Japanese consumption. A whole new set of rules will have to be worked out for almost any article that one might name. Another is, that educational campaigns will have to start in the most elementary manner with hardly anything taken for granted. Much that would be taken for granted at home, has to be developed by patient and careful campaigns of explanation. Take for example window-glass. One looking over that densely populated country with its myriads of little paper-windowed wooden houses, would conclude immediately that of all things, glass would be in unlimited demand, particularly in view of the fact that it can be produced cheaply there. Therefore, surely domestic consumption would be an absolutely reliable factor and practically unlimited. And yet competent observers have discovered that it may be generations before any great quantity of sheet glass can be marketed. Before any general market is established a whole campaign of education on the merits and properties of glass will have to be undertaken. Can you imagine a great glass company in this country planning a five-year advertising campaign to tell the American people the physical properties of sheet glass and the advantages to be gained by using it?

And all of our work of introduction, and indeed continued trade relation, must be done with courtesy and tact, for the Japanese are a sensitive people—sensitive beyond anything we even dream of in American internal business relations. It should be pointed out that the tact to be used is not the tact of suavity, or yet of condescension, but of honest and fearless detailed explanation of the intrinsic merit of the article to be sold.

The Japanese are not averse to allowing profits providing those profits are

(Continued on page 106)

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There is no substitute for Linen

Age-old tradition and time-honored usage, which find their reasons in the matchless virtues and beauty of True Irish Linen, render it essential to maintain a complete supply of linen for formal use.

While there is a moderate quantity of the true Irish product now obtainable at the better stores, the needs for Thanksgiving and Christmas should be anticipated by making early purchases of linens.

The IRISH LINEN SOCIETY
BELFAST IRELAND

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(Continued from page 104)

reasonable, but this is not to be confused with any idea that they are not keen for competition. Americans who have traded wholly in our own country and have been used to accepting certain standards as a matter of course, will have an element of surprise injected into their calculations when they run across the results of European thinking on the subject in hand. To find that others have been doing in a different way a thing that in America has been done in a certain way ever since the industry started, sometimes comes as a surprise, and unless we are prepared to prove by careful analysis and patient explanation the superiority of our own method, we are apt to leave Togo Sun in about the same frame of mind we found him, largely on account of the fact that Europeans have been occupying the market before us.

With these thoughts in mind, one may commence to realize just what is meant by the term "developing a market" as applied to the Japanese trade question. Perhaps "constructing a market" would be a more descriptive term, and yet, with all of the seeming impediments, it is gratifying to observe the headway that some of our best American concerns have made, and the really wonderful advancement they are responsible for.

The key to the riddle may be found in any of the old copy books. Persistence, good old-fashioned hard work applied in connection with something that is worth while is about what is needed out Japan way. The soil has to be analyzed and then cultivated. The tares sown by the fly-by-night adventurers will have to be reckoned with and weeded out, and it is perhaps too much to expect that more tares will not be sown. And on the basis of meritorious performance it is indeed an alluring field for him who wants to travel far and mingle with strange experiences and foreign peoples. For a young man who has the talents for tact and good business management, and the capacity to enjoy doing a thing well, work in the Orient can have the quality of a crusade and a mission—the carrying to these people the implements of our civilization, that the world may be richer for his coming.

One leaves Japan on a steamer that glides down the bay, and in the evening sunlight Fujiama rises out of the mist that all but obscures the land. The passengers gather at the rail to view the superb scene, for it is like the most delicate Japanese print and fairly compels spiritual reverie. And Fujiama epitomizes Japan as no other country is epitomized by a great outstanding physical feature. Fujiama may be regarded as a symbol, or as a great spectacle, or one may approach it and see the details of its beauty. One may go further and analyze it as a great geological phenomenon with structures of this and that kind of mineral. So it is with Japan and the Japanese people and more particularly our trade relations with them. They can all be observed from many points of view, but if one is to know Japan on a business basis, he will pass by the picturesque and artistic and proceed to the mountain and know it, and will acquaint himself with its structure and characteristics; and with the fulness of that knowledge he will better appreciate the picturesque and artistic when his reverie reminds him that he has created a foundation that will enable him to contribute something constructive to the progress of the Orient.

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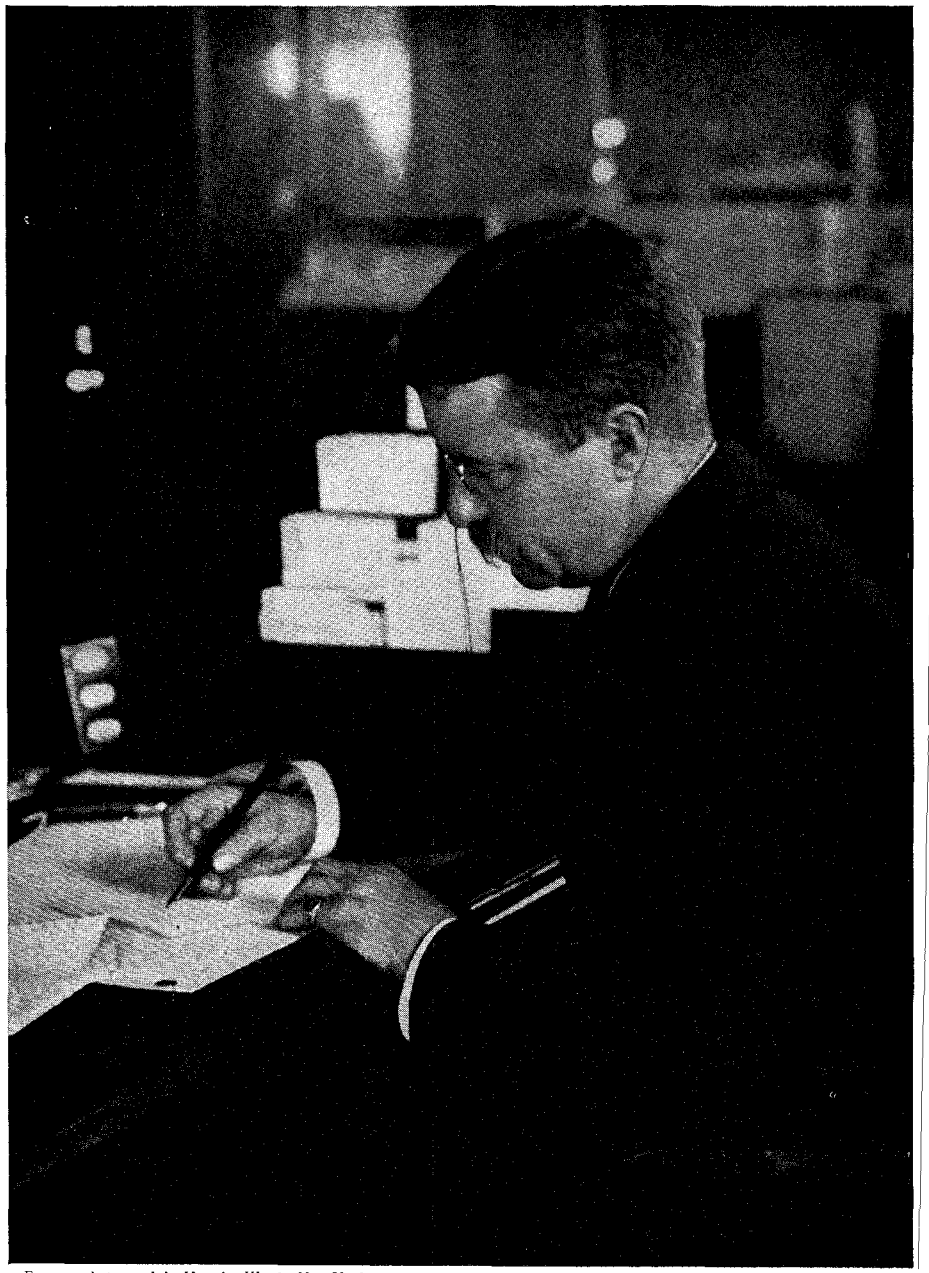

From a photograph by Van der Weyde, New York.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WHEN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

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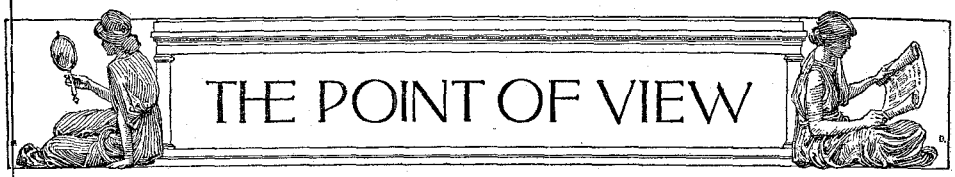

Reflections of a Retired Airman

UPON further reflection, when I call this "Reflections of a retired airman," I might just as well have labelled it the "Reflections of a tired airman."

Physically, I am not tired. My age does not readily allow my body to become physically tired. My muscles still retain a great deal of the elasticity they had when my one ambition in life was to make the 'varsity squad during the football season. My mind has not been so harassed by the troubles and cares of business that it has lost its snap and become lax. If I were to take the time to go over my different parts, in a physical way, and take them up one by one, regarding them disinterestedly as if belonging to some one else, I could not in all fairness say that they gave any signs of being worn out. I am tired and I am not tired. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is easily explained.

I am not tired mentally, nor of living. Life is great. I have tasted it, not to great depths, but have had a sip at many of its different vintages. In years I am young, yet I have managed to crowd not a few experiences into a period that even a woman over thirty would not consider long. I have indulged in every branch of sport that a red-blooded man feels drawn toward. When I crave excitement I go out and satisfy the craving in any way that presents itself at the time. I even go out of my way and make sacrifices if there is promise of an extraordinary amount of excitement. I have had my nine falls. Nine falls being the required number during the apprentice period of a horseman's career. The ninth brought with it several broken ribs but also the right to consider myself a horseman. I have reached the stage where it is no longer necessary for me to stand by in respectful awe listening to the tales of what happened to others. I can tell some of my own stories. I know the feeling of being watched by thousands of pairs of eyes and of receiving the plaudits from thousands of hands. And, considering myself a horseman, it was only natural that when making my choice of a service for the war, I should aspire to become a "cavalryman of the air." I believe this is what some poet called the wartime flier.

Looking at it from another angle. I have had the pleasure and satisfaction of having survived three train wrecks. I have also floated for a number of hours, just how many I could not say, clinging to the bottom of an overturned canoe. This in the salt water and rollers of the ocean with fog shutting out all view of a distant shore. With the indelible impressions of these experiences on my mind it was only natural that I should choose naval aviation. I reasoned that I was better fitted for this branch than any other, for, if I did have a crash and was not killed outright, and was obliged to float on the ocean until picked up, I at least had received the proper training to guide my actions under these circumstances and would not find myself confronted with any new set of conditions. In other words, I was looking forward to an exciting time teeming with creepy thrills and hair-raising experiences of suspense as well as of action.

My view of warfare was selfish. To me it was but an opportunity to bring about a change in the humdrum existence I happened to be leading when we entered the war. It came as a respite from the run of ordinary things and served as a release from a life that had become tame. I had just been beginning to feel the want of a change and the craving for some new experience. Here was the promise of a new and exciting experience that had attached to its seeking a justifiable and worthy cause. I was looking for an excuse to cut the ties that bound me to regular breakfasts at eight each morning so that I should not be late at the office. I had become such a creature of habit that even being late in the morning had long since ceased to give me the thrill it should. I looked forward to becoming a flier just as the sixteen-year-old boy looks forward to that first pair of long trousers that in his mind transforms him overnight from a boy into a full-fledged man.

It was then that I was tired, even as I am tired now. I was tired of doing the things that I had done so often and that I was then doing. Just as I am now tired of having

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come back to the same things more or less. I am not speaking in terms of salary nor of the character of my present occupation. I am referring to my method of living, of my state of mind, and as it has always been a belief of mine that state of mind is everything in this world we live upon, I am lamenting the fact that my mind is of such a type that it can be tired of surrounding conditions so easily. As the world remains pretty much the same, generally speaking and despite new inventions, and as the surrounding conditions do not change of themselves and will always surround, there is nothing left to be done but change the state of mind. This is done by reading or doing, sometimes by thinking. Of the three, I prefer doing.

The Thrills of Flying

TO come back to flying. Well, I got the thrill I was looking for. That is, I got it at first. Later on I did not. My student days were full of thrills. One favorite thrill was to imagine, and I have a good imagination, while up in the air on an instruction "hop" that my instructor should drop dead in his cockpit. It would then be up to me to get down as best I could. At that time not knowing very much about flying, the troubles I would get into, mentally, while getting down, would furnish me with several particularly tingling thrills.

After that, when I was soloing, came the thrill of doing my first stunts. In those days the instructors would not show us how to stunt, my instructor did not even take the trouble to teach me to spiral. Stunting was considered too dangerous to be tried in a seaplane. I always had a suspicion that the instructors were a little bit better fliers on the ground than they were in the air. They did not seem particularly anxious to teach us what could be done with a seaplane, that is, by demonstrations. They would tell us all about it on the ground, how it should be done, and then warn us not to try it.

But oh, those orgies of stunting we would have over the quarantine station on Santa Rosa Island! When the clouds were low or the fog thick enough to prevent our being seen from the observation tower on the station, one by one we would gather at the rendezvous. Then, almost scared stiff, each supporting the other's courage by his own actions, a game of follow the leader would take place. It was a thrilling and fascinating game. Once in a while a miscreant would spin in and the game would stop for a day or so. This added zest to the game, however, and our courage would soon return. We taught ourselves to fly and laughed at the squadron commanders, inwardly, when they would warn us of the dangers of stunting in a water machine, and threaten to recommend those caught stunting for a discharge.

And then came another thrill. Our commissions arrived from Washington and we were duly and unceremoniously sworn in as officers of the United States Navy. Many were the sidelong glances at a certain brilliant reflection one could glimpse while passing a shop-window. There, swinging along at our side, would be a personage with a gold stripe and star on the blue "aileron" that adorned either shoulder. Then came the long anxious wait for orders. When finally they did materialize we got the biggest thrill of all. A thrill of disappointment that brought forth tears of rage and scarlet words that would have made the proverbial truck-driver beg on bended knee for lessons in the art. We were destined, so read the orders, to proceed to a station being opened in the North, and there take up our duties as flying instructors. It was just about this time that we began to get tired.

Flying has its thrills. So has driving a motor-car if it is fast and powerful. But did you ever drive a motor-truck, underpowered and lumbering, day in and day out for periods of several hours each day. If not, try it. It will not be until then that you will begin to appreciate what I mean. The thrill of flying was gone for us, never to return, so we thought. From then on, until we had received our release from active duty, we were working, holding down a monotonous job. We just ground our way through the day and the air, swallowing the exhaust of an overheated engine and wiping away the oil that would come back on the propeller stream and lodge on our faces. Our appearance was black and shiny like that of members of the Ethiopian race.

We dropped into the habit of talking with our hands and our vocabulary, a manual one, narrowed down to a few sentences in the sign language. "Lift left wing," "hold on right rudder," "bank up more on turns," "down for a landing," these were the more common ones. The others consisted of pantomime. They would be skull poundings and fist shakings under the noses of the poor

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student in the rear cockpit who, thoroughly frightened, was doing his level best to become an aviator but somehow seemed to miss the finer points of aviating. How they must have hated and despised us even as we had hated and despised those who had inducted us into the mysteries of flying.

Well, now it's all over. We have lost caste. We even go so far as to be friendly with former pupils or superior officers when we meet them on the street in civilian clothes. How we laugh as we rehash the old days of a few months ago. They seem as years old in our memories. And as we think of them we get tired. We are tired of being a civilian. We are tired of being something worse than a "kee-wee." We are like a parrot with clipped wings. All we can do now is talk about flying.

We long to jump into a ship with an engine of a million horse-power. Something that you could point straight up and leap into the air like a bird, laughing as you left those little things crawling around on the ground like ants. How we would twist and turn as we went upward. We would improvise new stunts that would amaze those gazing upward in awe. We would come tumbling down five thousand feet in a spin and, as the people cried out in horror and averted their eyes not to see the terrible crash, we would come out of it fifty feet from the ground and "giving her the gun" would leap into the air again for even a wilder thrill.

I am tired. I am tired of wanting to do these things. I want to do them. I thought I was through with flying, but I am not. I am going to have my revenge for those countless, colorless hours spent grinding through the air. Even as the school-teacher loves to read, after hours of reading to others and hearing them read, I want to fly. I want to fly for pleasure, for myself, not to kill others or train others to kill. I want to roll and slip and spin through the air, catching myself at my pleasure in my mad descent. I want speed. I want to hear the shriek of wind through the wires and the song of a high-powered motor. I want to smell burning gasoline, swallow hot exhaust and smear my face with black oil.

IN the pages of history twins, so far as I am aware, have never been conspicuous. Castor and Pollux? Romulus and Remus? They will hardly answer. I mention them only to forestall the obvious objection; they are myth and legend. Being myself a twin, I feel safe in the assertion; no shadowy hosts threaten me in vengeful pairs. If I were a doctor or a psychologist, or anything but just a twin, I might proceed with caution. It is enough that I am a twin. Therefore, I submit: Can twins be anything but twins?

Twins and Their Burdens

Odious comparison, the one with the other, is the heritage of twins the world over—the heritage and the curse. It hangs about their necks like a millstone and friends and parents add their weight to the load. It is a calamitous thing, my masters, a melancholy burden. I see it as a conspiracy against the twain to prevent them from being anything but alike—a loving conspiracy, if you like, but none the less a conspiracy, fraught with all the obloquy that the word suggests. For a perfect example of the tyranny in the tie that binds, I give you twins—the one indissoluble union from which there is no divorce. Bitter? No, not at all; for the bond is a heart-binding thing and its very sweetness makes it irrefragable; by the same token I could not wish it otherwise. But a grotesque, smirking destiny clings with the fingers of one hand, tenaciously and eternally, to the hair of the world's twins.

Damon and Pythias were friends, not twins. Twinship would have fettered them. Where friendship is a link, kinship is a fetter; and of the superlative fetter of twinship we can only say that, as if it were not enough to be born twins, we must needs have the fact of twinship thrust upon us.

It is easy to adopt cynical theories to cover this business of being twins, though, were they advanced by some one who had had his cradle to himself, the writer would be the first to spring to arms in defense, not of himself, but of his twin—an anomaly offered for the digestion of psychologists. . . . So, while my twin brother grins venomous encouragement from t'other side of the hearth, I elaborate my theory:

We elbow each other into the world, each jealous of the other's claim to first sight of daylight. In my case the claim is fragile enough, Lord knows, and the support which I may demand from the one best able to bear me out is given with a sweetly indulgent smile that dismisses the subject as of

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no importance. Sometimes I doubt if she really knows!

The first business of twinning accomplished, we begin to suffer small trifles in pairs—everything in pairs: rattles, mugs, blankets, spoons, kisses and caresses—in pairs, following the paths of four small feet, on and on, world without end. Can you think of anything more damning to the eternal fitness of things than this succession of symmetrical annoyances? Here I observe, parenthetically, that even the proverbial distinction of blue and pink ribbons would be dispensed with were it not a measure of safety—and, at that, I am reliably informed that a careless nurse mixed us in the bath-tub so that the Responsible One had to be called in to identify. (I have not at this moment any positive assurance that I am what I was christened to be!) . . . And, speaking of the tub, I am reminded that, in any case where pairs of things appear superfluous, it is held fitting that twins should abominably share something—doubtless a measure of economy in our case. Thus we find ourselves in the same tub, crib, cradle, and carriage, and sharing the rocking-chair on the opposite shoulders of the same nurse where, I bear witness, we are likely to suffer the same pains and even the same dreams. Under the best regulated rooftrees they spare us the contumely of a common porridge bowl, fearing, perhaps, the suggestion of puppies, though really such nice discrimination goes unappreciated.

It is literally, therefore, a case of elbowing your other half for a place in the sun (or for the son), from Genesis to Exodus. In the experiences of kiddies and kaisers the hypothesis that friendships do not flourish thus cannot be disputed with impunity. And while we are on the subject of squabbles, the reader (be he or she "single") has my permission to relegate to the limbo of liars any one smoothly fostering the fond fabrication that the twinning relationship is all sweetness and light. Perish the thought! The parent who inflicts upon her twins the jointly owned rattle may not escape the responsibility for, at least, wordy warfare between them over the possession of underwear and studs when they achieve the age of razors. Do I not know! Recall, if you will, that Romulus killed Remus because the latter laughed and jumped over his wall. I have always suspected, moreover, that the only thing which averted bloodshed between Castor and Pollux was that little maternal irregularity, to put it nicely, which credited the twins with separate fathers, Pollux's sire having been a god. Thus the boys, you see, did not have to go shares in the fundamental matter of paternity.

Now, while I deeply resent the innuendo that a twin is actually only a fraction—that the brains, the mentality, the physique, and what-not, which are the birthright of one able-bodied man-child or girl-child must, in the event of twins, be halved—the inescapable suggestion remains and must be added unto us. That intangible thing called individuality, though possessed, I am sure, in full measure by each of us twain, is questioned so much by implication that I often feel the need of acquiring some amazing eccentricity, such as wearing my hat at the dinner-table or sleeping under the bed, that my existence as an entity may be at all times discernible. I have grown old sighing gentle objections when my friends refuse to believe that I can possibly dislike spinach when my brother likes it, or that we do not love the same girl.

Twins get their names in the papers at birth, because they are twins and their mother is "doing well"; and at death, if they should be fortunate enough to die at the same time, for the same reason. Do they ever do anything in the meantime worthy of a niche in the national chamber of horrors? Two aged men, twins, die in What Cheer, Iowa, within four hours of each other. Their fame, if you please, rests alone upon the fact of their shackled destiny, insistent through the long, gray years, and not upon the fact that they lived tranquil lives in What Cheer and were too old to serve in the Civil War.

I believe in the inalienable right of twins to go their separate ways, each with his own tooth-brush and his own hosiery marked with his own name. My idea would be to withhold from them the fact that they are twins, the suggestion holds the matter for much deep thought. . . . At the same time, I offer these random observations thoroughly aware of the fact that life without my twin would be stale and unprofitable indeed. I cannot face, unshaken, the last long drift into the shades without my double by my side that I may punch his head on the journey. But, in the words of Mr. Kipling, "Brother, you are a hound!"

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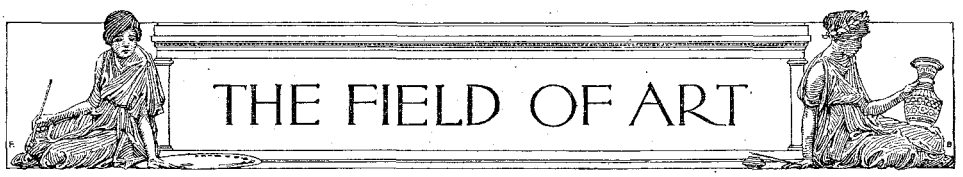

AMERICAN PORTRAITURE

THERE is going on at the present time a quest for American portraits, specifically a search for portraits of Americans by American painters of an earlier day; it is a development of a very few years and is of many-sided interest. Wide as is the search, the subject has had little public consideration. Yet it forms integrally no small part of the proclaimed and recognized advance in American nationality which has been emphasized by the course of the Republic through the world war. Art is the essential of the quest, but behold how its fruits are enlightenment upon the psychology of the nation in its earlier formative period—a semi-neglected psychology whose ferment is still active. We are seeing our half-forgotten forebears whose impress made the community we know possible, seeing not only their presentments by the limners but the atmosphere in which they lived and their attitude toward life, toward the sundry activities of the day, and not the least toward art as a necessary and great factor in the rounding-out of a healthy system for the great body politic.

We want to see Washington, less in the accoutrements of his civil or military life, interesting as they may be, than in what he himself called the features of his face; Gilbert Stuart came home from success abroad consumed with a desire to delineate the "Father of Freedom," Charles Willson Peale painted him first from intimate knowledge and association, Rembrandt Peale put the burning enthusiasm of seventeen into the honor of three sittings from his father's friend, the "Father of his Country," and put years into faithful elaboration of a true portrait of that great personality. Robert Edge Pine, English born, but an American painter, came here to depict great figures of the epoch-making Revolution and to live; Washington recognized him, and the outstanding financier of the Revolutionary period, Robert Morris, built a house and a studio for him and his worthy work. We want to see pre-Revolutionary New England; John Singleton Copley presents that cis-Atlantic aristocracy to view. C. W. Peale, who was to become post-Revolutionary portraitist, went to him to study. There is an artistic genealogy in our portraiture. And Copley's elegance of attire and mode of life, we are told, gave the thrust to Colonel John Trumbull's pictorial ambitions. A side-light upon the manners and incentives of the day.

Men cared for those counterfeit presentments of the men of their own time. Witness Tuckerman's story of a head of Washington by Stuart, presented to a Member of Congress from Columbia County, New York, "who held the original in such veneration that he requested on his death-bed to have the picture exhibited to his fading gaze, as it was the last object he desired to behold on earth." Yet—was it politics? or a failure of artistic appreciation in the ancient Commonwealth?—Massachusetts refused to buy a Stuart portrait of Washington which is now famous as the "Athenæum Head," and which has given glory to the Hub and given a name to its congeners.

There are similarities and dissimilarities alike striking in the experiences of art and artists, and in the attitude of the community toward art, to be noted in the earlier and in the present phases of the common life of our country. And to the present, the freshening or recrudescent appreciation of the earlier portraiture has an interest and a lesson; for those men and women of earlier time were limned by men of their own nation—there was, too, a very early woman artist in the South, Henrietta Johnson of Charleston—and we know now that it pays artistically to be painted by one of one's own nationality. The vogue of the foreign portrait-painter is lessening here, though far from extinguished. Nationality strictly political, to be sure, should have nothing to do with the matter, and there be those who hold that art being universal there can be no such thing as national art (meaning, usually, in their conception "American" art); but any one giving much attention to the subject will be likely to come to agreement with the late William M. Chase, who held that

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even a beautiful woman painted by an artist of a nation other than her own will be made in some particulars to resemble a woman of the painter's nationality, rather than a woman of her own nationality. The thing was proved long ago in China, as any one may note who will examine paintings done there in the eighteenth century by French artists, or paintings done by Chinese artists after Dutch originals.

Coming into the early nineteenth century, the same old criticisms of the Academy, which certain critics on the daily press bring fondly forth as original thought each season or two, are to be found, already growing vigorously. The *North American Review*, taking up President Samuel F. B. Morse's address at the Academy's first anniversary, said: "A National Academy may be understood to mean a public institution, founded or supported by the nation, or a private association of the first artists of the country. This Academy is of neither of these kinds. It is simply a society of artists in the City of New York. . . . What would be thought if Mr. Stuart should choose to call himself National Portrait Painter, or Mr. Allston should take the style National Historical Painter? (N.P.P.—N.H.P.) Yet they would but be claiming the rank which others yield to them; while the name of National Academician is as inappropriate to some of those who have dignified themselves with it as it is injudicious in its application to the best. It is unjust, moreover; to the reputation of the country." And the *Review* went on to remark on Morse's "complaining bitterly" of the practice of buying old pictures, as tending to the neglect of living merit—a complaint still heard in Academic circles and elsewhere, and one whose reiteration has not been unproductive of good. Morse responded as do the Academicians of to-day, that the Academy was not of New York alone, but was an association of the first artists of the country; and he cited membership from Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Charleston.

The painters flourished, and were appreciated by the people around them. To Charles Willson Peale came sitters "from Canada to the West Indies." On Henry Inman's return from Philadelphia to New York, in 1834, he "opened his studio once more in the heart of the city, with the intention of devoting his whole attention to portrait-painting. Orders for pictures crowded in upon him so rapidly that . . . it was almost impossible for his pencil to keep pace with the demands that were made upon it." Painters could make a go of it working in collaboration, as did Samuel Waldo and William Jewett, "it being a puzzle to the uninitiated," says Tuckerman, "to assign to either painter his share of a portrait." The East had not a monopoly, Matthew Jouet, of Kentucky, being spoken of as the best portrait-painter "west of the mountains." We are dealing with portrait-painters, and odd it seems that Inman, the successful portraitist, should have so much wanted to paint landscapes that he declared the time would come when Americans would care less for their "phizzes" (his term) and attain to a purer taste.

There is an amusing anecdote of Inman which brings him very close to to-day, linking him up, through Whistler as to irascibility, with the more placid Chase as to the artist's superior judgment upon the value of art. When a certain rich man criticised the price of $500 which he had paid to Inman, the artist sent for the picture, cut off all the legs of the figures and sent back the canvas (as one of half-lengths) with $200. More graphic, but hardly less forceful than Chase's calm rejoinder when another rich man, fretful under Chase's slowness in getting down to work one morning, on his portrait, observed: "Mr. Chase, do you know I value my time at $1,000 an hour?" "Indeed," quoth the imperturbable one, "and do you know I value mine at just twice that?" Anecdotically, there seem to have been slow painters in those early days, too, even if somebody did libel Copley in the yarn that a man's wife died before her portrait was completed and the man, after the custom of the fathers, marrying again very soon, the painter pictured the first wife as an angel on the same canvas, when starting the second spouse's portrait, following this by presenting her, too, as a second angel upon her untimely demise, and a third entrance upon matrimony by the husband; the two angels were too much for the third wife, who balked.

In view of the recent very agreeable awakening to the merits of early American portraiture, and the present fashionableness of having one's portrait painted by an American artist, it is worth while to recall for a

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moment the conditions of public life at that time, even if it jar the self-complacency of the present. Art, society, statesmanship, politics, united to do honor to art and benefit the nation and the community at the same time—a broad humanity that needed no diabolical "internationalism" to promote the common good; translated to this twentieth century, a mayor of New York City and governor of New York State, the "first man in the State," delivering a scholarly address as head of the National Academy of Design, and as much in sympathy with and comprehending the functions of art as though he were the first painter of the land! No; not a fantasy. For a parallel examine the masterly address of De Witt Clinton upon resigning from the presidency of the American Academy of the Arts in New York City, October 23, 1816. To be sure he was not without pessimism, but he advanced through caution to enthusiasm. Only a few passages can be quoted here. One might be addressed by a bold leader to the National Academy of Design: "This Institution [said Clinton to the American Academy of the Arts] at different periods has cheered us with a glimmering light; but at most times it has appeared like an expiring taper."

But he went on with these wise words: "The portrait collection of this city, by comprising many of the principal heroes of the country, is entitled to great praise in its tendency to stimulate to noble deeds, and to encourage the Fine Arts, by displaying to advantage the compositions of our best painters. . . . The utmost care ought to be adopted in the selection, as one unworthy preference may disgrace the whole gallery."

And he advanced to a comprehensive enthusiasm in this shining, enlightening, if somewhat Gladstonian, sentence: ". . . But the Fine Arts super-add the graces of a Chesterfield to the gigantic mind of a Locke. They are the Acanthi which adorn the Corinthian column—the halos which surround the Sun of Knowledge: they excite labor, produce riches, enlarge the sphere of innocent amusements, increase the stock of harmless pleasure, improve our moral faculties, stimulate to illustrious deeds, enhance the charms of virtue, diffuse the glories of heroism, augment the public wealth, and extend the national reputation."

With all their encouragement and success, however, the earlier artists failed of that wide measure of support they craved, even as we sometimes hear it bewailed of their successors. Hear the opening sentences in the Preface to C. Edwards Lester's "The Artists of America" (Baker & Scribner; New York, 1846)—only a dozen years after Inman's busy pencil could not keep up with his commissions: "The immediate object of this Series of Biographical Sketches is, to make Our Artists and their Works better known *at home*. Abroad, this is not necessary, for there they have always been better known, and better appreciated than in their own country." West, Allston, Durand, and Hiram Powers are cited as "sufficient pledge of the truth of the statement." The great Stuart might have been included, for his return from abroad with reputation and letters (and his great desire to paint the "Father of Freedom") doubtless gave him his big start here, with opportunities and commissions among the worthy of the day.

Fortunately it is no longer true that as Lester almost moaned "no American artist can get bread at home till he has won fame abroad." Yet there is an unhappy circumstance presently notable in portraiture in America, namely, a too willing resort to inferior foreign painters whom the war has sent here (asks any one, Why?), and a particular pertinency applies to the circumstance owing to American eminency in art abroad furthering this foreign prestige at home rather than encouraging (as Benjamin West, though American president of the Royal Academy, always did) the development and success of American painters. Lester believed that insensibility of the nation to claims of its artists was owing more to lack of information than to any, "perhaps *all*" other causes. The artists wouldn't supply the want—they might suffer unkind imputations—so he tried. Artists are not all so reluctant today—though some of the best of them are.

As to the seeds of portraiture in this country, the sound sources of American art, there is something almost inspiring in the thought of Benjamin West, who as a child robbed the family cat of her fur to make (with goose quills) his brushes, who was most unprecedentedly but solemnly consecrated to art in Quaker Meeting—the thought of this West from the Pennsylvania woods teaching criticism to the age-old Italians by likening the Apollo Belvedere to

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a Mohawk warrior. Aghast or laughing at first, how immediately they recognized him as a master critic when he explained his handsome comparison. These early artists of ours were American too, in a sense of the word which is subtly slipping from it, in their self-reliance, ready adaptability, confident determination to turn their hand to whatever came along and work out their chosen destiny at the same time. Take C. W. Peale, who not only commanded volunteers in the Revolutionary War and later became a member of the Legislature of his State, but "could make a harness, a clock or a silver molding; he knew how to stuff birds for the ornithologist, to extract and repair teeth, and to deliver a popular lecture." Jarvis "invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass." James Frothingham, builder of chaise-bodies, whom Stuart advised to stick to coach-building, came to such estate in art that Stuart later was to say of him that "no man in Boston but myself can paint so good a head." Chester Harding, "hired boy," itinerant vendor, sign-painter, then "painted a hundred likenesses in six months at $25 each," and began to study in earnest—and became so much the fashion in Boston, in time, that the mocking Stuart used to ask, "How goes the Harding fever?" Another "coach-man" besides Frothingham, was Ezra Ames, coach painter of Albany, yet he painted portraits of Governor George Clinton and other celebrities, including a successful son of a member of the "Boston Tea Party."

Artists are sometimes thought to be men of one idea, but as a rule they are at least potentially versatile. We have men to-day variously equipped, as was Peale, but usually it is in fad or hobby that they vary their profession. Tryon can make the finest of fishing-rods. Wiles could "stuff birds for the ornithologist," and teach the ornithologist much more in his own ornithological line besides—and not only could he, but he does, build wonderful ship models. And Frank De Haven can build violins with the best of the experts. And down at Greenport, Long Island, there may be a budding or a flowering artist, for the landscape or the portrait school—or he may indeed have gone to seed—who disclosed himself to William Ritschel there, a few years ago, in a shipyard, where Ritschel was sketching some boats. At the noon-hour the man came out of the paint shop, and stood for some time behind Ritschel, observing his work critically; then—"I suppose it took you a long time to learn painting?" Ritschel assented, in monosyllabic guttural, coupled with a nod, but fetched up with a round turn when his interlocutor vouchsafed, "Mine come natural to me!"

It were futile to attempt an array of names in a discursive paper, even were not anything like comprehensiveness impossible. "There are several interesting portraits by unknown artists, executed at a very early date," said Tuckerman; an acme of phraseological moderation which should hardly be challenged. Slowly, some of the unknown are being assorted and designated, while of the very much larger number of the known, examples are being identified. With the enhancement of commercial values which goes with increasing popularity of a school of painters no longer living, it can only be hoped that the processes of identification will not be, at most, more liberally expanded than has been the case with still earlier schools of portraitists. An excellent time this and a time impending, nevertheless, for wariness, concomitantly with a sincere, enthusiastic and open-minded search. Hart has told us that portraits by Stuart were readily purchasable twenty years ago for $250, and that (a year before Hart's death) their commercial value had multiplied a hundredfold.

With the development of this early American portraiture cult, there are bound to arise differences of opinion as to the relative merits of the various artists. One of the ablest of American portrait-painters said of a recent exhibition of the early Americans that the best thing it contained was a portrait (certainly a fine and interesting one) by the inventor of the telegraph—Samuel Finley Breeze Morse; and the exhibition included two portraits by Stuart, one at least of them notable! Stuart's color in his faces, however, will be likely to hold his admirers long, likely to hold even those less sensitive to his perceptive psychology, which enabled him to paint unsuspected madness in the portrait of a man who hardly after the paint was dry became insane and a suicide.

DANA H. CARROLL.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 4.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

LIVING COSTS AND LABOR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AFTER a few months of uncertain movement, events have taken a distinct turn in the process of social readjustment after war; a turn which might perhaps have been predicted from certain later incidents of the war itself—notably in Russia—but which was certainly not foreseen in the earlier stages of the conflict. We have repeatedly found, while examining during war-time the course of events in our own country, in neutral Europe, in South America and Asia, and behind the battle-lines of belligerent Europe, that political influences and economic influences alternately dominated the situation. In far greater measure than any previous conflict of history, it was a war of economic forces. Employment of such forces for belligerent purposes not only supplemented the purely military activities of the fighting governments, but at times even superseded them in public interest.

Economic Forces in War-time

The blockading of Germany from foreign trade, foreign food, and foreign materials of manufacture was the outstanding incident of this sort in the conflict. But the German devastation of Northern France, the German submarine war against ships on the way to enemy markets, equally represented use of economic as well as political or military weapons. Their use created conditions which were bound to remain for a good while after the war was ended, and their influence was certain to be emphasized by such other indirect economic occurrences as the diversion of national production from peaceful manufacture to the making of war materials, the diversion of labor from the farms and mills to army service, and the recourse of non-blockaded belligerent states, on a wholly unprecedented scale, to the producers of food and material in neutral countries. The inflation of paper currencies of belligerent European states, which was an economic incident of the first importance, was merely repetition of the events of former great wars; but the prodigious scale on which it was conducted in this European war, and the number of important governments which engaged in it on that scale, made it a phenomenon which stood by itself in history.

All this is now familiar history. I have referred to it again, however, because the course of events at the present moment—even in the political field—is being shaped by the logical after-consequences of these economic incidents of the war itself. That those incidents, and the more or less permanent conditions created by them, would have much to do with shaping history in the period following the war, was a foregone conclusion. When controversy arose, it was in regard to the manner in which they would operate.

THE crux of the question was what course would be taken by prices of goods and wages of labor when the war was over. Such a question might have been judged, and it was very largely judged in 1915 and 1916, by the economic sequel to other wars. Our knowledge in this matter, as regards the wars of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, is obscure. The price of food declined on the English market after the Peace of Utrecht ended the wars of Louis XIV, but advanced very rapidly when the later wars of Frederick the Great had terminated. As regards the course of wages, the state of industry at that time was such as to render comparisons much more difficult than to-day.

The Question of Prices and Wages

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When the twenty-year European conflict of a century ago had ended with Waterloo, prices of materials of manufacture declined precipitously. In England, for instance, practically all the metal and textile products fell 40 to 50 per cent between 1814 and 1816, though wheat rose from 64 shillings a quarter to 103; the rise on the European continent being even greater. Wages were reduced because of the sudden decrease in employment on the termination of governmental war contracts. By most contemporary accounts, the pay of workmen did not decline as fast as average prices; but it had advanced very much less rapidly than prices during the war itself. With returning peace, great numbers of laborers found no work whatever, and to all the working classes the post-bellum rise in food caused unquestionable hardship.

After Our Own Civil War

WHEN our own Civil War had ended in 1865, the average price of commodities had risen 116 per cent as compared with 1860, but wages, as determined in the famous United States Senate report of 1893, had advanced on the average only 43 per cent. With the ending of the war, a decline in prices began at once, and within three years one-third of the extreme war-time advance had been lost. The decline was irregularly distributed, cotton and cotton goods falling 50 per cent—a natural consequence of the lifting of the blockade of the Southern States. But the advance in wages did not stop with the war. The average as computed for 1866 was 52½ per cent above 1860. By 1869, wages averaged 62 per cent higher than in that pre-war year, while prices averaged only 53 per cent above it.

Most people will remember what were the expectations, both in and out of business circles, during the recent war. In the United States—at any rate during our own period of neutrality—a hint at European negotiations for peace caused a fall in the markets; the familiar reason being the prevalent belief that a great fall in prices throughout the world, and a great fall in labor costs in Europe, would dislocate our own industrial organism. Since termination of the war would reopen the world's markets to Russia's wheat exports, the price of food would fall precipitously. With the ending of the purchases of war material by governments, supply of manufactured goods for other purposes would quickly overtake demand. More than this, the return of Europe's conscript soldiers to their former occupations, so it seemed, would crowd the avenues of European labor, bring down European prices, and, combined with the cessation of the war demands on industry, might easily introduce new and destructive competition with our own producers by European manufacturers.

Course of Prices Since the Armistice

NEARLY twelve months have elapsed since Germany asked for terms, and it is possible to see what has been the actual economic sequel. So far as events have moved, it may now be said that the aftermath of war has not brought falling prices, but, after a brief and hesitant reaction, a rise in the cost of living to a higher level even than that of war-time. The London *Economist's* average of English prices for commodities reached its maximum of the war in August, 1918, when it touched 6,267, as against 2,565 at the outbreak of the war. After falling back to 5,708 last March, it had moved up to 6,400 at the opening of August. The Bradstreet "index number" of average American commodity prices, which stood at 8.708 when the war began, which reached a maximum of 19.162 in July, 1918, and which declined to 17.224 last March, had in August risen to the quite unprecedented height of 20.001. Food had advanced more rapidly even than materials; the average of breadstuffs, of meat and of provisions was well above the midsummer level of last year.

SO far from labor costs having fallen, there had been a distinct, and in some trades very great advance since the war was over. Strikes for both higher wages and shorter hours occurred so frequently in every country as to become the commonplace of newspaper discussion.

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JAPAN, OUR NEW CUSTOMER

By Col. W. A. Starrett

Recently of the War Industries Board; just returned from a business trip to Japan

ONE passes out of a Pacific port on a steamer bound for the Orient with the feeling that a mysterious and unknown business venture lies before him. Japan, whose most adroit diplomats and most accomplished business men have, through the exercise of world leadership in courtesy, made that country the best advertised and perhaps the most alluring of all countries, has a commercial fascination that is unique in the world to-day. On the steamer one meets many of these same courteous Orientals on their way back to their home country, and the interest they show in your project serves further to brighten your keenness of anticipation. Indeed, they have a genius for making you feel the hospitality that their whole country seems to breathe toward things new and constructive, and one's enterprise must be of a most mediocre nature not to excite the sympathetic interest and attention of these returning Japanese.

On the steamer one also meets many Americans among others, whose diversified interests and unique experiences enliven the journey, and give it the zest of the trips to the Orient of old when strange and romantic adventure was the everday lot of the traveler. And among these same Americans, one is apt to realize that there is something of an over-leavening of the element we know as commercial adventurers. One of them has a new kind of agricultural implement, the agency for which he has just picked up in a busy Indiana manufacturing town. He doesn't know much about it, but he has been out in the Orient before, selling cosmetics and he feels sure he can "put it over." Another has a patent floor covering that has acquired a shady reputation in our own country, but with a large stock on the manufacturer's hands and a low price, the agent feels he can "get rid" of it. Both will take about a month to transact their business, followed by another month or two of seeing the country at the firm's expense, and at the end of the time, will return home with hundreds of snapshots and a trunk full of curios calculated to prove the traveler's claim as an expert on Oriental trade conditions. One cannot conceal his inward feeling of apology for these people and their manners, especially in contrast with the quiet courtesy of the Japanese. To be philosophical one must reflect that after all, these adventurers are only a minority, for fortunately the steamer is also sure to carry its quota of splendid Americans; people whom we are proud to feel are our compatriots; men who are laying our substantial foundations in the Far East.

And on every one's tongue, whether on ship board or in Japan, are the same questions; what have we in common business relation with these Oriental people and how shall we approach them? Here we have a nation of over forty million, with a birth rate that adds nearly a million a year to its numbers, recently come into the full daylight of modern civilization almost empty handed so far as facilities and conveniences are concerned; an agricultural people with a few raw materials, who for centuries have wrested a living from a mountainous island empire, literally with their bare hands; who have developed and maintained a civilization, out of bamboo and paper; whose arable

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lands comprise only fifteen per cent of the country's total area, and whose problem of overcrowding and overpopulation transcends anything in the world; their enlightened requirements considered.

Is it any wonder that the eyes of the commercial world are upon them? For while China and Siberia and even India offer alluring prospects, in Japan their rapidly advancing civilization has created a diversity of demand that is immediate, and needs little stimulation.

The returning Japanese have been to America on serious and intensive business missions, either as resident representatives of great concerns, or as trained observers, sent out from Japan to investigate questions of importance in the solution of some pressing problem of industry or government. It is here that we observe a difference in method between our countrymen and theirs, that might give the first inkling of the reason we sometimes fail to understand each other, which we could well afford to study if we are to make the most of the trade situation that is unfolding. A Japanese investigating commission, whether large or small, is sure to be composed of experts, trained studious observers with a definite objective, and so far as foresight permits, thoroughly organized for the specific work in hand. If it be electric power developments they are examining, their commission will consist of experts in that line, with a very definite programme in mind, they will have made a study of just what course their investigation will take, they will know in detail just what they want to see and indeed will be apt to surprise us, their genial hosts, by informing us of things that we didn't even know we had. How different this is from some of the commissions we have sent and others that we propose. Generally made up of bankers and after-dinner speakers, our investigators foregather at the dock, some of them with their wives and families, all of them with the exultant expectancy of a party of junketers. They sweep through the country of their visitation from banquet hall to garden party, with de luxe excursions to places of interest among them, perhaps the objects of their investigation. Glittering generalities are capsuled and handed to their secretaries who promptly file them to be incorporated in the great final report, and the grand circuit culminates at the steamship pier with many copious baskets of flowers, much hand-shaking and handkerchief-waving and another commercial investigation passes into history, every one having had a perfectly lovely time.

We know we are a wonderful commercial people; we have the goods and things and appliances. There is hardly a superlative accomplishment that we cannot justly lay claim to, and in spite of our prodigal wastefulness, we have undoubtedly inherited the earth, so far as commercial leadership for the next decade is concerned. But in our relation to Japan—our trade relation—there is as yet something lacking; a something that seems illusive and seems negative to the possibilities that our itinerant commissioners have over and over again told us in most glowing terms, lies right in our path. The riddle will not be solved by an off-hand statement, nor can any one unravel a complexity such as this great budding trade relation reveals, by platitudes. In spite of all that may be written or said, to us the Japanese will remain for centuries, an inscrutable people in many respects. Their ancient social and economic customs are ingrained, and it is more likely that we will have to learn something of them and in a measure conform to them, than that we shall impose our methods upon them in any large measure. An example of our failure to conform may be drawn from so simple a thing as a packing case. On the dock in our American port of embarkation, one notices with satisfaction the heavy iron-banded cases in which a great consignment of machinery is packed; everything screwed and bolted—defiantly rigid. In Japan one notes the smaller size of boxing, but particularly one notices the numerous strands of light tough rope wound around every case. Agents in Japan have, we are told, repeatedly implored their American shippers to thus rope their cases destined for Japan and to make them as light as possible. Now, the reason for all this lies in the fact that in Japan the rope acts as a handle and a strengthener as well as a cushion. The destructive bale hooks with which our twentieth century steve-

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EARLY EXPRESSION OF LIFELONG VIEWS

This hope was soon realized, and the interest which the report had aroused in naval matters was greatly stimulated a few weeks later when Roosevelt delivered a carefully prepared address before the Naval War College, at Newport, R. I., at the opening exercises on June 2, 1897. This address is so notable as the first elaborate expression of Roosevelt's views on the subject of national preparedness that somewhat liberal quotation from it is desirable in order to show the lifelong consistency of his course on this question. He had first given expression to those views in his history of "The Naval War of 1812," in 1882, and had repeated them in his "Life of Benton," in 1887, and in his condensed history of the war of 1812, which he wrote in 1896 for the English Naval History, but in each of these instances he had written briefly and in general terms. The Naval War College address was clearly the result of several years of serious thought and study of the subject. Read in the light of his virtually continuous advocacy of the same subject during the years which intervened between our war with Spain and the outbreak of the great European War in 1914, it is found to contain all the principal ideas which he expounded with such tireless energy during that period and especially when he foresaw that Germany's conduct was certain to force the United States into the war. A few citations will demonstrate the accuracy of this statement:

"A century has passed since Washington wrote 'To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.' We pay to this maxim the lip-loyalty we so often pay to Washington's words; but it has never sunk deep into our hearts. Indeed of late years many persons have refused it even the poor tribute of lip-loyalty, and prate about the iniquity of war as if somehow that was a justification for refusing to take the steps which alone can in the long run prevent war or avert the dreadful disasters it brings in its train."

"In this country there is not the slightest danger of an over-development of warlike spirit, and there never has been any such danger. In all our history there has never been a time when preparedness for war was any menace to peace. On the contrary, again and again we have owed peace to the fact that we were prepared for war; and in the only contest which we have had with a European power since the Revolution, the war of 1812, the struggle and all its attendant disasters were due solely to the fact that we were not prepared to face, and were not ready instantly to resent, an attack upon our honor and interest; while the glorious triumphs at sea which redeemed that war were due to the few preparations which we had actually made."

"The danger is of precisely the opposite character. If we forget that in the last resort we can only secure peace by being ready and willing to fight for it, we may some day have bitter cause to realize that a rich nation which is slothful, timid, or unwieldy is an easy prey for any people which still retains those most valuable of all qualities, the soldierly virtues."

"Preparation for war is the surest guarantee for peace. Arbitration is an excellent thing, but ultimately those who wish to see this country at peace with foreign nations will be wise if they place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battle-ships rather than on any arbitration treaty which the wit of man can devise."

"A really great people, proud and high-spirited, would face all the disasters of war rather than purchase that base prosperity which is bought at the price of national honor."

"Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin, and a wilful failure to prepare for danger may in its effects be as bad as cowardice. The timid man who cannot fight and the selfish, shortsighted or foolish man who will not take the steps that will enable him to fight, stand on almost the same plane."

"As yet no nation can hold its place in the world or can do any work really worth doing unless it stands ready to guard its rights with an armed hand. That orderly liberty which is both the foundation and the capstone of our civilization can be gained and kept only by men who are willing to fight for an ideal; who hold high the love of honor, love of faith, love of flag, and love of country."

"It has always been true, and in this age it is more than ever true, that it is too late to prepare for war when the time of peace has passed."

"Tame submission to foreign aggression of any kind is a mean and unworthy thing; but it is even meaner and more unworthy to bluster first, and then submit or else refuse to make those preparations which can alone obviate the necessity for submission."

"In public as in private life a bold front tends to insure peace and not strife. If we possess a formidable navy, small is the chance indeed that we shall ever be dragged into a war to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. If we do not possess such a navy, war may be forced on us at any time."

"Diplomacy is utterly useless where there is no force behind it; the diplomat is the servant, not the master, of the soldier."

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and said: 'You are, I know, interested in Roosevelt. He is a splendid fellow—I think everything of him—just the sort of man we ought to get. What can I do?' He said he had an appointment with the President this afternoon and would urge you then upon him.

"I believe we are coming out all right. In any event, you have, I think, a right to be proud of such support as that I have described and you have not raised a finger and it has all come voluntarily. All I have done is to plan and direct it a little."

President McKinley sent Roosevelt's name to the Senate on April 6, 1897, and the nomination was confirmed on April 8. He assumed the duties of the office on April 19. "Roosevelt's selection for Assistant Secretary of the Navy," wrote a Washington correspondent of a prominent Western newspaper on the day the nomination was made, "surprised no one except Senators Platt and Quay and a few people who had come to believe President McKinley was so eager to please powerful senators that he had virtually surrendered his independence. Senator Platt, who is on excellent terms with the President, was dead set against Mr. Roosevelt. He has reasons of his own for his opposition, but they in no wise reflect upon Mr. Roosevelt's fitness for the place."

On the day of the Senate's confirmation of the nomination, the Washington *Post*, which had bitterly opposed Roosevelt while Civil Service Commissioner, made him the subject of an editorial article in which it said that it was "by no means sure" that his appointment was a "matter of regret," and that while "of course he will bring with him to Washington all that machinery of disturbance and upheaval which is as much a part of his *entourage* as the very air he breathes, who knows that the service will not be a little better for a little dislocation and readjustment?" Of Roosevelt's qualities, the editor added:

"He is inspired by a passionate hatred of meanness, humbug, and cowardice. He cherishes an equally passionate love of candor, bravery and devotion. He is a fighter, a man of indomitable pluck and energy, a potent and forceful factor in any equation into which he may be introduced. A field of immeasurable usefulness awaits him—will he find it?"

As soon as Roosevelt had familiarized himself with the detail work of his office he began a series of visits to the various navy-yards and to vessels of the fleet. Early in May he took a trip on a torpedo-boat which he had been inspecting because of a slight injury caused by an accident, and made an official report to the Secretary of the Navy which marked a new departure in documents of that kind, for instead of being a dry, formal record of an accident it contained decided views as to the qualities and disposition of the men who should command naval vessels, and especially torpedo-boats. After saying that no practical damage had been caused, he added:

"Boats so delicate which, to be handled effectively must be handled with great daring, necessarily run great risks, and their commanders must, of course, realize that a prerequisite to successfully handling them is the willingness to run such risks. That they will observe proper precautions is, of course, required, but it is more important that our officers should handle these boats with dash and daring than that the boats should be kept unscratched. There must be developed in the men who handle them that mixture of skill and daring which can only be attained if the boats are habitually used under circumstances which imply the risk of an accident. The business of a naval officer is one which, above all others, needs daring and decision and if he must err on either side the nation can best afford to have him err on the side of too much daring rather than too much caution."

This report was hailed by the press with expressions of delight as revealing a new spirit in the Navy Department. One newspaper correspondent said it had "snap and vigor that made it read more like a page out of one of Mr. Roosevelt's books than the ordinary red-tape document." An editor hoped that the report would prove to be the first of a series of papers setting forth his views of naval men and things in general, because "we have been running along in a groove for altogether too many years."

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